



# A BYZANTINE NOVEL

**DROSILLA  
AND  
CHARIKLES**

by Niketas Eugenianos

A BILINGUAL EDITION

Translated with an Introduction  
and Explanatory Notes by

**Joan B. Burton**

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**A Byzantine Novel**  
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## FOREWORD

In recent years the study of the ancient Greek novel, a once neglected and fringe genre, has found reputable entry not only into the work of scholars, but also into the classroom. The five canonical novels, sophisticated or not, are now studied as vehicles through which one can gain important insight into that turbulent period of the Graeco-Roman world that spans from the end of the first century BC to the fourth century A.D. This bilingual edition of Niketas Eugenianos' *Drosilla and Charikles* now similarly affords us sound access to the literary fictions of the twelfth-century Byzantine novels and the characters, events, myth, customs, ideas, social norms, and history in which this type of literature developed.

Joan B. Burton has created a text that will help bring to completion the ongoing transformation of modern opinion on the Byzantine novel. Previously, most views of these fictions were similar to the one famously expounded by Ben Edwin Perry, who stated that the authors of these novels were "miserable pedants . . . trying to write romance in what they thought was the ancient manner. Of these no account need be taken" (*The Ancient Romances: A Literary-Historical Account of Their Origins* [Berkeley and Los Angeles 1967, 103]). This text shows that Roderick Beaton was right in writing that the "Byzantine romances of the twelfth century are works of remarkable, and surely deliberate, refinement . . . Rhetoric and the power of artifice (whether verbal or visual) become the central props of the stories" ("The Byzantine Revival of the Ancient Novel" in Gareth Schmeling's *The Novel in the Ancient World* [Leiden, New York and Koln 1996, 716]).

This text, the only English translation of Niketas Eugenianos' *Drosilla and Charikles*, faithfully adheres to the Greek narrative. *Drosilla and Charikles* is a story that includes "flight, wandering, storms at sea, abductions, violence, robbers, prisons, pirates, hunger, dreadful dark houses full of gloom under a bright sun, iron fetters wrought with the hammer, a pitiable, unlucky separation from one another, and in the end bridal chambers and nuptials" (Summary.2–8). The plot is equal to or surpasses most modern stories of love, intrigue and adventure—Burton's translation does an excellent job of conveying the action and pace of the Greek original. If one prefers to read the Greek, the explanatory notes help nudge the translator in the right direction.

EDMUND P. CUEVA  
Xavier University



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Trinity University generously awarded me an academic leave to complete this project. I am grateful to my students for reading a preliminary draft of this translation and learning about the Byzantine novels with me, and to my colleagues and friends, particularly Victoria Aarons, Maud Gleason, Alida Metcalf, Laurie Taylor-Mitchell, Jenny Ring, Willis Salomon, Carolyn Valone, Amelia Van Vleck, and Colin Wells, for supporting and encouraging my move to study medieval Greek literature. I wish to thank David Stinchcomb and Amelia Van Vleck, who read through early drafts of this translation, and Carolyn Valone, who provided timely help at the end of this project. I am also indebted to all the friends, colleagues, and anonymous readers of journal articles who urged me to publish this translation.

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I am grateful beyond words to my family and friends for their kindness, understanding, and support (even through missed vacations). My love of reading and scholarship emerges directly from the rich and warm intellectual life provided by my parents, Nancy and Ben Burton. To my husband, David Stinchcomb, I owe more than I could ever say. This book is dedicated to the memory of my grandmother Clara P. Higgins and her "Duke of Dudley," who could have starred in their own romance novel.





## INTRODUCTION

The popularity of the ancient Greek and Roman novels has increased greatly in recent years, and courses on the ancient novel are now becoming standard parts of undergraduate and graduate programs around the world. The rise of interest is in part due to the rich forum these novels offer for discussions of such topics of contemporary interest as gender relations, social customs, narrative technique, and ethnic diversity in the ancient world. Encouraging the growth of scholarly and classroom attention to the ancient novels are the many translations into modern languages, including English, available in affordable volumes for classroom and personal use.<sup>1</sup> Western medieval romances, such as *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, have long been part of school curricula. Yet in the upsurge of world interest in the ancient and medieval novels and romances, the twelfth-century Byzantine novels have received little notice.

These four Byzantine novels represent a rebirth of the genre of the novel after a hiatus of eight centuries. Written in Christian Constantinople under the Komnenian dynasty and during the time of the crusades, these remarkable novels both revive the pagan Greek world with its pagan gods and beliefs and also reflect customs and beliefs of their own time. Three of the four Byzantine novels survive in their entirety—Niketas Eugenianos's *Drosilla and Charikles*, Theodore Prodromos's *Rhodanthe and Dosikles*, and Eustathios Makrembolites' *Hysmine and Hysminias*—and one survives in fragmentary form: Constantine Manasses' *Aristandros and Kallithea*.<sup>2</sup> Recent scholarly

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1. Translations into modern languages (including English) began appearing in the sixteenth century and include an excellent, recent collection of new English translations of ancient Greek novels (Bryan P. Reardon, ed., *Collected Ancient Greek Novels* [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1989]), as well as a fine volume of facing-page translations of the fragments into English (Susan A. Stephens and John J. Winkler, eds., *Ancient Greek Novels: The Fragments* [Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1995]).
  2. Modern editions of the Greek texts are Fabrizio Conca, ed., *Nicetas Eugenianus: De Drosillae et Chariclis amoribus*, London Studies in Classical Philology 24 (Amsterdam: J. C. Gieben, 1990); Miroslav Marcovich, ed., *Theodori Prodromi de Rhodanthes et Dosiclis amoribus libri IX* (Stuttgart: Teubner, 1992); idem, ed., *Eustathius Macrembolites: De Hysmines et Hysminiae amoribus libri XI* (Munich: Teubner, 2001). A reconstruction of the fragments of Konstantinos Manasses has also been published (Otto Mazal, *Der Roman des Konstantinos Manasses* [Vienna: Hermann Böhlhaus Nachf., 1967]). For a useful collection of all four Greek texts, with Italian translations, see Fabrizio Conca, *Il romanzo bizantino del XII secolo* (Turin: Unione Tipografico-Editrice Torinese, 1994).

publications reflect an increasing interest in these novels;<sup>3</sup> heightened interest is also shown by their recent translations into French, German, Italian, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, and Spanish.<sup>4</sup> But English translations of the Byzantine novels remain long overdue.

This English translation of Eugenianos's *Drosilla and Charikles* is a first attempt to address that need. The translation is intended for use by students and teachers of ancient and medieval literature, the novel, as well as medieval culture and society. A Greek text is provided to make the volume also useful for students and teachers of ancient Greek who seek attractive alternative texts. I hope that this will be the first of a series of translations of the Byzantine novels. My aim is to make these exciting novels available for use in the classroom.

I have taught my own English translations of these novels repeatedly with great success in a course on the ancient novel at Trinity University. I have also taught these novels in an upper-division course in Greek language. Students in both courses have expressed delight to be reading a text outside the usual run of classical literature. They were entranced with the Byzantine novels in their own right and felt that these novels offered a fascinating bridge from the pagan to the Christian world and also to the Western medieval novel. Class discussions were lively and rich.

Ancient novels—extended, mostly prose narratives of fictional love and adventure—seem to have arisen in the late Hellenistic or early imperial periods (first century B.C.–first century A.D.). It is difficult to speculate about causes for the rise of the Greek novel. Chronology would be important to such a discussion; yet most of the novels cannot be definitively dated, some even to the century. Still, different factors have been emphasized in different discussions: for example, an increasingly privatized society, an increase in literacy, the rising visibility of women, a desire for escapist fiction.<sup>5</sup> Persistent

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3. See, for example, Roderick Beaton, *The Medieval Greek Romance*<sup>2</sup> (London: Routledge, 1996); Suzanne MacAlister, *Dreams and Suicides: The Greek Novel from Antiquity to the Byzantine Empire* (London: Routledge, 1996); Panagiotis A. Agapitos and Diether R. Reinsch, eds., *Der Roman im Byzanz der Komnenenzeit*, Referate des Internationalen Symposiums an der Freien Universität Berlin, 3. bis 6. April 1998, Meletemata 8 (Frankfurt am Main: Beerenverlag, 2000); Ingela Nilsson, *Erotic Pathos, Rhetorical Pleasure: Narrative Technique and Mimesis in Eumathios Makrembolites' Hysmine and Hysminias* (Uppsala: distributor, Uppsala University Library, 2001). For annotated bibliographies of recent scholarship, see C. Jouanno, "The Byzantine Novel," a report that has appeared annually in *The Petronian Society Newsletter* since volume 30 (2000).
  4. Theodore Prodromos's *Rhodanthe and Dosikles* is available in Italian (1994), Serbo-Croatian (1994), German (1996), and Spanish (1996); Niketas Eugenianos's *Drosilla and Charikles* in Russian (1969) and Italian (1994); Eustathios Makrembolites' *Hysmine and Hysminias* in Russian (1965), German (1989), French (1991), and Italian (1994).
  5. Some ancient Greek novels center on heroes and heroines from outside the Greek and Roman world. For example, in Heliodorus's *An Ethiopian Story*, the heroine is an Ethiopian princess, and in *Ninos* (we have only fragments), the hero and heroine are the future founder of Nineveh, Ninos (at 17), and (probably) his cousin Semiramis. On why "the search for origins which dominated much earlier scholarship has now few practitioners," see E. L. Bowie, "The Greek Novel," in *Oxford Readings in the Greek Novel*, ed. Simon Swain (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999), 44–45 (quotation from p. 44).

topics addressed in the novels include conflicts between love and society, social instability, the chance nature of the universe, dangers of travel, the loneliness of persons set loose in the world, the problems of adjusting to an expanded world.

Three of the ancient Greek novels (Achilles Tattius's *Leucippe and Clitophon*, Longus's *Daphnis and Chloe*, and Heliodorus's *An Ethiopian Story*) are commonly associated with the Second Sophistic (early centuries A.D.), a period known for rhetorical display and philhellenism.<sup>6</sup> Although these novels share typical plot elements—young hero and heroine, love, abductions, pirates, sea storms, threats to chastity, separations, reunions, and marriage at the end—there are also striking differences. For example, Achilles Tattius's comic novel, presented from the hero's limited first-person perspective, features a hero who fails at first to win the girl's love (she runs away with him to spite her mother). In Longus's pastoral novel, travel is not important; instead the novel focuses on the psychological process of sexual awakening in young adolescents. In Heliodorus's novel, on the other hand, travel and differences of race, language, and ethnicity are central themes (the heroine is a white girl born of black Ethiopian parents).

When the genre of the novel was revived in twelfth-century Constantinople, after an interval of some eight centuries, the Greek novels associated with the Second Sophistic were the primary models. Along with basic themes and plot elements, the Byzantine novels' literary inheritance from the sophistic novels included the use of Atticizing Greek (based on the Greek of fifth- and fourth-century B.C. Athens), an emphasis on rhetoric, experimentation in narrative form and techniques, as well as extended descriptive passages (*ekphraseis*) and allusions to ancient Greek literature of many kinds. Thus both the sophistic and Byzantine novels seem to have been aimed first at well-educated audiences, able to grasp literary allusions and comprehend Atticizing Greek.

We have more information about the immediate context of the Byzantine novels than that of the ancient Greek novels. At least three of the four authors—Theodore Prodromos, Constantine Manasses, and Niketas Eugenianos—were closely associated with the Komnenian court at Constantinople.<sup>7</sup> Although Makrembolites' novel has been variously placed in the relative chronology,

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6. The other two "ideal" ancient Greek novels (sometimes referred to as non-sophistic) are Chariton's *Chaereas and Callirhoe* and Xenophon's *An Ephesian Tale*.

7. On this association, see, e.g., Alexander P. Kazhdan, "Bemerkungen zu Niketas Eugenianos," *Jahrbuch der österreichischen byzantinischen Gesellschaft* 16 (1967): 102–8; idem, "Theodore Prodromos: A Reappraisal," in *Studies on Byzantine Literature of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries*, in collaboration with Simon Franklin (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 87–114; Elizabeth M. Jeffreys, "The Attitudes of Byzantine Chroniclers towards Ancient History," *Byzantion* 49 (1979): 202–3 (on Manasses); idem, "Western Infiltration of the Byzantine Aristocracy: Some Suggestions," in *The Byzantine Aristocracy IX to XIII Centuries*, British Archaeological Reports International Series 221, ed. Michael Angold (Oxford, 1984), 204–5; Paul Magdalino, *The Empire of Manuel I Komnenos, 1143–1180* (Cambridge 1993), 350–51.

there is general agreement that all four novels were written around the mid-twelfth century.<sup>8</sup> Perhaps the comparative political stability and economic prosperity of the Komnenian period (A.D. 1081–1185)<sup>9</sup> helped encourage the blossoming of literary activity during the mid-twelfth century. This period also saw the rise of professional literati—Theodore Prodromos and John Tzetzes being prominent examples—as well as a rise in Hellenism, as shown by the resurgence of ancient genres such as the satire and novel.<sup>10</sup> The fact that all four novels were written in a strong Atticising Greek reflects a desire at court to uphold high standards of purity of speech, a desire exemplified by Anna Komnene, daughter of Alexios I Komnenos and a distinguished writer herself.<sup>11</sup>

The women of the Komnenian family, prominent figures in the cultural world of the twelfth century, may also have played a part in the revival of the genre of the novel. Eirene Doukaina (wife of Alexios I Komnenos, the founder of the Komnenian dynasty) was a patron of Theodore Prodromos; her daughter, Anna Komnene, encouraged the writing of new commentaries on Aristotle.<sup>12</sup> The *sebastokratorissa* Eirene Komnene was also patron of at least two of the four Byzantine novelists, Theodore Prodromos and Konstantinos Manasses.<sup>13</sup> Thus it is not unlikely that educated, elite women were part of the

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8. MacAlister argues that Makrembolites' novel was written first (Suzanne MacAlister, "Byzantine Twelfth-Century Romances: A Relative Chronology," *Byzantine and Modern Greek Studies* 15 [1991]: 175–210). Magdalino links Makrembolites to the early years of Manuel I's reign (Paul Magdalino, "Eros the King and the King of *Amours*: Some Observations on *Hysmine and Hysminias*," *Dumbarton Oaks Papers* 46 [1992]: 197–204). Beaton places the four romances between 1140 and 1160, in the order Prodromos, Eugenianos, Makrembolites, with Manasses "somewhere in the 1150s" (Beaton, *Medieval Greek Romance*<sup>2</sup>, 80–81, 211–12). For useful recent discussions: Panagiotis A. Agapitos, "Narrative, Rhetoric, and 'Drama' Rediscovered: Scholars and Poets in Byzantium Interpret Heliodorus," in Richard Hunter, ed., *Studies in Heliodorus* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 144–48 (dating the novels to 1145–55); "Poets and Painters: Theodoros Prodromos' Dedicatory Verses of His Novel to an Anonymous Caesar," *JÖB* 50 (2000), 181–85 (tentatively dating the novels to ca. 1130–45).
  9. See, e.g., Magdalino, *Empire of Manuel I Komnenos*, esp. 140–42: "If the Byzantine lands were relatively prosperous for most of the twelfth century, this was demonstrably because the succession of Comnenian emperors provided a century of internal peace and long periods of relative security from invasion" (quotation from p. 141).
  10. On the rise in Hellenism, see Magdalino, *Empire of Manuel I Komnenos*, esp. 395–97, 400–1. On the *Timarion* as "a satirical dialogue in the style of Lucian," see Margaret Alexiou, "Literary Subversion and the Aristocracy in Twelfth-Century Byzantium: A Stylistic Analysis of the *Timarion* (ch. 6–10)," *Byzantine and Modern Greek Studies* 8 (1982–83): 29–45 (quotation from p. 30); for an English translation, see Barry Baldwin, trans., *Timarion* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1984).
  11. On Anna Komnene's "insistence on the correct use of language," see Magdalino, *Empire of Manuel I Komnenos*, 385, with references.
  12. On Anna's "Aristotelian salon," see Magdalino, *Empire of Manuel I Komnenos*, 332; N. G. Wilson, *Scholars of Byzantium* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1983), 182–83.
  13. See Elizabeth M. Jeffreys, "The Komnenian Background to the *Romans d'Antiquité*," *Byzantion* 50 (1980): 478–81 (with parallels drawn to Eleanor of Aquitaine); idem, "Western Infiltration," 204–7. See too Michael Angold, *The Byzantine Empire, 1025–1204: A Political History*, 2nd ed. (London: Longman, 1997), 246–49.

Byzantine novel's early readership. Direct flattery may also have played a role in a novel's reception: for example, in a wedding poem Eugenianos uses the same lines to describe the beauty of a bride usually identified as the wife of the *sebastos* Stephen Komnenos that he uses in his novel to describe the beauty of the fictive heroine Drosilla.<sup>14</sup>

The proliferation of commentaries in the twelfth century suggests that members of the aristocracy may have been seeking more accessible routes to culture. For example, Manuel I's first wife and an outlander (formerly Bertha of Sulzbach) commissioned John Tzetzes to write a verse summary of Homer's *Iliad* which would have helped her appear educated among the Byzantine aristocracy.<sup>15</sup> The romance novel would also have offered easier avenues to Attic culture than Aristotle and Demosthenes.

Increased contact with the West also characterized the twelfth century, in particular through the crusades, which could have caused some Byzantines to want to assert their Greek identity against the Latins. Further, the West was also experiencing an intellectual renaissance in the twelfth century, and romance fictions were being written there too by the mid-century.<sup>16</sup> Elizabeth Jeffreys has proposed the interesting thesis that the novels of Prodrornos and Manasses were already written at the time Eleanor of Aquitaine came to Constantinople in 1147 with the Second Crusade and that through Eleanor these novels could have influenced the rise of the French romances of antiquity.<sup>17</sup> Literary influence might have moved in the other direction as well. Manuel I Komnenos (emperor 1143–80), during whose reign some if not all of these novels may have been written, was highly influenced by the West: for example, he married two Western princesses, jousted, and hired Western military fighters. The Byzantine novels sometimes seem to reflect Western customs as well, for example, the trial by fire at the start of Prodrornos's novel (a Western not Byzantine practice in the twelfth century) (1.372–404).<sup>18</sup> In any case, the court of the notoriously amorous Manuel I Komnenos would have offered a welcoming context for the new novels with their focus on erotic love.<sup>19</sup>

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14. *Drosilla and Charikles* 1.126–32=Epithalamium 2.67–73. For discussion, see Kazhdan, "Bemerkungen zu Niketas Eugenianos," 108; cf. Herbert Hunger, *Die hochsprachliche profane Literatur der Byzantiner* (Munich: C. H. Beck, 1978), 2:136 n. 114.

15. On the aim and style of Tzetzes' *Iliad Allegories* in relation to patronage, see Michael J. Jeffreys, "The Nature and Origins of the Political Verse," *Dumbarton Oaks Papers* 28 (1974): 151–57.

16. For a useful, brief overview, see Roberta L. Krueger, "Introduction," in Roberta L. Krueger, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Medieval Romance* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 1–9.

17. Jeffreys, "The Comnenian Background," 455–86.

18. Carolina Cupane, "Un caso di giudizio di Dio nel romanzo di Teodoro Prodrorno (I 372–404)," *Rivista di studi bizantini e neoellenici*, n.s. 10–11 (1974): 147–68. See also Michael Angold, "The Interaction of Latins and Byzantines during the Period of the Latin Empire (1204–1261): The Case of the Ordeal," *Actes du XV<sup>e</sup> Congrès international d'études byzantines*, Athènes septembre 1976, 4 (1980), 1–10; Robert Bartlett, *Trial by Fire and Water: The Medieval Judicial Ordeal* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986), 16, 46, 131.

19. Magdalino, "Eros the King," 197–204.

Perhaps too, among sophisticated writers, the revival of the genre of the novel reflected a sense of literary rivalry with the old Hellenic world. Although ancient novels apparently ceased to be written after Heliodorus's *An Ethiopian Story* (third or fourth century A.D.), they continued to be read and discussed. Byzantine writers from the fifth century on attest to the enduring popularity of Achilles Tatius and Heliodorus, both of whom were transformed into Christian bishops, perhaps to make them more acceptable to a Christian reading public.<sup>20</sup> Even less "ideal" ancient novels, such as Iamblichos's *Babyloniaka*, continued to be read, as shown by the patriarch Photios (ninth century) in his *Bibliotheca*, a summary of his reading (for Iamblichos, see codex 94).<sup>21</sup> There seems to have been an ongoing debate regarding the relative merits of Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius; both Photios in the ninth century and Michael Psellos in the eleventh express a preference for Heliodorus but admire Achilles Tatius's style.<sup>22</sup> Psellos attests to the continued popularity of Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius while stressing the importance also of more serious writings in the education of a writer. Again, in the twelfth century, Gregory Pardos (who becomes metropolitan-bishop at Corinth) features these novels among his suggested readings for beginning writers.<sup>23</sup>

But if the ancient novel *per se* seems to have stopped being written in the fourth century, if not sooner, nonetheless the themes and motifs of the Greek "ideal" novel—ordeals, travel, chastity, trials, separations, reunions, miracle rescues—continued to thrive in writings of saints' lives and the apocryphal Acts of the Apostles (for example, *Paul and Thecla*).<sup>24</sup> By the twelfth century, however, there had been a significant decline in the writing of saints' lives in

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20. For discussion, with references, see, e.g., Hunger, *Hochsprachliche profane Literatur*, 2:121–22; MacAlister, *Dreams and Suicides*, 109–12. For Heliodorus as bishop, see Socrates, *Historia ecclesiastica* 5.22 (fifth century) and Photios *Bibliotheca*, codex 73 (ninth century). For Achilles Tatius as bishop, see the *Suda* (tenth century).

21. Iamblichos's novel is available to us now only in fragmentary and summary form. For an English translation of Photios's summary (as well as the fragments of Iamblichos), see Stephens and Winkler, *Ancient Greek Novels*, 179–245; for Photios's summary, see also Nigel G. Wilson, *Photius, The Bibliotheca: A Selection* (London: Duckworth, 1994), 104–13.

22. Photios *Bibliotheca*, codices 73, 87, 94 (for English translations from these codices, see Wilson, *Photius*, 78, 93–94, 104). For Psellos's essay comparing Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius, see Andrew R. Dyck, ed., *Michael Psellos: The Essays on Euripides and George of Pisidia and on Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius* (Vienna: Der österreichischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, 1986), 75–118 (facing-page translation, 90–99); see also discussion, with substantial translation, in Wilson, *Scholars of Byzantium*, 174–77.

23. For translations, with discussion, see Wilson, *Scholars of Byzantium*, 172–74 (Psellos's short essay of recommended readings) and 186–87 (Gregory Pardos's recommendations).

24. For discussion, see Tomas Hägg, *The Novel in Antiquity* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983), 154–65. For an English translation of *The Acts of Paul and Thecla*, see Ross S. Kraemer, ed., *Maenads, Martyrs, Matrons, Monastics: A Sourcebook on Women's Religions in the Greco-Roman World* (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1988), 280–88.

Byzantium, and this decline may in part have provided an opening for the novel to reemerge and reclaim those themes.<sup>25</sup>

Archaizing fiction, particularly if it shared themes with saints' lives, might also have seemed to offer a safer forum than philosophy *per se* for approaching issues of love, friendship, war, morality, and religion. Despite the sophistication of the Komnenian court, prominent heresy trials would have provided cautionary examples for Hellenizing intellectuals, particularly regarding philosophical inquiry. In 1082, near the start of the reign of Alexios I Komnenos, founder of the dynasty, the distinguished philosopher John Italos (director of Constantinople's school of philosophy) was condemned for paganism and heresy.<sup>26</sup> Then in 1117, another philosopher, Eustratios of Nicaea, who wrote commentaries on Aristotle under Anna Komnene's encouragement, was also convicted of heresy. Later, the reign of Manuel I Komnenos, the period when most (if not all) of the novels may well have been written, was particularly marked by heresy trials.<sup>27</sup> In Theodore Prodromos's novel, when the hero Dosikles declaims upon the nature of Eros to his friends, they admonish him to stop talking that way, "for philosophy is dangerous just now" (ἀπρόσφορος γὰρ ἄρτι φιλοσοφία, 2.434). Dosikles' friends interrupt the hero's philosophizing to urge him to proceed with the business of abduction (a safer enterprise).<sup>28</sup>

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25. H.-G. Beck, "Marginalia on the Byzantine Novel," in *Erotica Antiqua*, Acta of the International Conference on the Ancient Novel held under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, Wales, U.K., 12th–17th July 1976, ed. B. P. Reardon (Bangor, 1977), 63. Saints' lives were generally simpler narratives, written in a more accessible language than the scholarly Greek of the twelfth-century novels. In the thirteenth century, when Byzantine novels begin to be written again, they are in the vernacular. About a dozen vernacular Greek romances (five of them originals) survive from the 13th to 15th cent.; for an English translation of three of these, see Gavin Betts, *Three Medieval Greek Romances: Velthandros and Chrysandza, Kallimachos and Chrysorroi, Livistros and Rodamni* (New York: Garland, 1995).
26. See Lowell Clucas, *The Trial of John Italos and the Crisis of Intellectual Values in Byzantium in the Eleventh Century* (Munich: Institut für Byzantinistik, Neugriechische Philologie und Byzantinische Kunstgeschichte der Universität, 1981).
27. See Magdalino, *Empire of Manuel I Komnenos*, esp. 276–81: "The first half of Manuel's reign thus witnessed a dramatic increase in the number of trials for heresy, and in the number of patriarchs who left office under pressure, which it is tempting and plausible to attribute to an authoritarian and interventionist outlook on the part of the new emperor" (quotation from p. 281).
28. The word "dangerous" here can also be translated as "unsuitable." Either way, this passage seems double-edged. The fact that this may recall a passage in Achilles Tatius (1.12.1: "We were philosophizing in this way about the god [Eros]") makes it no less pointed in the highly charged context of twelfth-century Constantinople, when philosophy had indeed become a dangerous enterprise. Prodromos's fondness for Plato emerges elsewhere in the novel as well: for example, in book 7, the barbarian king Bryaxes initiates a Socratic dialogue with his captive Dosikles regarding human sacrifice (400–45). For other evidence of Prodromos's strong and lively interest in Plato, see, e.g., Giuditta Podestà, "Le satire lucianesche di Teodoro Prodromo," parts 1 and 2, *Aevum* 19 (1945): 239–52; 21 (1947): 3–25; for discussion, see Magdalino, *Empire of Manuel I Komnenos*, 332–34.



Similarities between the Byzantine and ancient novels include plot, character, themes, descriptions, gods, geography, and narrative technique. Just as the ancient Greek novels are set in an older (pagan) Greek world, so too the Byzantine novels recall the older, pagan Greek world, and Tyche (Fortune) and Eros (Love) continue to play prominent roles. Differences include the use of verse rather than prose<sup>29</sup> and topical elements in characterization and incident: for example, in Theodore Prodromos's novel, the "frogmen" who attack enemy ships from underwater (6.7–38),<sup>30</sup> the impressive throne scene among the pirates (esp. 4.16–29), the trial by fire mentioned above (1.372–404), and the heroine's heavily guarded bath (2.178–87, 440–48). So too contemporary social and political issues color the exploration of certain themes in the novels. For example, Prodromos's and Eugenianos's striking introduction of the theme of the hero's forcible, non-consensual abduction of the heroine is related to a contemporary controversy between church and state regarding control over the institution of marriage.<sup>31</sup>

An important difference between the ancient and the Byzantine novels, of course, is the primary target audience. Although the Byzantine novelists still wrote of pagan gods and pagan themes, their contemporary audience was, for the most part, deeply Christian, and the writers too were steeped in Christian modes of thinking and reading. Thus in addition to the tremendous number of allusions to ancient literature—Homer, Euripides, Plato, Theocritus, Achilles Tatius, Heliodorus, and so forth—there are also allusions to Christian writings and themes.<sup>32</sup> In addition, the striking emphasis on male gods as patrons and guarantors of weddings in the Byzantine novels may be a reflection of the Christian environment in which the novels were written. In the ancient novels female divinities predominantly serve in these roles. Eugenianos's insistence on describing Dionysus, the patron of his hero and

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29. Only one of the twelfth-century Greek writers uses prose: Eustathios Makrembolites, who is also unusual in presenting the whole story from the hero's point of view and following Achilles Tatius more than Heliodorus.
30. Herbert Hunger, "Byzantinische 'Froschmänner'?" in *Antidosis: Festschrift für Walther Kraus zum 70. Geburtstag*, ed. Rudolf Hanslik, Albin Lesky, and Hans Schwabl (Vienna: Hermann Böhlau Nachf., 1972), 183–87.
31. Joan B. Burton, "Abduction and Elopement in the Byzantine Novel," *Greek, Roman and Byzantine Studies* 41 (2000): 377–409; on the motif of abduction, see also Corinne Jouanno, "Les jeunes filles dans le roman byzantin du XII<sup>e</sup> siècle," in *Les personnages du roman grec*, Actes du colloque de Tours, 18–20 novembre 1999, edited by Bernard Pouderon, with Christine Hunzinger and Dimitri Kasprzyk (Lyon: Maison de l'Orient Méditerranéen, 2001), esp. 335–36.
32. On Christian themes and motifs (including the resurrection and the Eucharist) in the Byzantine novels, see Joan B. Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel in a Christian World," *Greek, Roman and Byzantine Studies* 39 (1998): 179–216. Certainly an author writing in such a context might expect at least some of his audience to read erotic language and episodes as allegorical; for an example of a recent strongly allegorical reading of a Byzantine novel, see Karl Plepelits, trans., introduction to *Eustathios Makrembolites, Hysmine und Hysminias* (Stuttgart: Anton Hiersemann, 1989), esp. 29–66 ("Das Werk: mystische Deutung").

heroine's marriage, simply as "son of Zeus" (as if Zeus had no other sons) also seems to bring the pagan deities closer to the Father/Son of Christian theology. Further, the weddings in both Prodrornos's and Eugenianos's novels take place inside temples with priests presiding, which reflects common Christian practice in Byzantium.<sup>33</sup>

Sometimes the novels are described as parody. Like Achilles Tatius, Longus, etc., the Byzantine novelists had fun with the genre. But their novels were also able to broach serious and sensitive topics, such as the resurrection and the Eucharist, with a degree of freedom that might not have been possible if the writers were not reviving an ancient genre, imitating the ancient Greeks in a safely distanced world.<sup>34</sup>

Niketas Eugenianos was either Prodrornos's pupil or friend; his writings, particularly his monody on Prodrornos's death, show his indebtedness to his predecessor.<sup>35</sup> Like Prodrornos, Eugenianos wrote his novel in twelve-syllable verse and nine books. Eugenianos too began his novel *in medias res* with an attack on townspeople celebrating a festival outside the town walls. Other elements, familiar from the ancient novels, include stern parents, pirates who capture and separate the lovers, and a best friend with his own tragic love story. But the sheer density of literary allusions as well as the prevalence of love songs, letters, and pastoral motifs set Eugenianos's novel apart from the rest. In fact, for the first time in the history of the Greek novel, a novel has a character directly refer to other novels. An inn-keeper's son attempts to woo the heroine with a courtship speech that names as models of reciprocated love such couples as Heliodoros's Arsake and Theagenes, and Achaimenes and Charikleia (highly unsuitable choices), Longus's Daphnis and Chloe, Musaeus's Hero and Leander, and Theocritus's Cyclops and Galateia (Eug. 6.382–551). Like Cervantes's Don Quixote, the amorous inn-keeper's son looks toward a store of romantic fiction for models of courtship and decorum.<sup>36</sup>

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33. On Christian aspects of representations of male deities and wedding practices in the Byzantine novels, see Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel," 198–200, 205–8 (which includes discussion of linkages between Jesus and Dionysus in Byzantine texts).

34. For example, in his novel, Prodrornos has the hero's friend explicitly and at length deny the possibility of resurrection (6.423–35), a speech that would have had special resonance for Christian readers (for discussion, see Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel," 190–95).

35. For discussion of their relationship, see Michael J. Kyriakis, "Of Professors and Disciples in Twelfth Century Byzantium," *Byzantion* 43 (1973): 108–19; Louis Petit, "Monodie de Nicéas Eugénianos sur Théodore Prodrôme," *Vizantiiskii vremennik* 9 (1902): 446–63.

36. For discussion of this intertextuality, see Joan B. Burton, "A Reemergence of Theocritean Poetry in the Byzantine Novel," *Classical Philology* 98 (2003): 251–73; see also Corinne Jouanno, "Nicéas Eugénianos: Un héritier du roman grec," *Revue des études grecques* 102 (1989), 346–60. On how the novels "show that they conceive of themselves as not merely imitative of the ancient novels, but rather creative and original," see Joan B. Burton, "Byzantine Readers of the Novel," in *The Cambridge Companion to the Greek and Roman Novel*, ed. Tim Whitmarsh (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, forthcoming).

Christian themes and imagery also come into play in Eugenianos's novel. For example, a kindly old woman's description of the lovers' embrace ("Who could separate those whom a god has joined?" 7.264) echoes Jesus's response to the Pharisees regarding the issue of divorce: "Therefore what God has joined, let no one separate" (Matthew 19.6, Mark 10.9).<sup>37</sup> So too passages of dense, extended imagery of erotic consumption seem to recall the Song of Solomon. For an abbreviated example, compare the blandishment of an amorous woman in Eugenianos (4.285–288):

I am the tree; come cling to me,  
for you have my arms in place of branches.  
I am the tree; climb me  
and pluck my fruit, which is sweeter than honey.

with a lover's description of his beloved in the Song of Solomon (7.7–8):

You are stately as a palm tree,  
and your breasts are like its clusters.  
I say I will climb the palm tree  
and lay hold of its branches.<sup>38</sup>

Dense webs of allusion throughout Eugenianos's novel provide forums for meaningful dialogues with earlier Greek literature and culture as well as the biblical tradition.

Eugenianos places his hero, Charikles, in the midst of a vibrant song culture: he and his comrades cavalierly tease promenading women with impromptu songs at a festival; when courting, lovers send letters and sing serenades; enslaved, Charikles beguiles his master with the story of a nymphomaniac gardener. The heroine, a lissome dancer when the hero first sees her, later falls from a cliff into the sea and makes her way alone through a wilderness. Other notable characters include an amorous Parthian queen and her willful son, a gracious Arab king, a kindly old woman who dances raucously at the lovers' reunion, a rival suitor who takes the Cyclops as a model for wooing, a traveling salesman who offers salvation, a "best friend" who turns out to be the most "romantic" character of all. But an introduction should not preempt the joy of discovery for its readers. Enter the adventure world of the Byzantine romance novel. Discover its special pleasures for yourself.

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37. Cf. Eugenianos 3.12. For discussion, see Kazhdan, "Bemerkungen zu Niketas Eugenianos," 116; Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel," 203–4.

38. For discussion, see Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel," 201–3; cf. Fabrizio Conca, "Il romanzo di Niceta Eugeniano: Modelli narrativi e stilistici," *Sicilorum gymnasium* 39 (1986): 124–25. This scripture quotation is from the New Revised Standard Version Bible, copyright 1989 by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., and is used by permission.

## NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

The modern edition of the Greek by Fabrizio Conca (1990) served as the basis for my translation. I also consulted the Greek texts of Boissonade (1819, 1856) and (rarely) Hercher (1859), as well as Boissonade's commentary and translation (1819, Latin) and Conca's translation (1994, Italian).<sup>1</sup> My aim was to translate the Greek into a natural, readable English that also preserves the spirit, style, and thought of the original Greek. I also aimed at an accuracy of translation that might help readers of the Greek.<sup>2</sup> As for the spelling of names, I use Greek forms unless a name is already in common usage in its Latin form.

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1. Jean François Boissonade, ed., *Nicetae Eugeniani Narrationem amatoriam et Constantini Manassis fragmenta*, 2 vols. (Lugduni Batavorum: Apud S. et J. Luchtmans, 1819); Jean François Boissonade, ed., "Nicetas Eugenianus," rev. ed., in *Erotici scriptores*, ed. Wilhelm Adrian Hirschig (Paris: Ambrosio Firmin Didot, 1856); Rudolf Hercher, ed., *Erotici scriptores Graeci*, vol. 2 (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1859); Fabrizio Conca, ed., *Nicetas Eugenianus, De Drosillae et Chariclis amoribus* (Amsterdam: J. C. Gieben, 1990); Conca, ed. and trans., *Il romanzo bizantino del XII secolo* (Turin: Unione Tipografico-Editrice Torinese, 1994).
  2. Useful dictionaries include *A Patristic Greek Lexicon* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1961); *A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament and Other Early Christian Literature*, 2nd ed. (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1979). Other useful aids include Evangelinus A. Sophocles, *A Glossary of Later and Byzantine Greek*, *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, n.s. vol. 7 (Cambridge, Mass.: Welch, Bigelow, printers to the university, 1860); Sophocles, *Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods (from B.C. 146 to A.D. 1100)*, Memorial ed. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1900). The reader might also find helpful (in addition to grammars of classical Greek) F. Blass and A. Debrunner, *A Greek Grammar of the New Testament and Other Early Christian Literature*, a translation and revision of the ninth-tenth German edition incorporating supplementary notes of A. Debrunner by Robert W. Funk (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1961).



## CHARACTERS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

In parentheses, line in which name first mentioned

**Barbition**, one of Charikles' friends at the festival of Dionysus held outside Phthia (3.257)

**Chagos**, lord of the Arabs (5.279)

**Charikles**, the young hero, Drosilla's beloved, from Phthia (1.74)

**Chramos**, Maryllis's dead son (7.311)

**Chryzilla**, Kratylos's wife and a rival of Drosilla for Charikles (1.222)

**Drosilla**, the young heroine, Charikles' beloved, from Phthia (1.74)

**Gnathon**, merchant from Barzon (8.188)

**Hedypnoe**, Drosilla's mother (7.135)

**Lysimachos**, Kratylos's satrap (1.170)

**Kallidemos**, Xenokrates' son and a rival of Charikles for Drosilla (6.263)

**Kalligone**, Kleandros's beloved, from Lesbos (2.50)

**Kallistias**, Kleandros's father (2.59)

**Kleandros**, the hero and heroine's friend, met in a Parthian prison; from Lesbos (1.274; character first appears, unnamed, at 1.260)

**Kleinias**, Kratylos's son and a rival of Charikles for Drosilla (4.73)

**Kratylos**, Parthian king (1.168)

**Krystale**, Charikles' mother (3.51)

**Kydippe**, Kleandros's mother (2.59)

**Maryllis**, old woman who helps Drosilla when she reaches an unnamed village (6.667; character first appears, unnamed, at 6.236; on her name, see "Explanatory Notes" 6.667)

**Mongos**, Chagos's satrap (5.282)

**Myrtion**, Drosilla's father (7.135)

**Phrator**, Charikles' father (3.51)

**Xenokrates**, inn-keeper in the unnamed village (6.254)



## CHARACTERS BY RELATIONSHIP

In parentheses, line in which name first mentioned

**Charikles**, the young hero, Drosilla's beloved, from Phthia (1.74)

**Krystale**, Charikles' mother (3.51)

**Phrator**, Charikles' father (3.51)

**Barbition**, one of Charikles' friends at the festival of Dionysus held outside Phthia (3.257)

**Drosilla**, the young heroine, Charikles' beloved, from Phthia (1.74)

**Hedypnoe**, Drosilla's mother (7.135)

**Myrtion**, Drosilla's father (7.135)

**Kratylos**, Parthian king (1.168)

**Lysimachos**, Kratylos's satrap (1.170)

**Chrysilla**, Kratylos's wife and a rival of Drosilla for Charikles (1.222)

**Kleinias**, Kratylos's son and a rival of Charikles for Drosilla (4.73)

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**Kydippe**, Kleandros's mother (2.59)

**Kallistias**, Kleandros's father (2.59)

**Kalligone**, Kleandros's beloved, also from Lesbos (2.50)

**Chagos**, lord of the Arabs (5.279)

**Mongos**, Chagos's satrap (5.282)

**Maryllis**, old woman who helps Drosilla when she reaches an unnamed village (6.667; character first appears, unnamed, at 6.236)

**Chramos**, Maryllis's dead son (7.311)

**Xenokrates**, inn-keeper in the unnamed village (6.254)

**Kallidemos**, Xenokrates' son and a rival of Charikles for Drosilla (6.263)

**Gnathon**, merchant from Barzon (8.188)





## GODS AND LEGENDARY FIGURES MENTIONED MORE THAN ONCE

**Aphrodite**, goddess of love, was married to Hephaestus, the crippled god of blacksmiths. The name "Aphrodite" appears in the Greek text only once, 4.314. Instead, Eugenianos commonly uses the names "Cypris" (13 times) and "Paphia" (2 times) to refer to this goddess (see below).

**Ares**, god of war, was also Aphrodite's lover.

**Artemis**, chaste goddess of the hunt, also served as a model of maidenly beauty.

**Charon** was the ferryman who transported the dead across a lake or river into Hades.

**Cypris**, "the Cyprian," is another name for Aphrodite; the large Mediterranean island Cyprus was a center for worship of Aphrodite.

**Dionysus**, god of wine, was the son of Zeus and Semele (a mortal). In Eugenianos's novel, Dionysus is often referred to by his parentage alone: seven times as "son of Zeus," once as "son of Zeus and Semele," and once as "son of Semele."

**Eros**, god of love, is often represented as a beautiful winged youth, with bow and arrows. He is sometimes regarded as Aphrodite's son (as in our novel at 2.232–34, 4.157–83, 4.313–24 [cf. Moschus poem 1]; see also Apollonius Rhodius esp. 3.85–157, Simonides 575 *PMG*). For Eros as a primordial being, along with Chaos, Earth, and Tartarus, see Hesiod *Theogony* 116–22 (see also Longus 2.5.2–3); this is the tradition recalled at Eugenianos 3.115. For the theme of a plurality of Eroses (Loves), see Eugenianos 5.135–45 (cf. Anacreontea 25; see also Theocritus 15.120–22; Apollonius Rhodius 3.452, 687, 765, 937; Herodas 7.94).

**Fortune (Tyche)**, goddess of luck, fate, or chance, is frequently invoked by characters in the ancient and Byzantine novels. To the heroes and heroines of the novels, she often seems unhappily fickle.

**Furies**, primordial female creatures, often represented with snakes in their hair, pursued and punished wrongdoers. They were invoked in curses and linked with death.

**Graces**, usually three in number (after Hesiod *Theogony* 902-11), were minor goddesses often found in association with Eros and Aphrodite. They represent such qualities as charm and beauty.

**Helios** was god of the sun.

**Herakles**, the son of Zeus and Alkmene (a mortal woman), was perhaps the greatest of the Greek heroes. He was famous for his labors as well as his sexual potency and gluttony. His second labor was to kill the Lernaian hydra, a many-headed water serpent (Eugenianos 5.315-19; for the story of this labor, see Apollodorus *Bibliotheca* 2.5.2).

**Niobe**, a mortal woman proud of her many children (twelve or fourteen), boasted that she was better than Leto (who had only two). In response, Leto's children, the gods Apollo and Artemis, killed Niobe's children. Niobe turned into a stone in grief, but even as a stone she kept weeping. (For Niobe's story see Homer *Iliad* 24.602-17, Ovid *Metamorphoses* 6.148-312, Apollodorus *Bibliotheca* 3.5.6.)

**Pallas Athena**, goddess of war, wisdom, and crafts, was born from Zeus's head. "Pallas" alone also refers to Athena (Eugenianos 6.629, 8.107). As a chaste goddess, she contrasts with Aphrodite, the goddess of love (6.629). She also competed against Aphrodite and Hera in the famous beauty contest judged by Paris (6.622-25, 8.107-9).

**Pandion**, a legendary Athenian king, had two daughters, Procne and Philomela. He married Procne to King Tereus in exchange for his help in war, and Procne bore Tereus a son, Itys. Tereus, however, raped Procne's sister, Philomela, and removed her tongue to keep her from telling anyone. Philomela informed Procne through a weaving, and in revenge the sisters killed Itys and served him to Tereus for dinner. Tereus, Philomela, and Procne were all turned into birds afterwards, Tereus a hoopoe, and Philomela and Procne a swallow and a nightingale. For this version of their story, see Apollodorus *Bibliotheca* 3.14.8, Ovid *Metamorphoses* 6.424-674.

**Paphia**, "the Paphian," is another name for Aphrodite; the city Paphos, in southwest Cyprus, was the site of a famous sanctuary of Aphrodite (see Homer *Odyssey* 8.362-63).

**Selene** was goddess of the moon.

**Semele**, one of King Cadmus's daughters, conceived Dionysus by Zeus.

**Zeus**, ruler of the Olympian gods, is also called father of the gods. He begot many other important gods, including Apollo, Ares, Artemis, Athena, Hermes, and Dionysus.

## SELECT PLACES AND PEOPLES

**Arabs** (5.279). The Arabs, having conquered the Persian Sasanids in the mid-seventh century A.D., became major military rivals of the Byzantines until the eleventh century when the Seljuq Turks took over that antagonistic role. Rather than disparage the Arabs as savage barbarians, Eugenianos characterizes his fictive Arab leader, Chagos, as generous, brave, and kindly.

**Barzon** (1.6). The novel opens with a fierce Parthian attack on the unknown city of Barzon.

**Lesbos** (2.57). This large Aegean island, close to northwest Asia Minor, was home to the Greek poets Sappho and Alcaeus, and the setting of Longus's novel, *Daphnis and Chloe*. In Eugenianos's novel, Lesbos is Kleandros and Kalligone's home.

**Parthians** (1.6). Parthia, an ancient realm in southwest Asia, boasted fine horsemen and archers. The Parthian empire, traditionally dated from 247 B.C. to the early third century A.D. (when replaced by the Persian Sasanids), at its height extended from the Euphrates to the Indus and was a major rival to the Roman empire in the East. Eugenianos characterizes his fictive Parthians as savage and intemperate. For the suggestion that Eugenianos could be using an archaizing name to refer to the Seljuq Turks, major rivals of the Byzantines from the eleventh century A.D., see Corinne Jouanno, "Les barbares dans le roman byzantin du XII<sup>e</sup> siècle: Fonction d'un topos," *Byzantion* 62 (1992): 266.

**Phthia** (3.52). A city of this name in southeast Thessaly was home to Achilles, hero of Homer's *Iliad*. In Eugenianos's novel, Phthia is Drosilla and Charikles' home.



**A BYZANTINE NOVEL**  
*DROSILLA AND CHARIKLES*

## ΥΠΟΘΕΣΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΟΛΟΥ ΒΙΒΛΙΟΥ

Αὐτοῦ Δροσίλλης ἀλλὰ καὶ Χαρικλέους  
 φυγῆ, πλάνη, κλύδωνες, ἀρπαγαί, βίαι,  
 λησταί, φυλακαί, πειραταί, λιμαγχόνοι,  
 μέλαθρα δεινὰ καὶ κατεζοφωμένα,  
 5 ἐν ἡλίῳ λάμποντι μεστὰ τοῦ σκότους,  
 κλοιδὸς σιδηροῦς ἐσφυρηλατημένος,  
 χωρισμὸς οἰκτρὸς δυστυχῆς ἑκατέρων,  
 πλὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ νυμφῶνες ὄψῃ καὶ γάμοι.

## ΒΙΒΛΙΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Νῦν τοῦ φεραυγοῦς ἀστεράρχου φωσφόρου  
 ἐκ τοῦ κάτω φάναντος ἡμισφαιρίου,  
 ἐξ ὠκεανοῦ τῶν ῥοῶν λελουμένου  
 καὶ γῆς τοσαύτης ἐκταθείσης εἰς πλάτος  
 5 ἀναδραμόντος τοὺς κορυφαίους τόπους,  
 Πάρθοι παρεμπίπτουσι Βάρξῳ τῇ πόλει,  
 οὐχ ὡς κατ' αὐτῆς συγκροτήσοντες μάχην,  
 οὐδ' ὡς βαλοῦντες ῥιψεπάλξιδας λίθους  
 ἐκ πετροπομπῶν εἰς τὸ τεῖχος ὀργάνων,  
 10 οὐδ' ὡς κατασπάσοντες ἐκ τῶν ὑψόθεν  
 πέτραις χελώναις καὶ κριοῖς χαλκοστόμοις  
 – οὐκ ἦν γὰρ εὐάλωτος αὐτοῖς ἡ πόλις,  
 κρημοῦ περισφίγγοντος αὐτὴν κυκλόθεν –,  
 ἀλλ' ὡς ἀφαρπάσοντες ἄνδρας Βαρζίτας  
 15 οὓς ἐκτὸς ἂν λήψοιντο τῶν ὀρισμάτων,  
 καὶ πᾶσαν αὐτῶν τὴν τυχοῦσαν οὐσίαν.  
 Καὶ γοῦν ὑφαπλωθείσα καὶ τεταμένη

## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

Here are the contents of Drosilla and Charikles' story:  
 flight, wandering, storms at sea, abductions, violence,  
 robbers, prisons, pirates, hunger,  
 dreadful dark houses  
 full of gloom under a bright sun, 5  
 iron fetters wrought with the hammer,  
 a pitiable, unlucky separation from one another,  
 and in the end bridal chambers and nuptials.

## BOOK ONE

The morning star, bringer of light, leader of the stars,  
 had just risen from the hemisphere below,  
 after bathing in Ocean's streams,  
 and climbed over the peaks of the land,  
 which extended over a vast distance, 5  
 when Parthians invaded the city of Barzon.  
 They did not come to fight a battle against the city,  
 to hurl against its wall stones that could  
 knock down battlements, from rock-throwing machines,  
 or to tear down the wall from above 10  
 with rocks, tortoise shields, and bronze-tipped battering rams  
 (for the city was bound tightly on all sides by a cliff  
 and thus not easily taken),  
 but to carry off Barzian men  
 captured outside the confines of the city, 15  
 with all available property.  
 A band in the Parthian commander's service,



τῶν τῆς πολίχνης τειχέων ἀποστάδην  
 ὑπουργικῆ χειρ Παρθικῆς φυλαρχίας  
 20 αἰφνηδὸν ἐσκύλευε τοὺς πέριξ τόπους·  
 οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ συνδραμόντες αὐτίκα  
 λείαν Μυσῶν ἔθεντο τὰ πρὸς ταῖς πύλαις.  
 Τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἐσπάθιζον ἄνδρας ἀθλίους,  
 οὓς ἀντιπίπτειν ἔβλεπον πειρωμένους,  
 25 τοὺς δὲ προῆγον δεσμίους κρατουμένους.  
 Πᾶν συγκατέκλων δένδρον ἐξ ἀπληστίας,  
 καίτοι βρῖθον βλέποντες ἐξ εὐκαρπίας.  
 Τὴν αἶγα, τὴν βοῦν συγκαθήραζον τότε,  
 ἢ μὴ τὸ τεῖχος εἰσδραμεῖν ἐπεφθάκει.  
 30 Γυναῖκας εἶλκον αἱ συνεῖλκον τὰ βρέφη·  
 ὄμωζον αὐτῶν αἱ τάλαιναί μητέρες,  
 καὶ συνεμινύριζον αὐταῖς τὰ βρέφη·  
 οὐκ ἀπομαστεύειν γὰρ εἶχον ἐνκόλωσ·  
 35 τῶν οὐθάτων γὰρ ἢ βρεφοτρόφος ὄυσις  
 εἰς αἱματοστάλακτον ὄμβρον ἐτράπη.  
 Ἐκεῖ στάχυς ἐτμάτο καὶ πρὸ τοῦ θέρους,  
 τὴν ἵππον ὡς θρέψαιτο τὴν τῶν βαρβάρων·  
 καὶ βότρους ἀδρόδς ἐθλίβη πρὸ τῆς τρύγης,  
 40 ὄνουξιν ἵππων συμπατηθεῖς ἀθλίως,  
 ληλατούντων τὴν περὶχώρον κύκλω  
 Πάρθων ἀπηνῶν, δυσμενῶν, ἀλλοθρόων.  
 Τί γοῦν ἐπ' αὐτοῖς; Οἱ μὲν ἐκτὸς τειχέων  
 ὄσοι φυγεῖν ἔφθασαν ἐκ ξίφους τέως,  
 45 φεῦ, τοὺς ἑαυτῶν ἐντιθέντες αὐχένας  
 ζεύγλη βαρεῖα δυσχεροῦς ὑπουργίας,  
 τὴν σφῶν κακίστην ἐξεδάκρουον τύχην·  
 οἱ δ' ἐντὸς αὐτῶν εἰσρυνέντες τειχέων,  
 τὴν Παρθικὴν μάχαιραν ἐκπεφευγότες,  
 50 πρὸς τὴν ἐφ' ὕψους ἀσφαλῆ τείχους βάσιν  
 ἀναδραμόντες, τοῖς ἀπεξενωμένοις  
 συμπατριώταις ἀντεπέστενον μέγα  
 'τίς βάσκανος' λέγοντες 'ἀγρία τύχη  
 αὐθις διεσπάσατο τοὺς ὁμογνίους;  
 55 Φεῦ, τίς Ἐριννύς, τίς ἀλάστωρ, τίς τύχη  
 δουλοῖ κακούργοις βαρβάροις ἐλευθέρους;  
 Ποίοις ἀπ' αὐτῶν ἐνστενάξει τις μέγα;

which had spread out and scattered  
 far from the walls of the city,  
 suddenly despoiled the surrounding area, 20  
 and the barbarians quickly ran together  
 and made what they found at the gates "Mysian plunder."<sup>\*</sup>  
 They pierced with their swords some wretched men  
 whom they saw trying to resist  
 and seized others and led them forth in chains. 25  
 They greedily tore down every tree  
 although they saw it laden with good fruit.  
 They seized the goats and cows  
 that had not already run inside the wall.  
 They dragged away women with their babies, 30  
 the unhappy mothers wailing,  
 and their babies along with them,  
 for the mothers could not nurse easily  
 since the nourishing flow from their breasts  
 had become a shower of blood. 35  
 Ears of corn were cut before summer  
 to feed the barbarians' cavalry,  
 and dense bunches of grapes were pressed before vintage,  
 foully trampled by horses' hooves,  
 as the cruel, hostile Parthians, with their strange speech, 40  
 despoiled the surrounding countryside.  
 What else besides? The men outside the walls  
 who had escaped the sword in the meantime  
 were placing their necks, alas,  
 in a heavy yoke of hateful servitude 45  
 and weeping aloud for their terrible fortune.  
 And the men who had run inside the walls,  
 escaping the Parthian sword,  
 had hurried up to a secure position  
 on top of the wall and were lamenting loudly 50  
 over their fellow-countrymen, driven from their homes.  
 "What malicious, savage Fortune," they said,  
 "has again torn apart kinsfolk?  
 What Fury, what avenging Deity, what Fortune, alas,  
 enslaves free men to villainous barbarians? 55  
 For whom of these shall we lament loudly?

\* Explanatory notes for asterisked items begin on p. 195.

- Τοῖς συσφαγεῖσι; Τοῖς ἀλοῦσι δεσμίοις;  
 Χήραις γυναιξί; Ταῖς ἀνάνδροις παρθένοις;  
 Ἄπειροκάκῳ τῶν βρεφῶν ὀμηγύρει;  
 60 Ἐμῖν ἑαυτοῖς; ὦ κακῶν συγκυρμάτων'.
- Οὗτοι καὶ οὕτω τοῖς πόνοις ἐκαρτέρουν,  
 καὶ θρῆνος ἦτο συμμιγῆς βαρὺς μέγας  
 ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν, παρθένων, μειρακίων,  
 τὸ βάρβαρον δὲ συλλογῆς οὐκ ἡμέλει  
 65 πρὸς ἀρπαγῆς γὰρ ἠσχολεῖτο φροντίδας·  
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἐχθρὸς βαρβαρόφρων ὠμόνους  
 ἀντὶ τρυφῆς εἴωθεν ἠγεισθαι πάσης  
 ἄνδρας σκυλεύειν μηδὲν ἠδικηκότας.  
 Τοὺς οὖν ἀλόντας συμπεδήσαντες μόλις  
 70 ἀπειῖδον ὄψῃ πρὸς τρυφήν καὶ πρὸς πόσιν.
- Τοῦτοις συνῆν θήρευμα καὶ τοῦτο ξένον,  
 οἷς καὶ συνεξέσφικτο δεσμοῖς ἀλύτοις  
 καὶ συγκατεστέναζε τοῖς πεδουμένοις,  
 καλὸς Χαρικλῆς καὶ Δροσίλλα καλλιῶν.  
 75 Καὶ δὴ συνιζήσαντες ἐν πεδιάδι  
 προκειμένης ἤπτοντο τῆς ἐδητύος.
- Λειμῶν γὰρ ἦν ἠδιστος αὐτῆς ἐν μέσῳ,  
 οὗ κυκλόθεν μὲν ἦσαν ὠραῖαι δάφναι  
 καὶ κυπάριττοι καὶ πλάτανοι καὶ δρυῖες,  
 80 μέσον δὲ δένδρα τερπνὰ καὶ καρποφόρα.  
 Πόα τε κρίνων καὶ πόα τερπνὴ ῥόδων  
 πολλὴ παρῆν ἐκείσε, λειμῶνος μέσον·  
 αἱ κάλυκες δὲ τῶν ῥόδων κεκλεισμέναι  
 ἢ μᾶλλον εἰπεῖν μικρὸν ἀνεωγμέναι  
 85 ταύτην ἐθαλάμειον ὥσπερ παρθένον.  
 Τοῦτου δὲ πάντως αἰτίαν λογιστέον  
 θερμαντικὴν ἀκτίνα τὴν τοῦ φωσφόρου·  
 ὅταν γὰρ αὕτη – καὶ καλῶς οὕτως ἔχει –  
 μέσον καλύκων φλεκτικῶς ἐπεισβάλῃ,  
 90 γυμνοῦσιν αὐταὶ τὴν ῥοδόπνοον χάριν.  
 Καὶ νᾶμα πηγυμαῖον ἦν ἐκεῖ ῥέον,  
 ψυχρὸν διειδὲς καὶ γλυκάζον ὡς μέλι.  
 Κίων δὲ τις ἀνείχε τῆς πηγῆς μέσον,  
 ἔσωθεν οὕτω τεχνικῶς γεγλυμμένος·  
 95 σωλῆνι μακρῷ δῆθεν ἐξεικασμένος,

For those slain? For those captured and chained?  
 For widowed women? For unmarried maidens?  
 For the throng of babies ignorant of evil?  
 For ourselves? Oh, what terrible misfortunes!" 60

These men endured their sufferings thus,  
 and a loud, mournful lament was raised by all together—  
 men, women, maidens, and lads.  
 But the barbarians did not forget their booty,  
 for they were preoccupied with plundering 65  
 (a savage and cruel enemy  
 typically considers robbing innocent men  
 superior to any pleasure).  
 Then, after chaining together their captives,  
 they turned at last to revelry and drink. 70

The captives also included this unusual prize,  
 shackled with the others by unbreakable bonds  
 and moaning along with the rest:  
 beautiful Charikles and Drosilla even more beautiful.  
 And so the barbarians sat together in a level field 75  
 and ate the food set before them.

In the middle of this field was a very pleasant meadow,  
 with lovely laurels all around  
 and cypresses, plane-trees, oaks,  
 and, in the middle, delightful fruit trees, 80  
 along with an abundance  
 of lilies and lovely roses.  
 The roses' calyxes, being closed  
 or rather a little opened,  
 shut the flower within like a maiden in her chamber. 85  
 One must certainly regard the sun's warming ray  
 as the cause of this,  
 for whenever the sun's ray—at a fitting time—  
 penetrates with its heat among calyxes,  
 the calyxes open to reveal the rose's fragrant beauty. 90  
 Water from a spring was flowing there,  
 cold, clear, and sweet as honey.  
 In the middle of the spring stood a pillar,  
 skillfully hollowed within,  
 like a long pipe, 95

δι' οὗ τὸ ῥυτὸν ὑπανήκετο τρέχον·  
 πλὴν ἀετός τις τοῦτο προσδεδεγμένος  
 – χαλκοῦς γὰρ ἦν ἄνωθεν ἐστῶς εὐτέχνως –,  
 ἐξῆγε τοῦ στόματος αὐτῆς καταρρέον.  
 100 Λευκῶν δὲ πετρῶν τῆς καλῆς πηγῆς μέσον  
 ἀγαλμάτων ἔστηκεν εὐξέστων κύκλος·  
 οἱ δ' ἀνδριάντες ἦσαν ἔργα Φειδίου  
 καὶ Ζεύξιδος πόνημα καὶ Πραξιτέλους,  
 ἀνδρῶν ἀρίστων εἰς ἀγαλματοουργίαν.  
 105 Τῷ δεξιῷ δὲ τοῦ παραδείσου μέρει  
 ἔξωθεν αὐτῶν τῶν ξυλίνων θριγγίων  
 βωμὸς κατεσκευάστο τῷ Διονύσῳ,  
 οὗ τὴν ἑορτὴν εἶχον ἄνδρες Βαρζίται,  
 καθ' ἣν τὸ πλῆθος τῶν ἀθέσμων βαρβάρων  
 110 ἄφνω παρειπέπνευσε τοῖς ἐγγωρίοις,  
 φυλακτικῶν ἔξωθεν οἷσι τειχέων  
 ὁμοῦ μετ' αὐτῶν τῶν γυναικῶν καὶ τέκνων  
 καὶ τὴν ἑορτὴν τοῦ θεοῦ Διονύσου  
 ἐκεῖ τελοῦσι καὶ συνεστιωμένοις  
 115 σκηνορραφικῶν ἔνδοθεν στεγασμάτων.  
 Δι' ἣν ἑορτὴν καὶ Δροσίλλα παρθένος  
 σὺν ταῖς κατ' αὐτὴν καὶ κόραις καὶ παρθένοις  
 τὸ τεῖχος ἤδη τῆς πολίχνης ἐξέδου,  
 χοροῦ καλὴν τὸρνωσιν ἐνστησαμένη.  
 120 Ὡς οὐρανὸς γὰρ ἦν ἑναστρὸς ἡ κόρη,  
 χρυσοῦν, φαινόν, λευκοπόρφυρον φάρος  
 πρὸς τὴν ἑορτὴν δῆθεν ἠμφιεσμένη.  
 Εὐρυθμὸς ἦβην, λευκοχειροσαρδόνυξ,  
 125 ὀφθαλμὸς αὐτῆς εὐπερίγραφος μέλας,  
 πυρσὴ παρειά, ῥίς γρυπὴ, στυλινὴ κόμη,  
 ναὶ καὶ χλιδῶσα καὶ διευθετισμένη,  
 κάλυξ τὰ χεῖλη, σίμβλον ἀνεωγμένον,  
 θυμῆρες ἐκρέοντα τοῦ λόγου μέλι,  
 130 γῆς ἄστρον ἐξαστράπτον, οὐρανοῦ ῥόδον·  
 εὐρυθμὸς ὁ τράχηλος ἐκτεταμένος,  
 τὰ πάντα τερπνά· κυκλοειδεῖς ὀφρύες,  
 καὶ πυρσὸν ἀστράπτοντα λευκερυθρόχρου  
 αἱ τῶν παρειῶν ἐξέπεμπον λαμπάδες,

through which the flowing water rose.  
 But an eagle received this water  
 (for a bronze eagle had been artfully placed on top)  
 and released the liquid from its mouth to flow back down again.  
 In the middle of the lovely spring's white rocks 100  
 stood a circle of well-carved statues,  
 the works of Pheidias,\*  
 Zeuxis, and Praxiteles,  
 the finest creators of sculpture.  
 On the right side of the garden, 105  
 outside the wooden fences,  
 an altar for Dionysus had been built,  
 where the Barzian people were holding his festival  
 when the crowd of lawless barbarians  
 suddenly made their breaths felt upon the inhabitants, 110  
 who were outside the protective walls,  
 with their wives and children,  
 celebrating the festival of the god Dionysus  
 and feasting together  
 under the shelter of tents. 115  
 Because of this festival, the maiden Drosilla too,  
 with girls and maidens of her own age,  
 had just come out from the city's wall  
 and begun a lovely, circular dance.  
 The girl was like a starry sky, 120  
 for she was dressed for the festival  
 in a splendid purple-white cloak, adorned with gold.  
 Graceful and young, she had hands as white as a sardonyx,  
 and lips and cheeks as red as a rose.  
 Her dark eyes were well-outlined, 125  
 her cheeks rosy, her nose aquiline, and her hair shining,  
 soft, and well arranged.  
 Her lips were like a rose-bud or an opened beehive,  
 as they poured forth the sweet honey of her speech.  
 She was a sparkling star of the earth, a rose of the sky. 130  
 Her neck was long and graceful—  
 her whole body a delight. Her brows were arched,  
 the torches of her cheeks sent out  
 a gleaming, rose-white fire,

- 135 χιών δὲ τᾶλλα τοῦ προσώπου τῆς κόρης·  
 ὁ βόστρυχος χρύσειος, αἱ πλοκαμίδες  
 ξανθαί, μελιχραί, χρυσοειδεῖς, κοσμίαι,  
 τεταμέναι τε καὶ πνέουσαι τοῦ μύρου·  
 ἢ γνάθος, ὁ τράχηλος ἐστιλβωμένα,  
 140 τὸ χεῖλος αὐτῆς νέκταρ ἦν ἀπορρέον,  
 τὸ στέρον ἄλλην εἶχεν ὀρθοῖαν δρόσον,  
 ἦβης τὸ μέτρον ὡς κυπάριττος νέα,  
 εὐτορνος ἢ ῥίς, τῶν ὀδόντων ἢ θέσις  
 ὡς σύνθεσις τις μαργάρων λευκοχρόων,  
 145 τὰ κυκλοειδῆ τόξα τὰ τῶν ὀφρῶν  
 ὡς τόξον ἦν Ἔρωτος ἐγκεχαρμένου,  
 ἔοικεν ὡς ἔμιξε γάλα καὶ ῥόδα,  
 καὶ συνδιεχρώσατο καθὰ ζωγράφος  
 ταύτης τὸ σῶμα λευκέρυθρον ἢ φύσις·  
 150 θάμβος γὰρ αὐτῆ συγχορευούσαις κόραις  
 λειμῶνος ἐντὸς τοῦ νεῶ Διονύσου.  
 Οἱ δάκτυλοι δὲ καὶ τὰ τῶν ὠτων ἄκρα  
 ἄνθρακας εἶχον, ὡς τὸ πῦρ ἀνημμένους,  
 χρυσοῦ καθαροῦ συμπεπηγότας λίθους·  
 155 ἥστραπτον αὐτῆς χεῖρες ἐκ τοῦ χρυσοῦ,  
 ναὶ μὴν σὺν αὐταῖς ἀργυροσκελεῖς πόδες.  
 Οὕτω τοσαύτην ἢ Δροσίλλα παρθένος  
 καινὴν ἐπευτύχησε καλλονῆς χάριν.  
 Ἐπεὶ δὲ μακροῖς τοῖς πότοις ἐνετρύφων  
 160 καὶ μέχρι δυσμῶν καὶ βαθείας ἐσπέρας,  
 οἱ δυσμενεῖς χαίροντες ἐξηρπαγμένων  
 – τὸ βάρβαρον φύσει γὰρ ἐγχαίρει μέθαις,  
 φιλεῖ δὲ τρυφαῖς ἐκδίδοσθαι καὶ πότοις,  
 καὶ μᾶλλον εἶπερ εὐχερῶς ἀφαρπάσοι,  
 165 ἄλλοτριαν ὑπαρξιν εὐρὸν ἀθρόαν –  
 ἐκ τῆς τραπέζης ἐξανέστησαν μολίς  
 ἐφ’ ᾧ τραπῆναι καὶ πρὸς ὕπνον αὐτίκα.  
 Ὁ γοῦν Κρατύλος – τοῦτο γὰρ ὁ Παρθάναξ –  
 τῆς συνθολούσης μικρὸν ἐκνήψας μέθης  
 170 τῷ Λυσιμάχῳ ταῦτά φησι σατραπῆ·  
 ‘ἡμεῖς μὲν ἤδη καὶ πότου καὶ σιτίων  
 ἐλάβομεν νῦν ἀλλὰ καὶ μέθης κόρον,  
 ἢ καὶ τὸν ὕπνον ἐντίθησι ταῖς κόραις·

and the rest of her face was like snow. 135  
 Her hair was golden-yellow, and her plaits  
 blond, honey-sweet, golden, well-ordered,  
 long, and fragrant with perfume.  
 Her cheeks and neck were gleaming,  
 nectar flowed from her lips, 140  
 and her breasts glistened with morning dew.  
 Her youthful body was like a young cypress.  
 Her nose was well turned, her teeth  
 like a set of white pearls,  
 and her brows curved 145  
 like the bow of joyful Eros.  
 It seemed as if Nature, like a painter,  
 had mixed milk with rose  
 and thus colored the girl's body white-red,  
 and the girls who were dancing with her in the meadow 150  
 of Dionysus's temple wondered at her.  
 Her fingers and ears  
 were adorned with rubies that gleamed like fire,  
 gems set in pure gold.  
 Her hands glittered with gold, 155  
 and her silver feet glittered too.  
 Thus the maiden Drosilla was extraordinarily well blessed  
 with beauty's grace.

The enemies reveled in long drinking-bouts,  
 which lasted until sunset and late into the evening. 160  
 Then, rejoicing over their booty  
 (for the barbarian by nature delights in drunkenness  
 and enjoys abandoning himself to revelry and drinking-bouts,  
 especially if he's easily carried off  
 an abundance of property belonging to others) 165  
 they stood up with effort from the table  
 so that they might turn directly to sleep.

Then Kratylos, the Parthian king,  
 having recovered a little from the confusion of drunkenness,  
 said the following to his satrap Lysimachos: 170  
 "We've now had enough of wine and food  
 and also drunkenness,  
 which puts sleep into the eyes.



- καιρὸς τὸ λοιπὸν συγκλιθῆναι, σατράπα,  
 175 πρὸς ὕπνον ἡμᾶς τῇ τρυφῇ δεδωκότας.  
 Σὺ γοῦν, ἀληθῶς φιλάργυρνε καρδία,  
 μὴ συγκαθευδήσεις ἐξ ἡμῶν μόνος·  
 λαβὼν δὲ σὺν σοὶ καὶ στρατοῦ τοὺς ἐκκρίτους,  
 ἵππευε κύκλῳ τῶν ἀλότων δεσμίων,  
 180 τηρῶν, φυλάσσων, προσκοπῶν, περιτρέχων,  
 μὴ πως ἀποδράσαιεν ἐν λεληθότι  
 καὶ μακρὸν ἡμῖν ἐμπαράσχοιεν γέλων  
 ἢ καὶ νεανικόν τι δράσαιεν τάχα  
 ἐς τοὺς ὕφ' ἡμᾶς ἠδέως κοιμωμένους.'
- 185 Τοιοῦτον ἐξ ἄνακτος ἀλγεινὸν λόγον  
 ὁ Λυσίμαχος σατράπης δεδεγμένος,  
 ἤδη τὸν ὕπνον ἐκτινάξας μακρόθεν  
 εἰς φυλακὴν ἔσπευδε τῶν κρατουμένων.  
 Ἐπεὶ δ' ὁ λαμπρὸς ἥλιος διφρηλάτης  
 190 ἀπανταχοῦ γῆς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ λαμπάδα  
 ἐξῆπτε, φαιδρὰν δεικνύων τὴν ἡμέραν,  
 ἀνίσταται μὲν εὐθέως ὁ Παρθάναξ  
 καὶ Λυσίμαχον τῆς φυλακῆς θαυμάσας  
 λαμπροῖς τὸν ἄνδρα δεξιούται τοῖς λόγοις,  
 195 πολλὰς πρὸς αὐτὸν ἐκτελῶν ὑποσχέσεις·  
 ναὶ μὴν σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ τῆς λείας πλέον  
 αὐτὸς παρασχεῖν τοῖς ὕπ' αὐτὸν ἐξέφη·  
 'τοὺς γὰρ πονοῦντας ὑπὲρ ἄλλους τι πλέον  
 καὶ δωρεῶν χρὴ δεξιούσθαι μειζόνων'.
- 200 Τοσαῦτα λέξας ἐξανέστη τῆς κλίνης·  
 ἀνίσταται δὲ καὶ τὸ βάρβαρον φύλον  
 οὐ βραδέως ἔτοιμον ἀνθυποστρέφειν,  
 καὶ δὴ συνάξαν τὰ προεξηρηπαγμένα,  
 τὴν αἴγα, τὴν βοῦν, τοὺς ἀλόντας δεσμίους,  
 205 αὐτῇ κελεύσει τοῦ κρατοῦντος Κρατύλου  
 ἰθυτενῶς ἤλαυνε πρὸς τὴν πατρίδα.  
 Φθάσαντες οὖν ἐκεῖσε πεμπταίῳ φάει,  
 εἰς φυλακὴν ἔδοντο τοὺς κρατουμένους,  
 μίξαντες αὐτοὺς τοῖς προεγκλεισμένοις  
 210 ἐκ πρωτολείας αἰχμαλώτοις ἀθλίοις·  
 οἱ καὶ φυλακῆς ἔνδον ἐμβεβλημένοι,  
 χαμαὶ πεσόντες καὶ κλιθέντες εἰς γόνυ,

It's time, then, Satrap, for us to turn  
 to sleep, after our enthusiastic revelry. 175  
 But you, most wakeful heart,  
 don't sleep with the rest (you alone among us)  
 but take with you the army's best men  
 and ride among the captives—  
 observing, guarding, watching, moving quickly about— 180  
 so that they may not somehow secretly escape  
 and make us great laughingstocks  
 or perhaps even commit some violent act  
 against our men in their sweet sleep."

When the satrap Lysimachos heard 185  
 this unwelcome speech from his king,  
 he at once shook off sleep  
 and hurried to guard the captives.  
 Then, when the shining Sun in his chariot  
 shone his torch over all the earth, 190  
 thus illuminating the day,  
 the Parthian king at once rose from sleep,  
 marveled at Lysimachos for his careful watch,  
 greeted him with splendid words,  
 and fulfilled the many promises he'd made to him. 195  
 Indeed, the king proclaimed that he would give  
 the greater share of the booty to Lysimachos and his men,  
 "for those who work more than others  
 ought to be honored with greater gifts."

After he said this, the king rose from his couch, 200  
 and the barbarian host rose too,  
 eager to return speedily home.  
 They gathered together all that they had seized—  
 the goats, the oxen, and the captives—  
 and by command of Kratylos, their ruler, 205  
 they headed straight for their fatherland.

When they arrived home on the fifth day,  
 they put their captives into prison,  
 where they joined unhappy prisoners  
 confined from a previous raid. 210  
 These captives, thrown into prison,  
 cast themselves to the ground, fell to their knees,

- τὴν σφῶν ἀπωδύροντο δυσμενῆ τύχην,  
 μόνους ἐμακάριζον, αἴνων ἡξίου  
 215 οὓς ἔργον εἰργάσατο τὸ ξίφος φόνου,  
 τούτων καλοῦντες τὴν σφαγὴν εὐεργέτιν·  
 ψυχὴ γὰρ ἀνέραστός ἐστι τοῦ βίου  
 λύπαις ἀμέτροις ἐμπεσοῦσα πολλάκις.  
 Τὴν δὲ Δροσίλλαν δυστυχῶς δυσδαιμόνως  
 220 διαζυγεῖσαν ἐκ παλαμναίας τύχης  
 τοῦ μέχρι φωνῆς νυμφίου Χαρικλέος  
 ἢ τῆς Χρυσίλλας εἶχε γυναικωνίτις·  
 γυνὴ γὰρ ἢ Χρυσίλλα Πάρθου Κρατύλου.  
 Ὁ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς ἔνδον ἐγκεκλεισμένος  
 225 τῆς φυλακῆς, ὡς εἶπον, ἤρξατο στένειν,  
 καὶ ἄτις Ἐρινύς, Ζεῦ, Ὀλύμπιον κράτος,  
 Δροσίλλαν ἐξήγαγεν ἐκ τῆς ἀγκάλης  
 τῆς τοῦ τοσαῦτα δυστυχοῦς Χαρικλέος·  
 εἰπὼν Χαρικλῆς μεῖζον ἀντεκεκράγει·  
 230 ὦμοι, Δροσίλλα, ποῦ πορεύῃ; Ποῦ μένεις;  
 Ποίαις ἐτάχθης δουλικαῖς ὑπουργίαις;  
 Ἄνηρέθης πρὸς τίνος ἐχθρῶν ἀγρίων;  
 Ἦ ζῆς ἀμυδρῶς, ὡς σκιὰ κινουμένη;  
 Κλαίεις; Γελαῖς; Ὀλωλας; Ἐρρῦσθης φόνου;  
 235 Χαίρεις; Θλίβῃ; Δέδοικας; Οὐ φοβῆ ξίφος;  
 Ἄλγεις; Κροτῆ; Πέπονθας; Οὐ πάσχεις φθόρον;  
 Τίνος μετέρχη λέκτρον ἀρχισατράπου;  
 Ποῖός τις ἐχθρὸς νῦν φανείς σοι δεσπότης  
 ἐκ δακτύλων σῶν τὸν κρατῆρα λαμβάνει;  
 240 Ἦ πού σε πολλῆς ἐμφοροῦμενος μέθης  
 τυχὸν πατάξει βαρβαρῶδει κονδύλω  
 πταίουσαν οὐχ ἐκοῦσαν; ὦμοι τῆς τύχης·  
 ἢ καὶ Κρατύλος οὗτος ὀφθαλμὸν λίχνον  
 ἐπεμβαλεῖ σοι καὶ φθονήσει τοῦ γάμου;  
 245 Πρὸ τοῦ τυχεῖν δὲ τῆς Χρυσίλλας ὁ φθόνος  
 διαφθερεῖ σκύφω σε δηλητηρίου.  
 ὦ τοῦ Διδῶ παῖ, Διόνυσε, πῶς πάλαι  
 τὸν τῆς Δροσίλλας ἀνθυπέσχου μοι γάμον,  
 ἐπεὶ σε πολλαῖς ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς θυσίαις  
 250 ἐδεξιούμην τὸν κακάγγελον τότε;  
 Ἄρ' οὖν ἔχεις ἔννοιαν ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ

and bitterly lamented their cruel fortune,  
 proclaiming only those slain by the sword  
 happy and worthy of praise, 215  
 and calling their slaughter a kindness  
 (for a spirit that's often fallen into limitless grief  
 is not a lover of life).  
 But Drosilla, who'd been unluckily and unhappily  
 separated by malicious Fortune 220  
 from her promised bridegroom, Charikles,  
 was being kept in the women's quarters of Chrysilla,  
 the wife of Kratylos, the Parthian king.  
 Charikles, then, who had been confined  
 in the prison, as I said, began to groan, 225  
 saying, "What Fury, O Zeus, Ruler of Olympus,  
 has taken Drosilla from the arms  
 of Charikles, so very luckless?"  
 Then Charikles cried again, even more loudly,  
 "Oh, Drosilla, where are you going? Where are you staying? 230  
 To what slave duties have you been assigned?  
 By what fierce enemy have you been killed?  
 Or do you live obscurely, moving like a shadow?  
 Do you weep or laugh? Are you dead or rescued from death?  
 Are you rejoicing or oppressed? Are you afraid? Do you not  
 fear the sword? 235  
 Do you grieve? Are you being beaten? Have you suffered? Are you not  
 suffering ruin?  
 What chief satrap's bed are you sharing?  
 What enemy, now your master,  
 takes the wine bowl from your fingers?  
 Will he, full of much strong drink, 240  
 perhaps strike you with a barbarous fist  
 for making a mistake, though unintentionally? What bad luck!  
 Will this Kratylos also cast a lustful eye  
 upon you and grudge us our wedding?  
 But before he gains his purpose, Chrysilla's jealousy 245  
 will kill you with a cup of poison.  
 O Dionysus, Child of Zeus, why long ago  
 did you promise me marriage with Drosilla,  
 when I honored you with many sacrifices  
 for her sake—you, a messenger of evil? 250  
 And you, Drosilla, do you have a thought in your heart

- καὶ σύ, Δροσίλλα, τοῦ φίλου Χαρικλέος  
 θρηνοῦντος, οἰμώζοντος ἐγκεκλεισμένου;  
 Ἦ μὴν λέλησαι τοῦ θεοῦ Διονύσου  
 255 καὶ τῆς δι' αὐτοῦ πρὸς Χαρικλῆν ἐγγύης,  
 ὡς τῶν ἀναγκῶν ἐμποδῶν σοι κειμένων,  
 τῆς αἰχμαλώτου συμφορᾶς καὶ τοῦ πάθους;'  
 Οὕτω Χαρικλεῖ πρὸς Δροσίλλαν ἀσχέτως  
 πολύστονον πλέκοντι τὴν τραγωδίαν  
 260 ἐφίσταται τις ἀγαθὸς νεανίας,  
 τὸν φθόγγον ἠδύς, εὐγενῆς τὴν ἰδέαν,  
 συναιχμάλωτος, συμφυλακίτης ξένος,  
 καὶ συγκαθεσθεῖς πλησίον Χαρικλέος  
 παρηγορεῖν ἔσπευδε συμπεπονθότα  
 265 λέγων· 'Χαρίκλεις, λῆξον ὄψε τῶν γόων'  
 ἔμοι λόγον δός, ἀνταπόκρισιν λάβε,  
 ὡς ἂν τὸ πλείστον τῆς ἀθυμίας βάρος  
 ἐκ προσλαλιᾶς κουφίσῃς ἀθραιέτου'  
 λύπης γὰρ ἔστι φάρμακον πάσης λόγος,  
 270 ψυχὴ δὲ πάντως οὐκ ἂν ἄλλως ἰσχύσοι  
 πῦρ ἐξαναφθὲν θλίψεων κατασβέσαι,  
 εἰ μὴ πρὸς ἄλλον ἐξαγάγῃ τὸ θλίβον,  
 παρηγορεῖν ἔχοντα τοὺς λυπουμένους.'
- 'Καλῶς λέγεις, Κλέανδρε,' Χαρικλῆς ἔφη  
 275 'πλὴν ἀλλὰ νῦν πρόσρησις ἢ σὴ καὶ μόνη  
 ἀρκεῖ τὰ πολλὰ τῶν παθῶν μου κοιμίσαι.  
 Ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ νῦξ ἀντεπῆλθεν, ὡς βλέπεις,  
 καὶ νυκτὶ πεισθῆναί με, φιλότης, πρόπει,  
 ἕα με λοιπὸν ἡρεμοῦντα συγκλίνας,  
 280 εἴ πως βραχὺν τὸν ὕπνον ὀφθαλμοῖς λάβω,  
 λήθην μικρὰν σχῶν τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων'  
 ἔς αὔριον δέ, νυκτὸς ἐκχωρησάσης,  
 ἐπακροάσῃ συμφορῶν Χαρικλέος.'
- Οὕτω τραπέντος πρὸς ὕπνον Χαρικλέος,  
 285 Δροσίλλα πικρῶς ἐστέναζεν ἐκ βάθους  
 ἐν παρθενῶνι τῆς Χρυσίλλας κειμένη  
 – οὐ γὰρ κατασχεῖν ἠδυνήθη τὴν κόρην  
 νήδυμος ὕπνος ἐκχυθεὶς κατ' ὀμμάτων –  
 'ψυχὴ φίλη' λέγουσα 'Χαρίκλεις ἄνερ,  
 290 ἄνερ Χαρίκλεις μέχρις οὖν φωνῆς μόνης,

for your beloved Charikles,  
 as he wails and laments, a prisoner?  
 Have you forgotten the god Dionysus  
 and the pledge you made through him to Charikles, 255  
 because you are oppressed by necessities—  
 the misfortune of captivity, and suffering?"

While Charikles thus spoke his tragic lament  
 to Drosilla, without pause and with many groans,  
 a well-born young man appeared— 260  
 sweet in voice, noble in form,  
 a fellow-captive and prisoner, a stranger—  
 and sitting down by Charikles,  
 tried to console him, a fellow sufferer,  
 by saying, "Charikles, stop your groaning at last. 265  
 Let me speak and give me a response in turn  
 that you may lighten the great weight of your despondency  
 through free conversation.  
 Talk is a cure for every pain;  
 a soul could not otherwise 270  
 quench a fire that burned with grief  
 unless it revealed its distress to another  
 able to console those in pain."

"You are right, Kleandros," Charikles said,  
 "but now your speech alone 275  
 is enough to soothe most of my sufferings.  
 And since night has come, as you see,  
 and it is fitting, my friend, that I obey night,  
 let me lie down and rest, then,  
 in the hope that a brief sleep may settle upon my eyes 280  
 and I may forget my sufferings for a while.  
 In the morning, when night has passed,  
 you shall hear about Charikles' misfortunes."

Thus Charikles turned to sleep.  
 Drosilla, meanwhile, groaned bitterly from deep in her soul, 285  
 as she lay in Chrysilla's chambers  
 (for sweet sleep had poured  
 over her eyes in vain),  
 and said, "Charikles, beloved soul, husband  
 (though in name only), 290

σὺ μὲν καθυπνοῖς τῆς φυλακῆς εἰς μέρος  
 Δροσίλλαν εἰς νοῦν οὐδὲ μικρὸν εἰσφέρων,  
 ἀλλ' ἀμελήσας ἐκ κακῶν προκειμένων  
 καὶ τῆς καθ' ἡμᾶς ἐγγύης αὐθαιρέτου  
 295 καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ με τοῦ συνάψαντος πάλαι  
 σοὶ τῷ Χαρικλεῖ, πλὴν ὑποσχέσει μόνῃ  
 ἀλλ' ἡ Δροσίλλα πολλὰ τοῦ Χαρικλέος  
 καταστενάζει δακρῶν πληρουμένη  
 καὶ μέμφεται σε καὶ πρὸ τοῦ τὰ τῆς Τύχης  
 300 ἀμνημονοῦντα τῆς προηγημένης.  
 Κἂν γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἡ παλαμναία Τύχη  
 ἀντιστρατεύη δυστυχῶς σοι, Χαρίκλεις,  
 ἢ καὶ πρὸ σοῦ μοι τῇ Δροσίλλᾳ παρθένῳ,  
 ὡς τὴν ἀδιάρρηκτον ἀλληλουχίαν  
 305 ἡμῶν διασπᾶν καὶ μερίζειν εἰς δύο  
 – τί γὰρ, Τύχη βάσκανε, μὴ κόρον δέχη  
 τῇ προφθασάσῃ ποικίλῃ περιστάσει  
 καὶ τῇ κατασχούσῃ με νῦν τιμωρίᾳ,  
 ἀλλ' ἐκτὸς ἐγκλείεις με τοῦ Χαρικλέος;  
 310 Ὑπερ τὸ φῶς μοι τῆς φυλακῆς τὸ σκότος,  
 εἰ συγκαθῆσθαι Χαρικλεῖ κατεκρίθη  
 καὶ χθὲς σὺν αὐτῷ τὴν φυλακὴν εἰσέδυν –  
 ἐχρῆν, Χαρίκλεις, κἂν τοσοῦτον ἡ Τύχη  
 ἀντιστρατεύη πρὸς διάστασιν φίλων  
 315 καὶ μηχανᾶται συμμερισμὸν τῶν δύο,  
 ἀγωνιᾶ δέ, φεῦ, διασπᾶν εἰς τέλος  
 τοὺς εἰς ἓν ἐμπνέοντας ἀλληλεγγύως,  
 μὴ καταπίπτειν, μηδὲ λήθη διδόναι,  
 ἀλλὰ πρὸς αὐτὴν τὴν παλαμναίαν Τύχην  
 320 ἀλκὴν μεγίστην ἐνδιδύσκεσθαι πλέον.  
 Σὺ δ' ἀλλ' ἐφυπνοῖς καὶ Δροσίλλαν οὐ στένεις,  
 ἢ δὲ στενάζει καὶ θεοὺς μαρτύρεται  
 διαρραγῆναι μηδαμῇ Χαρικλέος.  
 Κισσὸς γὰρ εἰς δρῦν δυσαιοσπάστως ἔχει  
 325 ἐθίζεται γὰρ συμπλοκαῖς ταῖς ἐκ νέου  
 καὶ σωματοῦται καὶ δοκεῖ πεφυκέναι  
 ἐν σῶμα, διπλὴν τὴν ἐνέργειαν φέρον  
 οὕτω Δροσίλλα πρὸς Χαρικλῆν νυμφίον  
 ἐν σῶμα καὶ φρόνημα καὶ ψυχὴ μία,

you sleep in a corner of the prison  
 and are not even a little mindful of Drosilla.  
 Your present evils have made you heedless  
 of both our pledge to one another, freely undertaken,  
 and the god who long ago united me 295  
 with you, my Charikles—though by promise only.  
 Drosilla, however, filled with tears,  
 groans much over Charikles,  
 and blames you—and even sooner Fortune’s cruelty—  
 for your forgetting the woman betrothed to you. 300  
 Fierce Fortune wages so great a war,  
 unluckily, against you, Charikles—  
 or even sooner against me, the maiden Drosilla—  
 that she tears apart  
 our unbreakable union, splits it in two. 305  
 Why, envious Fortune, are you not satisfied  
 with the many difficulties that came before  
 and the punishment that now oppresses me,  
 but keep me confined far from Charikles?  
 The darkness of prison would be dearer than the light to me 310  
 if I had been condemned to stay with Charikles  
 and yesterday had entered prison with him.  
 Even if Fortune fights hard  
 to separate lovers, Charikles,  
 plots to divide us, 315  
 strives (alas) to part completely  
 those who breathe as one through mutual pledges,  
 it would be best not to give way or yield to forgetfulness,  
 but to put on the greatest courage  
 and confront fierce Fortune herself. 320  
 “But instead you sleep, Charikles, and don’t grieve for Drosilla.  
 She, on the other hand, groans and calls the gods to witness  
 that she should never be torn from Charikles.  
 Ivy clings tenaciously to an oak,  
 for it is accustomed to intertwinings from the start 325  
 and takes on form and seems to be by nature  
 a single body with a double force.  
 Thus Drosilla and her bridegroom Charikles  
 were one body, one mind, and one soul,



- 330 κἂν χθὲς τραπέζης κειμένης ὁ Κρατύλος  
 ἐκδηλος ἦν ἔρωτα δεινὸν ἐκτρέφων  
 καὶ βάσκανόν μοι βλέμμα δεικνύειν θέλων.  
 ὦμοι, Χαρίκλεις, κλήσις ἢ φιλητέα,  
 πῶς αἶ καθ' ἡμᾶς συμφοραὶ σχοῖεν τέλος;  
 335 ὦς νῦν ἐγώ, σοῦ κἂν διήρημαι, κρίνω  
 μικρὸν παρηγόρημα τὸ βλέπειν μόνον  
 καὶ τὴν φυλακὴν ἧς κατεκλείσθης ἔσω  
 – ναὶ τοῦτο μικρὸν – καὶ τὸ πάντως εἰδέναί  
 ποῦ νῦν διάγεις, ποῦ καθεύδεις, ποῦ κάθη.  
 340 Ἔφες τὸν ὕπνον, εἶπερ ὑπνώττειν ἔχεις·  
 γνόθι Δροσίλλαν· σὲ στενάζει, σὲ κλάει·  
 σύγκλαιε, συστενάζε, συγκατηφία.  
 Ἦ που, Χαρίκλεις, οὐκ ἀπὸ δρυῶν ἔφυς·  
 καὶ σὲ στενάζειν ἐννοῶ καὶ δακρῦειν  
 345 καὶ μὴ διυπνώττειν σε νυκτὸς ἐν μέσῳ  
 πολλὰ Δροσίλλας παρθένου μεμνημένον.  
 ὦ δεῦρο, μικρὸν, ὕπνε, συγκάτασχέ με,  
 εἴ που φανεῖς ὄνειρος ἐγκαθηδύνει,  
 ἐμοὶ παριστῶν τὸν φίλον Χαρικλέα·  
 350 οἱ γὰρ ποθοῦντες ἢ φιλοῦντες πολλάκις  
 θέλουσιν, οὐ βλέποντες ἀλλήλους ὕπαρ,  
 ἐν τοῖς ὄνειροις συλλαλεῖν καὶ συμπνέειν.<sup>7</sup>  
 Οὕτω λεγούσης τῆς Δροσίλλας παρθένου,  
 καταστεναζούσης δὲ καὶ γοωμένης,  
 355 τοῖς αἰχμαλώτοις ἀντεπῆλθεν ἡμέρα  
 τοῖς ἐν φυλακῇ δυστυχῶς κοιμωμένοις,  
 κἂν καὶ τὸ ταύτης ὡς βαθύτατον σκότος  
 κατακρατοῦν ἦν καὶ ζοφοῦν τὴν ἡμέραν.

#### BIBΛION ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

- Τῆς ἡμέρας δὲ θᾶπτον ἀντιλαμπάσης  
 καὶ τοῦ γίγαντος καὶ φεραυγοῦς ἡλίου  
 ἐκ τῶν στενωπῶν τῆς φυλακῆς νυγμάτων  
 ἀκτῖνα μικρὰν ἐμβalόντος τοῖς ἔσω,  
 5 εὐθὺς Χαρικλῆς ἐξανίσταται μόνος·  
 ἰδὼν δὲ πάντας βαθέως κοιμωμένους,

even if yesterday, when the table was set, 330  
 Kratylos clearly nurtured a terrible love for me  
 and repeatedly cast entrancing glances my way.

“Oh, Charikles, name that I adore,  
 what will be the end to our misfortunes?  
 Now, even though I’m separated from you, 335

I consider it a small consolation just to see  
 the prison in which you’re confined—  
 yes, a small consolation—and to know  
 where you now live, sleep, and sit.

Shake off sleep (if indeed you are able to sleep). 340

Think of Drosilla; she is moaning and weeping for you.

Weep with her; moan with her; sorrow with her.

Truly, Charikles, you were not born from oak trees;

you are moaning, I think, and weeping—  
 not sleeping in the middle of the night— 345

filled with memories of the maiden Drosilla.

Come, Sleep, take hold of me a while,

on the chance that a dream may appear and sweeten my sleep  
 by placing my beloved Charikles beside me.

Those who feel desire or love are often accustomed, 350  
 when they don’t see one another while awake,  
 to converse and breathe together in dreams.”

While the maiden Drosilla was speaking thus,  
 with laments and groans,

day came upon the captives 355

who were unfortunately sleeping in prison,

even if the prison’s profound darkness  
 defeated and obscured the day.

## BOOK TWO

As soon as the day became bright,

and the giant, light-bringing sun

through the narrow cracks of the prison

cast a great beam of light upon those inside,

Charikles alone rose up,

and when he saw all the men sleeping deeply,

- ταχὺ στενάξας ἐκ βάθους τῆς καρδίας,  
 ἔφησεν ἄνδρες συμπεφυλακισμένοι,  
 εἰκοὸς ὑμῖν ἐστὶν ὑπνοῦν εἰσέτι·  
 10 ὦν καὶ γὰρ σὺ κατέσχε καρδίας πλάτος  
 τὸ δομῆν φίλτρον οὐδ' ὁ τοῦ πόθου πόνος,  
 ὦν σὺ κατεκράτησε τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρωσ,  
 τί καινὸν εἰ τὸν ὑπνον ἀσπάζοισθέ μοι  
 ἐκ νυκτὸς ἀρχῆς ἄχρι φωτὸς ἡλίου;  
 15 Ὅ γὰρ Ἔρωσ εἴωθε νύκτωρ τὸ πλεόν  
 ἀναπτεροῦσθαι τοῖς ἐρωσιν εἰσερών,  
 ψυχῆς ἐρώντος ἐνσχολαζούσης τότε  
 ὅλης ἐκείνῳ δῆθεν ἀνακειμένης.  
 Ὅς ὠφέλες γοῦν εὐσθενῶς ἔχων, Ἔρωσ,  
 20 ποιεῖν ἐρᾶν μὴ τοὺς χαμαὶ κινουμένους·  
 ποιῶν δὲ πάντως καὶ τυχεῖν πῶς σὺ δίδως,  
 πολλῶν δὲ πολλοὺς ἀξιοῖς παθημάτων,  
 ἕως τυχεῖν γένοιτο τοῦ ποθομένου;·  
 Οὕτω Χαρικλῆς καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἠρέμα  
 25 θρηνῶν ὑπεστάλαξε ῥεῖθρα δακρῶν·  
 πολὺδακρυς γὰρ γίνεται πάντως Ἔρωσ  
 ψυχαῖς ἐπαχθῆς ἐμπεσὼν τεθλιμμέναις.  
 Ἄλλ' οὐκ ἔλαθε τὸν Κλέανδρον δακρῶν·  
 ἐφίσταται γοῦν ἐξαναστὰς εὐθέως  
 30 ὅπου Χαρικλῆς εἶχε τὴν γῆν ὡς κλίνην,  
 καὶ ἄρα φησὶ ἄρα ἄρα·  
 Λέγοις ἂν ἡμῖν τὰ προὔπεσχημένα,  
 τὰς σὰς, Χαρίκλεις, συμφορὰς καὶ τοὺς πόνους·  
 ἐνταῦθα δ' αὐτὸς συγκαθεσθεὶς πλησίον  
 35 τὰς ἀκοὰς διδοῖμι τῇ τραγωδίᾳ.  
 Καὶ γὰρ σὺ σαυτὸν κουφιεῖς στεναγμάτων  
 ἐμοὶ παριστῶν δῆλα τὰ θλίβοντά σε  
 καὶ τὸν Κλέανδρον τὸν συνεγκεκλεισμένον  
 ἐλαφρυνεῖς με τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων·  
 40 σὺ γὰρ μόνος σὺ τὴν φυλακὴν εἰσέδυσ.  
 Ἦ καὶ πρὸ ταύτης αἰχμάλωτος ἐσχέθης  
 ψυχὴν ἔχων ἔρωτι πυρπολουμένην;  
 Οὐδ' ὁ Κλέανδρος ἀνέραστος ἐσχέθη,  
 σὺ τὴν φυλακὴν δυστυχῶς προεισέδυσ  
 45 ἐρωτικῶν ἄμοιρος ἐννοημάτων

he groaned at once from the depths of his heart  
 and said, "Fellow prisoners,  
 it is fine for you to be still sleeping,  
 for neither bitter love nor the pain of desire 10  
 has filled the breadth of your hearts;  
 love has not prevailed over your souls.  
 What is strange if you welcome sleep  
 from start of night to light of sun?  
 Eros is accustomed more at night 15  
 to spread his wings and enter into lovers,  
 since a lover's soul is then at leisure  
 and wholly receptive to love.  
 If only you, Eros, who are so strong,  
 did not make those who walk the earth fall in love! 20  
 But since you certainly do, why don't you also grant them to succeed,  
 instead of requiring many to endure many sufferings  
 until at last they can attain the objects of their desire?"  
 Thus Charikles lamented softly to himself  
 and wept rivers of tears, 25  
 for Eros certainly causes many tears  
 when he grievously attacks souls in distress.  
 But Charikles' tears did not escape Kleandros's notice.  
 At once he rose, went to where  
 Charikles had his ground as bed, 30  
 and said, "Morning, stranger, fellow-captive;  
 tell me the things you promised —  
 your misfortunes, Charikles, and your sufferings —  
 and I myself will sit here by your side  
 and listen to your tragic tale. 35  
 You'll ease yourself of your grief  
 by telling me clearly the things afflicting you  
 and ease me, Kleandros,  
 your fellow prisoner, of my sufferings,  
 for not alone have you entered this prison. 40  
 And if even before this prison you were held captive,  
 inflamed in your spirit with love's fire,  
 Kleandros too was not taken captive ignorant of love;  
 he did not unluckily enter this prison  
 without experiencing amorous thoughts 45

- καὶ συμφορῶν ἄγευστος, αἷς παίει Τύχη  
 ἔρωτικοῖς με συμπλακέντα δικτύοις.  
 Ἄλγεις; Συναλγῶ δακρυεῖς; Συνδακρῶν  
 ποθεῖς; Ποθῶ, καὶ ταῦτα καλὴν παρθένον,  
 50 Καλλιγόνην μοι τὴν προεξηπαγμένην’  
 ‘Κλέανδρε, σῶτερ τληπαθοῦς μοι καρδίας’  
 ἔφη Χαρικλῆς ‘τίς σε τῶν Ὀλυμπίων  
 θεῶν ἀφήκεν εἰς ἐμὴν εὐθυμίαν;  
 Λέγοις τὰ σαυτοῦ, ταυτοπάθειαν λέγοις.  
 55 Λέγειν χρεῶν σε τὸν προεγκεκλεισμένον,  
 ἔπειτα κάμῃ συμπεφυλακισμένον.’  
 ‘ Ἐγώ, Χαρίκλεις, Λέσβον ἔσχον πατριδα’  
 σεμνῶν προῆλθον κοσμίῶν φυτοσπόρων,  
 μητρὸς Κυδίππης καὶ πατρὸς Καλλιστίου.  
 60 Ἐγεινία μοι παρθένος Καλλιγόνη,  
 τὴν ἀρρένων μὲν ὄψιν εὐλαβουμένη,  
 μυχαιτάτῳ δὲ θαλάμῳ φρουρουμένη.  
 Ταύτης τὸ κάλλος – οὐ γὰρ ἴσχυον βλέπειν –  
 ἐκ τῶν ὑπ’ αὐτὴν ἐξεμάνθανον κλύων.  
 65 Οὐκ αἰσχύνῃ μοι ταῦτα, Χαρίκλεις, λέγειν  
 πρὸς τὸν νοσοῦντα ταυτοπαθῆ μοι νόσον.  
 Ἐπεὶ δὲ δώροισι δεξιῶν δι’ ἀγγέλων  
 Καλλιγόνην κατεῖδον ὄψῃ καὶ μόλις  
 70 ἐκ θυρίδων ἄπλαστον ἐκκρεωωμένην,  
 ταύτης ἐάλων ἀπαλῆς οὔσης ἔτι,  
 οὕτως ἐχούσης τοῦ προσώπου τῆς θεάς,  
 ὡς μακρὸς ἐξήγγειλε τῆς φήμης λόγος.  
 Βαβαί, μὰ τὴν Ἐρωτος ὀπλοποιίαν,  
 75 φεῦ φεῦ, μὰ τὰς Χάριτας, εἶπες ἂν βλέπων  
 καὶ σύ, Χαρίκλεις, τὴν Δροσίλλαν οὐ βλέπων,  
 μητρὸς Σελήνης, πατρὸς Ἥλιου τέκνον.  
 Τὰς τῶν ὀρώντων ἐξελίθου καρδίας,  
 ὁδοιποροῦντας ἐξετόξευε πλέον,  
 οὐκ ἔβλεπε βλέποντας ἐξ ἀπληστίας  
 80 ἀλλ’ ἔφλεγε ξύμπαντας ἐξ εὐμορφίας.  
 Παῖς ἦν ἐκεῖνη, παῖς ἀπαλή, παρθένος’  
 πλὴν δυσκινήτους ἐκ χρόνων ἀμετρίας  
 γέροντας εἶλκε πρὸς ἔρωτα τῇ θέᾳ,  
 οὐ πῦρ μόνον πνέοντας εὐζώνους νέους.

or tasting the misfortunes with which Fortune strikes me,  
entangled in nets of love.

Do you suffer? I suffer with you. Do you weep? I weep too.  
Do you feel desire? I feel desire, and that for a beautiful maiden,  
Kalligone, who was snatched from me.”

50

“Kleandros, savior of my suffering heart,”  
said Charikles, “which one of the Olympian gods  
sent you to cheer me up?

Tell of your own experiences, your similar suffering.

It is right that you speak first since you were imprisoned first;  
then I will, your fellow prisoner.”

55

“Lesbos is my fatherland, Charikles.

I was born from noble, honorable parents:

Kydippe, my mother, and Kallistias, my father.

The maiden Kalligone was my neighbor,  
kept secluded from men’s sight

60

in the inner recess of the women’s quarters.

Her beauty—for I wasn’t able to see it—

I learned by hearsay from her servants.

I’m not ashamed to say these things, Charikles,

65

to one who’s suffering from a sickness like mine.

But when, after sending gifts through clever messengers,

I beheld Kalligone at last and with effort,

as she leaned unaffectedly out a window,

I was conquered, for she was still a delicate beauty;

70

the appearance of her face was  
just as persistent rumor claimed.

Ah, by the weaponry of Eros

and by the Graces, too, you’d have said on seeing her—

you too, Charikles, if you weren’t looking upon Drosilla—

75

that she was the child of Selene and Helios.

She turned to stone the hearts of those who saw her

and shot with arrows even more those who walked by.

She did not look at those gazing at her insatiably,

but inflamed all with her beauty of form.

80

She was a girl, a delicate maiden,

but her appearance drew even old men

(hard to excite due to excessive age) to love—

not just ardent, active young men.

- 85 Ἐρωτος ἦν ἄγαλμα, τέκνον Ἥλιου,  
φέρουσα πατρὸς ἐμφέρειαν Ἥλιου  
ἢ καὶ πρὸς αὐτὸν ἀντερίζουσα πλέον.  
Ἐμελλες, ὦ γέννημα θηρίων Ἐρωσ,  
ἐμὴν πατάξαι καὶ σπαράξαι καρδίαν·
- 90 γάλα λεαίνης ἐξεμύζησας ἄρα  
καὶ μαστὸν ἄρκτων ἐξεθήλασας τάχα.  
Ἔως εἶδον οὖν, ἔπαθον εἰς ψυχὴν μέσσην·  
ἔτρυχεν, ἐστρόβει με δυστυχῆς πόθος,  
ἐβαλλόμεν, ἔπιπτον, ἐσπαρασσόμεν,
- 95 οὐ γὰρ συνεῖχεν ἄγριος πόθος μόνον  
– ἢ μᾶλλον αὐτὸς ἦν κατατρύχων Ἐρωσ –,  
στοργὴ δὲ πολλὴ παιδικῆς ἀπλαστίας  
καὶ τῶν ἐκείνης οἴκτος αἰωρημάτων.  
Ἦν εὐσθενῆς ἂν ἐκ φιλήματος μόνου
- 100 ἀντιστρατεύειν ταῖς Ἐρωτος σφενδόλαις·  
οὐκ ἤθελον σχεῖν ἐξ ἐκείνης τῆς κόρης  
οὐδὲν πλέον τι τοῦ φιλήματος τότε,  
καὶ τοῦτο φίλτρον πάντως ἐξ οἴκου μόνου.  
Τοίνυν προσεῖπον – οὐδὲ γὰρ ἠνεσχόμεν –
- 105 “ἔργου πάρεργον μεῖζον, ὦ κόρη, βλέπω·  
στόμα φιλεῖν σου κρεῖττον ἢ λείχειν μέλι.”  
Ἄλλ’ ἐθροήθη καὶ μικροῖς ἢ παῖς λόγοις·  
ἔρωτικῶν γὰρ ἀδαῆς ἦν εἰσέτι.  
Εὐθὺς μὲν οὖν κέκρυπτο – φεῦ μοι τῆς φρίκης –
- 110 καὶ τὰς παρειὰς τῶν ἑαυτῆς δουλίδων  
ἔτυπεν ἐγγελῶσα· καὶ γὰρ αἰσχύνῃ  
κατέσχευεν αὐτήν· οὐ γὰρ εἶχεν ὁ δρᾶσοι  
ἢ νηπιόφρων, ἀπαλόχροος κόρη.  
Εἰώθασι γὰρ ὠχρίαν προσλαμβάνειν
- 115 αἰ μὴ βλέπεσθαι προσδοκῶσαι παρθένου,  
ὅταν τις αὐταῖς ἀπροόπτως ἐγγίσῃ  
καὶ προσλαλήσῃ μᾶλλον ἀξυμφωράτως.  
Ἐντεῦθεν ἔλθων εἰς τὸν οἰκεῖον δόμον  
ἐμαυτὸν ἐκδίδωμι τῷ κλινιδίῳ,
- 120 ἀδρᾶν λαβὼν ἔρωτος ἀνθρακουργίαν  
– δι’ ὀμμάτων γὰρ δὺς Ἐρωσ τὴν καρδίαν  
οὐ μέχρι ταύτης ἴσταται φλέγειν θέλων,  
μέλη δὲ πάντα πυρπολεῖ περιτρέχων –,

She was an image of Eros, a child of Helios; 85  
 she resembled her father, the sun,  
 or rather she rivaled him.  
 You, Eros, child of beasts,  
 were about to beat and tear my heart—  
 you who'd drunk milk from a lioness 90  
 and perhaps sucked the breasts of bears.  
 When I saw her then, I suffered deep in my soul.  
 An unfortunate desire afflicted me, distracted me.  
 I was being struck, I was falling, I was being torn apart,  
 for not only was fierce desire afflicting me— 95  
 or rather, Eros himself was tormenting me—  
 but also much love for her childlike unaffectedness,  
 and sympathy for her willingness to lean out the window.  
 I should have been able from a kiss alone  
 to wage war against the missiles of Eros. 100  
 I did not wish to have from her  
 anything more than a kiss then—  
 even though this kiss should come from pity alone.  
 Accordingly I addressed her (for I did not hold myself back),  
 'I consider the secondary act greater than the act itself, maiden: 105  
 to kiss your mouth better than to lick honey.'  
 But the girl was troubled even by little words,  
 for she was ignorant still of love.  
 At once, then, she hid herself (to my horror),  
 and laughing, she struck the cheeks 110  
 of her slave women, for shame oppressed her  
 and she didn't know what to do,  
 the childish, soft-skinned girl.  
 Maidens who don't expect to be seen  
 generally turn pale 115  
 when someone suddenly approaches them  
 and more, secretly talks to them.  
 "Then, having gone to my own house,  
 I put myself to bed  
 since I was burning with a great fire of love 120  
 (for Eros, having entered my heart through my eyes,  
 did not stop at this in his desire to inflame me,  
 but running about, he set all my limbs ablaze),



- καὶ καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἐτραγῶδου ἠρέμα'  
 125 “μηδεὶς ποιεῖσθω κἄν πεφαρμακευμένα  
 τὰ τοῦ πόθου βέλεμνα τὰ ξιφηφόρα'  
 τὴν γὰρ φαρέτραν τῶν βελῶν πληρουμένην  
 ὄλην καθ' ἡμῶν ἐκκενοῖ μανεῖς Ἔρωσ.  
 Μὴ δειλιάτω τῶν περυγῶν τὸν κρότον'  
 130 Ἔρωσ γάρ, ὡσπερ ἐμπεσὼν ἐν ἰξίῳ,  
 τῇ καρδίᾳ μου συγκρατεῖται καὶ μένει.  
 Ἔρωσ, Ἔρωσ δειλαίε, πῦρ πνέων Ἔρωσ,  
 ἂν εἶδες ἰξευθέντα τὸν στέρνου τόπον,  
 οὐκ ἂν καταπτὰς ἀμφεκολλήθης τάλας.  
 135 Πανδαμάτορ, πάντολμε, παντάναξ Ἔρωσ,  
 ποινηλατεῖς πικρῶς με μὴ πταίσαντά σοι'  
 οὐ χεῖρα κόπτεις οὐδὲ συντέμνεις πόδας  
 οὐδ' ἐξορύττεις τὰς κόρας τῶν ὀμμάτων,  
 αὐτὴν διστεύεις δὲ καρδίαν μέσην  
 140 καὶ θανατοῖς με' δυσμενές, βριαροχείρ,  
 σφάπτεις, φονεύεις, πυρπολεῖς, καταφλέγεις,  
 πλήττεις, ἀναιρεῖς, φαρμακεύεις, ἐκτρέπεις.  
 Τῆς ἰσχύος σου, πτηνοτοξοπυρφόρε.”  
 Οὕτως ἐγὼ δειλαῖος ἐξεκοπτόμην'  
 145 πλὴν φάρμακόν τι συννοῶ μου τῆς νόσου  
 μῆνυμα γραπτὸν ἀντιπέμψαι τῇ κόρῃ'  
 ὑπέτρεχον γὰρ συλλογισμοὶ με ξένοι  
 ὡς τυχὸν ἀντέπαθε καὶ Καλλιγόνῃ  
 ἰδοῦσα τὸν Κλέανδρον ὠραιομένον.  
 150 Μὴ γάρ, Χαρίκλεις, τὸν λαλοῦντα κερτόμει  
 βλέπων ἀμαυρωθέντα τῇ περιστάσει,  
 βλέπων σκοτεινὸν καὶ κατησβολωμένον,  
 ἐν πηλοφύρτῳ φυλακῇ κεκλεισμένον'  
 ψυχῆς γὰρ ἐντὸς θλίψεσι στροβουμένης  
 155 καὶ τῶν ἡμερῶν ἔκπαλαι στερουμένης  
 πάντως ἀνάγκη σῶμα συμπάσχειν ὄλον.’  
 ‘Ὡς εὔ λέγεις, Κλέανδρε’ Χαρικλῆς ἔφη  
 ‘θάλλει νέου πρόσωπον, ὠραῖον μένει,  
 ψυχῆς ἀφορμὰς χαρμονῆς κεκτημένης.’  
 160 ‘Γράψας τὸ λοιπὸν ἀντέπεμψα συντόμως'  
 Κλέανδρος ἀντέφησε ‘πρὸς Καλλιγόνην,  
 πειρώμενος σχεῖν πίστιν ἐκ τῶν πραγμάτων,

and by myself, quietly, I told my tragic tale:

“Let no one fear the sword-sharp darts of desire,  
even if they are poisoned, 125

for in his madness, Eros shot  
his entire quiver full of arrows against us.  
Let no one be afraid of the noise of wings,  
for Eros, as if he’d fallen into birdlime, 130  
is held fast by my heart.

Eros, wretched, fire-breathing Eros,  
if you’d seen my heart covered with birdlime  
you’d not have flown down and been caught fast, poor chap.

All-taming, all-daring, all-ruling Eros, 135  
like a fury you pursue me cruelly, a man who’s done you no wrong.

You don’t chop off my hand, cut off my feet,  
dig out the pupils of my eyes;  
instead you shoot arrows at the very middle of my heart  
and you make me die! Strong-handed enemy, 140

you slaughter, kill, burn, inflame,  
strike, destroy, poison, and eliminate.  
What great power you have, Eros—with wings, fire, and bow!’

“Thus, in my wretchedness, I was beating myself up,  
when it occurred to me to cure my sickness 145

by sending a written message to the girl,  
for the strange thought came over me  
that perhaps Kalligone too suffered in turn  
when she saw Kleandros in his beauty.

Don’t scoff, Charikles, at the one saying this, 150  
because you see him weakened by circumstance,  
dark, covered with soot,

shut up in a muddy prison!  
When the spirit is distressed by afflictions  
and deprived of lovely things for a long time, 155  
the whole body surely must suffer too.”

“How right you are, Kleandros,” Charikles said.  
“The look of a young man blossoms and stays beautiful  
when his spirit has occasions of delight.”

“Then I wrote the note and sent it to Kalligone 160  
at once,” Kleandros said in turn,  
“in an attempt to learn from her actions

- εἶ ποῦ τι συμπέπονθε καὶ Καλλιγόνῃ·  
 ‘Ἄλλ’ ὡς ὄναιο τοῦ πόθου Καλλιγόνῃς’  
 165 ὁ Χαρικλῆς ἔλεξε τῷ ξένῳ πάλιν,  
 ‘Κλέανδρε, τούτων μηδὲν ἄρρητον λίποις  
 ὦν γεγραφῶς ἔπεμψας πρὸς τὴν παρθένον.’  
 ‘Ἄκουε λοιπὸν’ ὁ Κλέανδρος ἀντέφη·  
 ‘τῆς σῆς ἐγώ, παῖ παγκάλῃ, μεμνημένος  
 170 θέας ἰμερτῆς ἦν ἰδὼν κατεπλάγην,  
 χθὲς ἐντυχὼν Χάρωνι μικρὸν ἠρόμην  
 καὶ σὲ πρὸ ἡμῶν, ὥσπερ εἶπεν, εἰδὸτι·  
 “ἄρ’, ὦ χαράς ἄμοιρε, δυσμενὲς Χάρων,  
 καὶ τὴν φερίστην ἐν κόραις Καλλιγόνῃ  
 175 σὺν τοῖς καθ’ ἡμᾶς δυστυχῶς ἀφαρπάσεις  
 καὶ κάλλος αὐτὸ τὸ προτεθρυλλημένον  
 διαφθερεῖς καὶ κύκλα τοξεύοντά με  
 τῶν ὀμμάτων τοιαῦτα, φεῦ, διασπάσεις  
 ἢ πρὸς τὸ κάλλος συσταλῆς ἀποβλέπων;”  
 180 Οὕτω μὲν αὐτὸς εἶπον’ ἄλλ’ ὁ γεννάδας  
 ὁ τρισθενῆς “ναί” φησὶ δύσμορος Χάρων.  
 Καὶ δυσφορήσας εὐθύς ἀνταπεκρίθην·  
 “Αἰαῖ, κακῶν κάκιστε, τί δράσεις, Χάρων;”  
 Τί λοιπὸν; Ἀμφίνευσον, ὦ Καλλιγόνῃ·  
 185 ἔχεις με τὸν Κλέανδρον ἐξαιτουῦντά σε.’  
 ‘Μικρὸν τὸ γράμμα, μηχανῆς δ’ ὅμως γέμον’  
 ὁ Χαρικλῆς ἔφησεν ἠκουτισμένος,  
 ‘ὅπως θανάτου καὶ Χάρωνος ἢ κόρη  
 μνησθεῖσα νῦν κλίναντος τὰς ἐπηρμένας  
 190 ἐπικλινῆς γένοιτο τῷ γράψαντί σοι.  
 Τί λοιπὸν εἰς Κλέανδρον ἢ Καλλιγόνῃ  
 ἀντεῖπεν, ἀντέγραψεν, εἰδῶς εὔ, λέγοις.’  
 ‘Οὐδέν, Χαρίκλεις, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἢ κόρη,  
 ἢ μὴ τὸ γράμμα τοῦτο προσδεδεγμένη  
 195 ἢ παισὶ συμπαίστορον ἠσυχολημένη.  
 Καὶ δευτέρας οὖν συλλαβῆς ἄκουέ μου.’  
 ‘Ἄλλ’, ὦ φίλε Κλέανδρε, μηδὲ τῆς τρίτης  
 ἐμοὶ φθονήσης συλλαβῆς πρὸς τὴν κόρην’  
 ἔφη Χαρικλῆς· ὁ Κλέανδρος ἀντέφη·  
 200 ‘ἄκουε’ ταύτης οὐ φθονῶ σοι, Χαρίκλεις·  
 κουφίζομαι γὰρ προσλαλῶν σοι τῆς νόσου.

whether Kalligone perhaps shared my suffering.”

“May you enjoy, Kleandros, your love  
of Kalligone,” Charikles responded to the stranger, 165  
“and leave unsaid none of the things  
you wrote to the maiden!”

“Listen then,” Kleandros replied.

“Remembering, most beautiful girl,  
your lovely appearance (which amazed me the instant I saw it), 170  
when I met with Charon yesterday—who said he knew you  
before I did—I asked him a brief question:

“Cruel Charon, with no share in joy,  
will you take away Kalligone,  
best among the maidens, along with people like us, 175  
ruin her renowned beauty  
and tear out such lovely eyes, alas,  
which wound me with arrows;

or will you withdraw when you gaze upon her beauty?”  
Thus I spoke, but the noble, 180  
thrice-strong, death-dealing Charon replied, “Yes!”

At once, in anger, I answered back,  
“Ah, Charon, most wicked of all, what will you do?”  
What remains? Nod your consent, Kalligone!  
You have me, Kleandros, asking for you.” 185

“The letter is short but full of art,”  
Charikles said when he heard it,  
“so that the girl, reminded now of death and of Charon,  
who humbles proud girls,  
might yield to you, the writer. 190

What, then, did Kalligone say in response to Kleandros?  
What did she write? Tell me, you who know well!”

“The girl said nothing, Charikles, as it seems,  
either because she did not accept my letter  
or because she was busy with her playmates. 195  
Then hear my second letter also.”

“But, dear Kleandros, don’t deny me  
even your third letter to the girl,”  
said Charikles. Kleandros replied,  
“Listen; I don’t deny you this, Charikles, 200  
for I gain relief from my sickness by talking with you.

Μῦθον τὸ Σειρήνειον ἐννοῶ μέλος,  
 ἀφ' οὗ τὸ σὸν πρόσωπον εἶδον, παρθένε.  
 Αὐχεῖς, ἰδοῦ, τὸ κάλλος ὑπὲρ τὸν λόγον'  
 205 διδοῖς ἔμοι τὸ φίλτρον ὑπὲρ τὴν φύσιν'  
 λιθοῦσα πλήττεις, οὐδὲ γὰρ φεύγειν δίδως.  
 Ξανθὸν τὸ πλέγμα· δῦθι, χρυσέ, γῆν πάλιν.  
 Λαμπρὸν τὸ βλέμμα· χαῖρε, λαμπρότης λίθων.  
 210 Τὸ χρῶμα λευκόν· ἔρρε, μαργάρων χάρις'  
 τῆς σῆς γὰρ αὐτὸς φωσφορούσης, παρθένε,  
 θεᾶς ἐκείνης πανταχοῦ μεμνημένος  
 τοῦ δυσμενοῦς Ἔρωτος οὐ κατισχύω  
 τοὺς ἄνθρακας μοι τοὺς ἀναφθέντας σβέσαι.  
 Καὶ νοῦς μὲν αὐτὸς ἐξελίσσει τὴν θεᾶν,  
 215 ἀντιστορῶν ἣν εἶχεν, ὡς εἶδον πάλαι'  
 ἀλλ' ἔνδον αὐτῆς τῆς ταλαίνης καρδίας  
 Ἔρωτος ὁ πικρὸς, ὁ δρακοντώδης γόνος,  
 ἐλίσσεται μοι λοξοειδῶς, ὡς ὄφεις,  
 καὶ στέρνα μοι καὶ σπλάγχνα, φεῦ, κατεσθίει.  
 220 Σὸν ἔργον ἐστὶ καταπαῦσαι τὴν νόσον.  
 Τοὺς ἄνθρακας σβέννυε καὶ δρόσιζε με  
 καὶ τὸν δράκοντα τὸν περιπλακέντά μοι  
 ταῖς σαῖς ἐπωδαῖς ἐξαπόσπα, παρθένε.'  
 'Ναὶ ναί, φίλε Κλέανδρε' Χαρικλῆς ἔφη,  
 225 'ἄλόγτος αὐτὰ καὶ παθούσης καρδίας'  
 ἔπαθες, ὡς φήσ' ἐξ ἑμαυτοῦ μανθάνω.  
 Τὸν τῶν βροτῶν τύραννον αὐτοδεσπότην  
 Ἔρωτα τὸν τοσαῦτα συντήξαντά με  
 δεσησαν αὐτὸ τῶν Χαρίτων τὸ στίφος,  
 230 ταῖς εὐπροσώποις καλλοναῖς τῶν παρθένων  
 τὸν δεσπότην δίδωσιν ὡς ὑπηρέτην.  
 Ἡ Παφίη δὲ πανταχοῦ πλανωμένη  
 καὶ λύτρα δῶρα προσφέρουσα μυρία  
 ζητεῖ τὸ τέκνον πολλὰ ποτειρομένη,  
 235 καὶ ἂν τις αὐτὸν εὖρεθῆ λύσαι θέλων,  
 οὐ δραπετεύει· καὶ γὰρ ὡς ὑπηρέτης  
 τὸ προσμένειν ἔμαθεν ἐκ τῶν Χαρίτων.'  
 'Ἄκουσον' ὁ Κλέανδρος εἶπε 'καὶ τρίτης  
 ἡμῶν, Χαρίκλεις, συλλαβῆς πρὸς τὴν κόρην.  
 240 Ἐκ σοῦ, σελήνη, καὶ τὸ φῶς δοκῶ βλέπειν.

'Ever since I saw your face, maiden,  
 I have considered the Sirens' song a fable.\*  
 You boast of beauty beyond words;  
 you give me a love-charm beyond nature; 205  
 you strike, turning men to stone, for you don't allow them to flee.  
 Your braids are blond—plunge back into the earth, gold!  
 Your eye is bright—farewell, splendor of precious stones!  
 Your complexion is fair—begone, loveliness of pearls!  
 Remembering always, maiden, 210  
 that luminous appearance of yours,  
 I cannot extinguish cruel Eros's coals,  
 which burn within me.  
 And my mind revolves around your appearance,  
 asking what you looked like when I saw you then, 215  
 but within my wretched heart,  
 cruel Eros, the snake-child,  
 rolls around obliquely, like a serpent,  
 and devours my heart and inward parts, alas.  
 It's your job to stop this sickness. 220  
 Quench the coals, sprinkle me with dew,  
 and draw off the serpent that's wrapped himself round me,  
 maiden, with your charms.'"

"Yes, dear Kleandros," Charikles said,  
 "these things belong to a person caught and a heart that's suffered. 225  
 You've suffered, as you say; I understand from my own experience.  
 The chorus of the Graces fettered  
 the tyrant of mortals, the absolute master,  
 Eros, who made me waste away so greatly,  
 and gave him, a master, as a servant 230  
 to fair-faced, beautiful maidens.  
 Paphian Aphrodite seeks her child  
 by wandering everywhere, offering countless gifts as ransom,  
 and asking many questions besides;  
 and even if someone is found willing to release him, 235  
 he does not run away, for he has learnt  
 from the Graces to remain as a servant."

"Listen, Charikles, also to my third letter  
 to the girl," Kleandros said.  
 'From you, moon, I think I see my light too. 240

- Σοὶ συγκινοῦμαι, σοὶ πνέω, σοὶ συμμένω,  
 Σὺ χαρμονή μοι καὶ σὺ θλίψεως βέλος.  
 Σὺ καὶ νόσος μοι καὶ σὺ φάρμακον νόσου.  
 Σὺ φροντὶς εἶ καὶ θάπτον ἄφροντις βίος.  
 245 Σὺ καὶ νεκρὸν ζωοῖς με, τὸ πρᾶγμα ξένον,  
 καὶ ζῶντα νεκροῖς· θαῦμα. Καὶ γὰρ ἡ φύσις  
 κεστοῦς ὄλους λαβοῦσα πρὸς τὴν σὴν πλάσιν  
 ἀγαματοῖ σε λευκερυθροφωσφόρον.  
 Ὡ ποῖον ἄστρον λαμπρὸν οὕτω καὶ μέγα,  
 250 μήτηρ Σελήνη φωσφόρος, φυτοσπόρος,  
 ἐν τοῖς καθ' ἡμᾶς ἐξεγέννησε χρόνοις.  
 Νοσεῖς; Νοσῶ· χαίρεις δέ; Συγχαίρω μέγα·  
 ἀλγείς; Συνάλγῶ· δακρῦεις; Συνδακρῶ.  
 Ἐν τούτῳ μικρὸν, ἐν τῷ δάκνον, τὸ τρύχον·  
 225 ἀφ' οὗ γὰρ εἶδον, ἐξετοξεύθη τάλαις,  
 αἰεὶ δέ μοι σὺ πετροκάρδιος μένεις·  
 σὺ φάρμακον γὰρ ἐμπαρέσχες αὐτίκα  
 τῇ καρδίᾳ μου τῇ τετραυματισμένη,  
 καὶ νῦν σαπέντος τοῦ πεπληγῶτος τόπου  
 260 ἐκφύντες οἱ σκώληκες ἐσθίουσί με·  
 οὕτως αἰεὶ τὸ τόξον ἐντείνων Ἔρωσ  
 σφάπτει, φονεῦει, τραυματοῖ, ξαίνει, θλίβει,  
 κεντεῖ, τιτρώσκει, θανατοῖ, τέμνει, τρύχει.  
 Ἐγγισον, ἴδε καρδίαν πεπληγμένην  
 265 καὶ στέρνον αὐτὸ καιρῶς βεβλημένον.  
 Ἐνσταξον εἰς τὸ στέρνον ἐκ στέρνου δρόσον  
 ὡς οἶνον, ὡς ἔλαιον εἰς τὸ τραῦμά μου·  
 τοὺς κρυσταλλώδεις ὧδε δακτύλους φέρε,  
 ὅλης ἐφάπτου τῆς παθούσης καρδίας·  
 270 τὸ λεπτοῦφές ἐξυφάπτου μοι φάρος,  
 τοὺς ἔλκεσιτραφεῖς δὲ δακνοκαρδίουσ  
 σκώληκας ἄδροὺς θάπτον ἐκκάθαιρέ μοι.  
 Οὕτως ὄναιο τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας,  
 οὕτως ὄναιμην σῆς τόσης εὐποίας.  
 275 Ποίησον οὕτως· ἀλλ' ὑπὸ χλαίναν μίαν  
 γενοίμεθα ζέοντι καρδίας πόθῳ,  
 ἐπαινετὴν πλέξαντες ἀλληλουχίαν.  
 Ἄλλ', ὦ Χαρίκλεις, εἰ δοκεῖ, σιγητέον·  
 εἰ δ' οὐ, τετάρτη συλλαβῆ δὸς ὀπίον.'

I move with you, breathe through you, remain with you.  
 You are my joy and a dart of affliction.  
 You are my sickness and a cure for sickness.  
 You are my anxiety, and instantly, a life without care.  
 You give me life when I am dead (an extraordinary thing) 245  
 and make me dead when I am alive (a wonder). Nature too,  
 having brought all charms to your form,  
 makes you into a white and red, light-giving image.  
 What a star, so shining and big,  
 did mother Selene, light-giving and fertile, 250  
 bring forth in our time!  
 Are you sick? I am sick. Do you rejoice? I rejoice greatly with you.  
 Do you suffer? I suffer with you. Do you weep? I weep too.  
 This one thing is cruel; this one thing stings and afflicts me.  
 As soon as I saw you, I was shot with arrows, wretchedly, 255  
 but you always remain a girl with a heart of stone,  
 for you did not at once provide a cure  
 for my heart when it was wounded,  
 and now, when the wound has festered,  
 the worms that arose are devouring me. 260  
 Thus Eros always stretches his bow tight and  
 slaughters, slays, wounds, mangles, afflicts,  
 goads, damages, kills, maims, and torments.  
 Approach and look at a heart that has been struck  
 and a breast hit with a mortal blow! 265  
 Drop into my breast from your breast  
 dew like wine, like olive-oil into my wound.  
 Bring fingers like crystal,  
 lay hold of my heart, which has suffered greatly,  
 spread a finely woven cloth under me, 270  
 and clear away from me at once  
 the wound-eating, heart-stinging, thick worms!  
 Thus may you benefit from my salvation,  
 and thus may I enjoy your great benefaction!  
 Make it so. May we lie beneath one cloak, 275  
 with burning desire in our heart,  
 and enjoy a splendid coupling!  
 "But, Charikles, if you think it best, I will be silent;  
 if not, give ear to the fourth letter."



- 280 ‘Λέγοις ἄν, ὦ Κλέανδρε’ Χαρικλῆς ἔφη.  
 ‘ Ἄκουε λοιπὸν ῥημάτων κατωδύνων,  
 ὅσα προσεξέπεμψα τῇ Καλλιγόνῃ.’  
 Κλέανδρος εἰπὼν ἤρχε τῆς τραγωδίας’  
 ‘Χυσοῦν δέχου τὸ μῆλον οὐ γεγραμμένον,
- 285 ὃ σῶμα συμπὰν εὐφυῆς Καλλιγόνῃ’  
 κἂν ἐγράφη δέ, πρὸς σὲ ποία τις ἔρις;  
 Δέχου, καλή, τὸ μῆλον, ὡς καλὴ μόνῃ’  
 τῶν παρθένων γὰρ ἐν χοροῖς σὺ καλλίων.  
 Συμμαρτυρεῖ καὶ Μῶμος αὐτός, ἀτρεμάς
- 290 ἰδὼν σὺν ἡμῖν εἰς πανήγυριν πάλαι  
 ἄνω πατοῦσαν καὶ προκύπτουσαν κάτω’  
 καὶ γὰρ τὸ χεῖλος ἐνδακῶν κατεπλάγη.  
 Μὴ σφόδρα μοι σύναγε τὰς ὀφρῦς ἄνω’  
 ἐκ τῶν Ἐρωτος ἐξετάκην φαρμάκων,
- 295 ἐκ τῶν ἐκείνου κατεκαύθην ἀνθρώκων.  
 Ἐξ ἡλίου φλέγοντος ὡς ὀδοιπόρος,  
 ὡς σκιερὸν τι δένδρον ἐξεύρηκά σε’  
 ὡς κισσὸς εἰς δρῦν συμπλακείην παννύχως.  
 Εἶπειν δέον με τὴν ἀλήθειαν’ ὅσον
- 300 χειμῶνός ἐστι κρεῖττον ἐκκρίτως ἔαρ,  
 στρουθῶν ἀηδῶν, μῆλον ἠδὺ βραβύλων,  
 ὅσον γυναικῶν τριγάμων ἢ παρθένος,  
 τοσοῦτο τὸ πρόσωπον’ ἢ σκιὰ μόνῃ  
 ἔθελξε τὸν χθὲς ἀτενῶς βλέψαντά σε.
- 305 Ἡ Κύπρις, ὡς ἔοικεν, αὐτῇ, παρθένε,  
 τὰς χεῖρας εἰς τὸν κόλπον ἐντέθεικέ σου,  
 καὶ πᾶσα Χάρις ἐξεκαλλώπισέ σε.  
 Ἐμοὶ λογισμὸς ἦλθε μὴ σὺ Πανδώρα,  
 ἣν εἰσάγει τις μυθικὴ πλαστοουργία.
- 310 Κἂν γοῦν ἐκείνην μῦθος αὐτὸς εἰσάγη,  
 ὅμως ἐναργῆς τῆς ἀληθείας λόγος  
 ἡμῖν παριστῶν ὡς ἄγαλμα δεικνύει  
 ἡλιοειδὲς καὶ κατηστερισμένον,  
 τὴν παρθένον σε, τὴν καλὴν Καλλιγόνην.
- 315 Οὔτω, Χαρίκλεις, μηδαμοῦ στέγειν ἔχων  
 γραφὰς παρεξέπεμπον ἀλληλοδρόμους.  
 Τί γοῦν; Ὁ τάλας ἀντεμηνύθην μόλις  
 ἐλθεῖν πρὸς αὐτοὺς παρθενῶνας ἐννύχως,

"Speak, Kleandros," Charikles said. 280  
 "Hear then the very painful words  
 that I sent to Kalligone next,"  
 Kleandros said and began his tragic recitation:  
     "Accept the golden apple, uninscribed,  
 Kalligone with your altogether shapely body! 285  
 But even if it were inscribed, what quarrel would you have?  
 Accept the apple, beautiful girl, since you alone are beautiful,  
 for you are more beautiful than all the maidens in the choirs.  
 Blame himself bears witness to this, having looked  
 quietly with us at the maidens' assembly once, 290  
 as the girls were walking, heads held high or with downcast eye,  
 for he even bit his lip in amazement.  
 Don't knit your brows severely at me!  
 I wasted away from Eros's poisons;  
 I was burnt by his glowing embers. 295  
 Like a traveler out of the burning sun  
 who finally finds a shady tree, I found you.  
 May I cling to you, like ivy to a tree, all night long!  
 I must tell the truth: just as  
 spring is better by far than winter, 300  
 nightingale than sparrows, sweet apple than blackthorn plums,  
 a maiden than thrice-married women,  
 so great is your beauty—your shadow alone  
 charmed the man who gazed at you intently yesterday.  
 Cypris herself as it seems, maiden, 305  
 put her hands upon your bosom,  
 and every Grace beautified you.  
 The thought came to me that you might be Pandora,\*  
 whom mythological stories introduce.  
 But even if myth itself introduces that character, 310  
 still truth's clear authority  
 presents you to us and shows you, the maiden,  
 the beautiful Kalligone, as a statue  
 like the sun and adorned with stars.'  
     "Thus, Charikles, since I couldn't restrain myself at all, 315  
 I sent her letters, one after the other.  
 What then? Finally I was told—lovesick lad—  
 to come during the night to the maidens' apartments,

- ἐν οἷς διημέρευεν ἡ γλυκυτάτη.  
 320 Καταλαβούσης τοιγαροῦν τῆς ἐσπέρας,  
 ἀναλαβὼν κίθαριν ἠργυρωμένην,  
 ἐπέκρουον κρούματα καλλίστῳ κρότῳ  
 καὶ συγκροτῶν ᾧδευον εἰς Καλλιγόνην  
 325 καὶ – τῶν Ὀλυμπίων γὰρ ὑπερεφρόνουν –  
 τοιῶνδε τερπνῶν ᾠσμάτων ἀπηργμένους.  
 “Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Ἡ Νιόβη κλαίουσα λίθος εὐρέθη,  
 μὴ καρτεροῦσα τὴν στέρησιν τῶν τέκνων  
 Πανδίωνος δὲ θυγάτηρ παιδοκτόνος  
 330 ἐξωρénéωτο πτῆσιν αἰτησαμένη.  
 Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Ἐγὼ δ’ ἔσοπτρον εὐρεθείην, Ζεῦ ἄναξ,  
 ὅπως αἰεὶ βλέπῃς με σύ, Καλλιγόνη  
 χιτῶν γενοίμην χρυσοπάστος ποικίλος,  
 335 ὅπως ἔχω σου θιγγάνειν τοῦ σαρκίου.  
 Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Ὑδωρ φανείην, ὡς προσώπου πᾶν μέρος  
 σχοίην ἀλείφειν εὐτυχῶς καθ’ ἡμέραν  
 μύρον γενοίμην, ὡς ἐπιχρίειν ἔχω  
 340 χεῖλη, παρειάς, χεῖρας, ὄμματα, στόμα.  
 Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Τί μοι μεγίστων καὶ τυχεῖν μὴ ῥαδίων;  
 Ἦρκει γενέσθαι χρύσεόν με βλαυτίον  
 καὶ καρτερεῖν με συμπατούμενον μόνον  
 345 τῇ λευκοτάρῳ τῶν ποδῶν σου συνθέσει.  
 Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Ζεὺς ἀντὶ πυρὸς ἐμπαρέσχε τῷ βίῳ  
 πῦρ ἄλλο δεινόν, τῆς γυναικὸς τὴν πλάσιν.  
 Ὡς εἶθε μὴ πῦρ, μὴ γυναικεῖον φύλον  
 350 κατῆλθεν εἰς γῆν καὶ προῆλθεν εἰς βίον.  
 Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Τὸ πῦρ γὰρ αὐτό, κἂν ἀναφθείη, πάλιν  
 καὶ συντόμως σχοίη τις ἐγκατασβέσαι  
 γυνὴ δὲ πῦρ ἄσβεστον ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ  
 355 ἂν κάλλος εὐπρόσωπον ὄραϊον φέρη.  
 Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Τυχὸν γὰρ οὕς ἔσωσεν ἀνδρεία μάχης,

where the sweetest girl resided.  
 Therefore, when evening came, 320  
 I took up a silver cithara,  
 struck the strings most beautifully,  
 and made my way to Kalligone, playing music all the while,  
 starting up (for I thought little of the Olympians)  
 such delightful songs as this: 325  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 Weeping, Niobe became a stone\*  
 since she couldn’t bear the loss of her children,  
 and Pandion’s daughter, who killed her child,\*  
 became a bird when she asked for flight. 330  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 May I become a mirror, Lord Zeus,  
 that you, Kalligone, might always look at me.  
 May I become a tunic embroidered with gold, variegated,  
 that I might be able to touch your body. 335  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 May I become water that I might have the good fortune  
 to wash every part of your face every day.  
 May I become unguent that I might be able to anoint  
 your lips, cheeks, hands, eyes, and mouth. 340  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 Why do I wish for these great things, not easily gained?  
 It would suffice for me to become a golden slipper  
 and simply allow myself to be trampled  
 by the white soles of your feet. 345  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 Zeus gave to life, in exchange for fire,  
 another terrible fire: the female form.  
 If only that fire, the female race, had not  
 descended to earth and come to life! 350  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 Fire itself, if it should be kindled,  
 could quickly find someone to quench it again.  
 But a woman is an unquenchable fire in the heart  
 if she bears a fresh-faced, youthful beauty. 355  
     *“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 Wherefore those whom manliness saved from battle,

ὦν μὴ κεφαλὰς ἐξέκοψεν ἢ σπάθη,  
 οὓς μὴ κλινήρεις ἀπέδειξεν ἢ νόσος,  
 360 οὓς δραστική φρῆν ἐρρῦσατο κινδύνων,  
     Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγώγει τὸν ξένον,  
 οὓς οὐ κατειργάσαντο κύκλοι πραγμάτων,  
 οὓς δεσμὸς οὐ κατέσχεν, οὐ κλοιῶν βάρους,  
 αἰεὶ δὲ χωρὶς τῆς τυχούσης φροντίδος  
 365 ζῶσι Κρονικὸν καὶ τὸν εὐθυμον βίον,  
     Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγώγει τὸν ξένον,  
 τούτους γυνὴ λαλοῦσα χαρμονῆς χάριν  
 ταῖς ἐξ ἐκείνης ἀστραπαῖς σελασφόροις,  
 ὡς ἐν κεραυνῷ πρηστικῷ καταφλέγει,  
 370 ἄνθος κατατρύχουσα σαρκίου νέου.  
     Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγώγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Σῶν χειλέων κάμινος ἐξήπται μέσον,  
 Καλλιγόνῃ, θάμβημα τοῖς ἰδοῦσί σε,  
 ὁμοῦ κατ' αὐτὸ πῦρ φέρουσα καὶ δρόσον,  
 375 τῇ μὲν καλοῦσα, τῷ δ' ἀποτρέπουσά με.  
     Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγώγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Αὕτη τὸν ἐμβλέψαντα μακρόθεν φλέγει,  
 τὸν δὲ προσεγγίσαντα τῷ στόματί σου,  
 ἢ καὶ τυχόντα τοῦ φιλήματος μόνοῦ  
 380 ψυχρᾶ ψεκάδι δεξιούται καὶ δρόσῳ.  
     Λαμπὰς σελήνης, φωταγώγει τὸν ξένον.  
 Ὡ πῦρ δροσίζον, ὦ φλογίζουσα δρόσος.  
 Ἄλλὰ φλεγέντα καὶ πεπυρπολημένον  
 ἐξ ἄνθρακος σῶν χειλέων παρηγόρει  
 385 διδοῦσα τὴν σὴν εἰς ἀνάψυξιν δρόσον.”’.

### BIBΛΙΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

‘ Οὕτω μελίζων, ὡς ἀηδῶν εἰς ἕαρ,  
 προσῆλθον, εὔρον, εἶδον αὐτὴν τὴν κόρην,  
 καὶ “χαῖρε” φησὶν “ὦ καθ’ ὕπνους νυμφίε”  
 ἐμοῦ προαρπάσασα τὴν ὀμιλίαν’  
 5 “ Ἐρωσ ἐπιστὰς τῇ πρὸ τῆς χθὲς ἐσπέρα  
 ἐμοὶ συνῆψε σέ, Κλέανδρε, πρὸς γάμον,  
 ὡς εἶπε, προσχὼν οἷς ἐπένθεις δακρῦοις.

whose heads the sword spared,  
 whom sickness did not put to bed,  
 whom a daring mind has saved from dangers— 360

*“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light—*  
 whom changes of circumstance did not subdue,  
 whom bonds did not restrain nor weight of prisoners’ collars,  
 but who always, outside the concerns of the day,  
 live the old-fashioned, cheerful life— 365

*“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light—*  
 these men are inflamed by a woman of charming speech,  
 by the luminous flashes that burst from her  
 like blazing lightning bolts,  
 as she consumes the bloom of a young man’s body. 370

*“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 In the middle of your lips a furnace has been lit—  
 a wonder to those who see you, Kalligone—  
 producing fire and dew together,  
 the one attracting and the other repelling me. 375

*“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 This furnace burns the one who looks from afar,  
 but welcomes with a cold drop of dew  
 the one who approaches your mouth  
 or even obtains only a kiss. 380

*“Torch of the moon, guide the stranger with your light.*  
 O fire that besprinkles, O dew that burns!  
 Comfort the one who is inflamed,  
 wasted with fire from the embers of your lips,  
 by giving him your dew for relief.’ 385

### BOOK THREE

“Singing this song, like a nightingale in springtime,  
 I approached, and I found her and saw the girl herself.  
 ‘Greetings, bridegroom of my dreams,’ she said,  
 taking the initiative by speaking first.  
 ‘Eros appeared to me the evening before last  
 and united you with me in marriage, Kleandros,  
 since he was moved, he said, by your tears. 5

- Καὶ σκεπτέον σοι, ναί, Κλέανδρε, σκεπτέον  
 πῶς τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς ἀσφαλῶς φροντιστέον.  
 10 Ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐ πῦρ, οὐ θάλασσαν, οὐ ξίφος  
 πρὸς τὴν Κλεάνδρου δειλιάσαιμι, σχέσιν  
 οὓς γὰρ θεὸς συνῆψε, τίς διασπάσοι;”
- Τούτων ἀκούσας, ὃ Χαρίκλεις, τῶν λόγων  
 “Καλλιγόνη, σύγχαιρε” λοιπὸν ἀντέφηγ,  
 15 “καὶ δεῦρο δεῦρο πρὸς τὸν ἀγχοῦ λιμένα,  
 ὅπως ἀποπλεύσωμεν ἄμφω Λεσβόθεν,  
 Ἐρωτι δόξαν τῷ τυράνῳ, παρθένε.”
- Οὐκοῦν ἑαυτοὺς ἐμβαλόντες ὀλκάδι  
 – οὐ γὰρ βραδύνειν ἐμμανεῖς Ἔρωσ θέλει –  
 20 καὶ πέντε συμπλεύσαντες ἡμερῶν πλόον  
 τοῦ φωσφόρου κλίναντος ἄρτι πρὸς δύσιν  
 καὶ πνευσάσης λαίλαπος ὠλεσισκάφου  
 ἄκοντες ἐξήχθημεν εἰς Βάρζον πόλιν,  
 ἧς καὶ προσωρμίσθημεν ἐν τῷ λιμένι,  
 25 μόλις φυγόντες τὴν ἀνάγκην τῆς ζάλης.  
 Οὕτω τυχὸν δὲ δυσμενεῖς Πάρθοι τότε  
 σφοδρῶς ἐληίζοντο κύκλῳ τὴν πόλιν  
 – τοὺς Βαρζίτας γὰρ ζημοῦσι πολλάκις  
 ἄφνω παρεμπίπτοντες ἡμελημένοις –,  
 30 οἱ συλλαβόντες πάντας ἡμᾶς ἀθρόως  
 τοὺς τῆς θαλάσσης ἐκφυγόντας τὸ στόμα,  
 Καλλιγόνην Κλέανδρον, ἄλλους ἐμβάτας,  
 τὴν φορταγωγὸν ἐξέκαυσαν ὀλκάδα.  
 Καλλιγόνη γοῦν ἐγκρυβεῖσα μυρρίνας  
 35 – συνηρεφεῖς γὰρ ἦσαν ἀγχοῦ λιμένος –  
 τὴν Παρθικὴν ἔφυγεν ἀγερωχίαν,  
 ἐγὼ δὲ μέχρι τῆς παρούσης ἡμέρας,  
 ἀφ’ οὐπερ αὐτῆς, ὃ θεοί, διεζύγην,  
 εἰρκτὴν κατοικῶ τὴν κατεξοφωμένην,  
 40 διττὴν πεπονθῶς συμφορὰν βαρυτάτην·  
 Καλλιγόνης γὰρ ἐστέρημα παρθένου  
 καὶ νῦν παρ’ ἐχθροῖς εἰμι δυσμενεστάτοις.  
 Σὺ γοῦν, Χαρίκλεις, ὡς ὑπέσχου μοι, λέγοις  
 τὸν σὸν πονηρὸν καὶ πολύδακρον βίον.”
- 45 “Ποιεῖς μὲν ὄντως οὐκ ἀδακρῦτως λέγειν,  
 Κλέανδρε, τὰ τρύχοντα καὶ θλίβοντά με”

You must consider—yes, Kleandros—  
 how to provide for the safety of our affairs.  
 I would not fear fire, sea, or sword 10  
 to have Kleandros as my husband!  
 Who could separate those whom a god has joined?  
     “When I heard these words, Charikles,  
 I replied, ‘Kalligone, greetings to you too.  
 Come to the harbor nearby 15  
 that we may both sail away from Lesbos,  
 as Eros, the tyrant, decreed, maiden.’  
 Then we boarded a ship—  
 for Eros when maddened does not wish to delay—  
 and sailed together for five days, 20  
 and when the sun had just begun to set on the fifth day  
 and a ship-destroying tempest had started,  
 unwillingly we retreated to the city of Barzon,  
 where we came to anchor in the harbor  
 after barely escaping the violence of the storm. 25  
 By chance hostile Parthians were then  
 violently plundering about the city  
 (for they often inflict injury on the people of Barzon  
 by suddenly attacking them when they’re unprepared)  
 and they seized all of us together 30  
 who had escaped the mouth of the sea—  
 Kalligone, Kleandros, and the others on board—  
 and burned the merchant ship.  
 Kalligone hid in myrtle branches—  
 for they grew thickly near the harbor— 35  
 and thus escaped the Parthian violence,  
 but I, up until today  
 from when (oh gods!) I was parted from her,  
 have been dwelling in this dark prison,  
 having suffered a grievous, double misfortune, 40  
 for I was deprived of the maiden Kalligone  
 and am now in the hands of hateful enemies.  
 Now then, Charikles, as you promised,  
 tell me of your grievous and tearful life.”  
     “You are making me speak, truly not without tears, 45  
 Kleandros, of the things that afflict and distress me,”



- ἔφη Χαρικλῆς τοῦ λαλεῖν ἀπηργμένος·  
 “ὅμως ἐπειδὴ καρδίαν ἐλαφρύνει  
 τὸ τοὺς κατ’ αὐτὴν ἐξερεύεσθαι λόγους,  
 50 Κλέανδρε, πρόσχες· οὐ κατοκνῶ γὰρ λέγειν.  
 Μήτηρ μὲν ἦν μοι Κρουστάλη, πατὴρ Φράτωρ,  
 οὐκ ἐκ γενναρχῶν ἀκλεῶν, πατρὶς Φθία.  
 Ἦδη δὲ τὸν μείρακα τῆς ἥβης νόμον  
 ἠλικιούμην εὐγενῶς τεθραμμένος·  
 55 μείραξι συνέχαιρον οἷς προσωμίλουν,  
 ἵππευον, ἀμφέπειζον, ὡς νέοις νόμος,  
 λαγῶς ἐθήρων, εὐφυῶς ἱππηλάτου  
 – συμπαίστορας γὰρ εἶχον εὐπρεπεστάτους –  
 ἐρωτικῶς γοῦν οὐκ ἔπαθον εἰσέτι,  
 60 οὐπω γένυν ἰουλος ὑπεζωγράφει.  
 Διονύσου δὲ τῆς ἐορτῆς ἐνστάσης,  
 συνεξεληλύθαμεν ἡδονῆς χάριν  
 βωμόν παρ’ αὐτόν, ὃς παρ’ αὐτῇ τῇ Φθίᾳ  
 ἔξωθεν ὠρόφωτο πλαξὶν εὐχρόοις.  
 65 Ἦν οὖν κατ’ αὐτὸ τοῦ θεοῦ τὸ χωρίον  
 αἰεὶ τὸ δένδρον οἷον ἀνθοῦν εἰς ἕαρ  
 βριθόν τε καρπῶ καὶ τεθηλὸς φυλλάσι.  
 Καὶ γὰρ ποταμὸς ἐκρέει Μελιρρόας,  
 ἰδεῖν μὲν ἡδὺς καὶ πεπόσθαι βελτίων·  
 70 οἱ πλείονες δὲ τὸν γλυκὺν Μελιρρόαν  
 καλοῦσι Θρεψάγρωστιν ἄνδρες βουκόλοι,  
 ὅσοι βόας νέμουσιν ἐν τῷ χωρίῳ,  
 ὡς ἡσυχῇ ῥέοντα τῆς ὄχθης ἔσω·  
 οὐ γὰρ χιῶν λυθεῖσα γεννώσα τρέφει,  
 75 οὐδ’ ἐξ ὄρους πρόεισι πολλὴ πλημμύρα  
 καὶ τὰς ἀρούρας τῇ ῥοῇ παρασύρει·  
 μόνος γὰρ οὗτος ἐν ποταμοῖς τῆς Φθίας  
 ἴσως αἰεὶ ῥεῖ καὶ περιρρέει κύκλῳ·  
 εὐδαιμονεῖ δὲ πᾶς νομεύς, πᾶς ἀγρότης,  
 80 ὧν ἔσχεν ἐντὸς τῶν ἑαυτοῦ ῥευμάτων·  
 ἐκ δ’ οὐρανοῦ κάτεισιν ἡδίστη δροσός,  
 ἀφ’ ἧς συνεστῶς ἐστὶν ἐξ ἴσου ῥέων.  
 Τούτου παρ’ ὄχθαις χρῆμα χρυσοῦς πλατάνου  
 ἐν θαλλεραῖς ἔθαλλε χρυσαῖς φυλλάσιν.  
 85 Οὐδὲν πρὸς αὐτὴν ἐστὶν ἐν παραθέσει

said Charikles as he began to speak.

“Still, since it lightens the heart

to empty out the stories in it,

pay attention, Kleandros, for I do not shrink from speaking. 50

My mother is Krystale, my father Phrator—

both with noble ancestors—and my fatherland, Phthia.

Now, having been reared nobly,

I was coming of age following the custom of youth:

I took pleasure in my friends, 55

rode horses, played about, as young lads do,

hunted hares, and skillfully handled horses—

for I had very noble playmates—

but I had not yet experienced love,

nor was down yet adorning my cheeks. 60

When the festival of Dionysus came,

we went out together for pleasure’s sake

to the altar, which was just outside Phthia

and covered with colorful marble slabs.

“In this place of the god, then, 65

a tree was always flowering as if in spring—

heavy with fruit and luxuriant with leaves—

for the river Melirroas also flows there,

sweet to see and better to drink.

Most of the herdsmen 70

who graze cattle in this place

call sweet Melirroas Threpsagrostis (Grass-Nourisher)

since it flows gently within its bank,

for melted snow does not produce and feed it,

nor does a great flood-tide descend from a mountain 75

and sweep away the fields with its flow.

This one alone among the rivers of Phthia

always flows at the same rate and in a ring;

every herdsman and countryman is happy

whom it holds within its streams; 80

and from the sky descends a very sweet dew,

from which this river, with its equal flow, is formed.

By the banks of this river a great, golden plane tree

flourished, with luxuriant, golden leaves—

in comparison, the celebrated plane tree 85

- ἡ Ξερξικὴ πλάτανος ἢ θρυλλουμένη·  
 τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἀκρόπρεμον ἐγγὺς αἰθέρος,  
 τὰ φύλλα δ' ἐσκίαζε τὴν γῆν τὴν πέριξ,  
 ὄσπιν συνέσχεν ἢ Μελιρρόου ῥύσις.  
 90 Ἐκρεῖ δὲ πηγῇ ῥιζόθεν τῆς πλατάνου,  
 οἷαν ἔοικός ἐστιν ἐντεῦθεν ῥέειν.  
 Ἡ γῆ δ' ἐπανθεῖ καὶ τὰ θρέμματα τρέφει  
 τῇ πλησμονῇ τε τῆς βορᾶς καὶ τῷ κόρῳ  
 καὶ τῷ ῥοθίῳ τοῦ καλοῦ Μελιρρόου·  
 95 μεθύσκεται γὰρ ἢ μῆκας αἰξ εἰ πῆι,  
 χλωραῖς ἐπεσιρίτησε πολλάκις πόαις.  
 Νεωκόρος δὲ πρὸς θεοῦ τεταγμένος  
 μένει φυλάσσων, ἀγρυπνῶν ἀκαμάτως,  
 τὴν ἱερὰν πλάτανον ἐξ ὁδοιπόρων  
 100 μὴ ποῦς πρὸς αὐτὴν ἰταμὸς προσεγγίσῃ.  
 Συνέδραμον οὖν πάντες ἔξω τῆς Φθίας  
 πρὸς τὴν ἑορτὴν τοῦ θεοῦ Διονύσου,  
 ἄνδρες, γυναῖκες, παρθένοι, νεανίαί,  
 μείρακες ἄλλοι καὶ νεάνιδες κόραι.  
 105 Ἐγὼ θεωρῶν ἀμύητος ἦν ἔτι  
 ἐρωτικῶν δῆπουθεν ἐκτοξευμάτων.  
 Ὡς εἶθε τῆνικαῦτα μὴ συνεξέδυν  
 τοῖς γησίοις μείραξι τῆς Φθίας πύλης.  
 Προσῆλθομεν δὲ συννεανίαί φίλοι  
 110 τῷ τοῦ τόπου φύλακι καὶ τῆς πλατάνου,  
 καὶ δῶρα δόντες ἔδραν ἔσχομεν ξένην  
 καὶ καρδίας τύραννον ἢ ποινηλάτιν  
 τῆς παρθενικῆς καλλονῆς θεωρίαν.  
 Εἶωθε καὶ γὰρ ὁ βριαρόχειρ Ἴερωσ,  
 115 ὁ πρεσβύτερος παῖς, τὸ πρὸ τοῦ Κρόνου βρέφος,  
 ὡς ἐκ θυρίδων ἐμπεσῶν δι' ὀμμάτων,  
 τὰ σπλάγγνα πιμπρᾶν καὶ φλέγειν τὴν καρδίαν  
 καὶ νεκρὸν ὥσπερ τὸν ποθοῦντα δεικνύειν.  
 Καὶ γοῦν ὑπὸ πλάτανον αὐτὴν αὐτίκα  
 120 ἠλικιώταις συγκαθήμενος φίλοις  
 τρυφῆς μετεῖχον ποικιλοψαρτυμάτων,  
 ἀμφαγνοῶν δύστηνος ὡς γένοιτό μοι  
 τὴν τηλικαύτην χαρμονὴν καὶ τὸν γέλων  
 εἰς δακρῶν ῥοῦν συμπεριστῆναι τέλος.

of Xerxes is nothing.\*

The tree's top reached to the sky,  
and the leaves shaded the ground all around,  
all that the course of Melirroas enclosed.

From the roots of the plane tree a stream flowed out, 90  
of the sort that would naturally flow there.

The land thrives and nourishes its creatures  
with a satisfying abundance of food  
and with the swell of the beautiful Melirroas,  
for the bleating goat becomes inebriated if she drinks, 95  
and often leaps on the green grasses.

The temple custodian, appointed by the god,  
stays there guarding the sacred plane tree from travelers,  
watchfully and without tiring, so that  
a reckless foot may not approach it. 100

"All the people were gathering, then, outside Phthia,  
for the festival of the god Dionysus —  
men, women, maidens, youths,  
lads also, and young girls.

I was watching, being yet uninitiated 105  
in love's arrows.

If only I had not gone out of Phthia's gate then,  
together with those noble youths!

My young friends and I went to  
the guard of the place and the plane tree, 110  
and, by giving him gifts, we obtained an exceptional seat  
for viewing maidenly beauty —  
a tyrant of the heart or vengeful fury.

Strong-handed Eros, too,  
the old child, the baby born before Kronos,\* 115  
typically attacks through eyes as if through windows,  
burns up inward parts, inflames the heart,  
and makes the lover into a corpse as it were.

Then, sitting suddenly beneath the plane tree,  
together with friends of my age, 120

I shared in a feast of foods variously prepared,  
and I didn't know, poor me,  
that so great a joy and laughter  
would turn into a stream of tears in the end.

- 125 Ὅμως πάλιν ἔχαιρον οἷς συνετρώφω.  
 Τοιοῦτόν ἐστιν ἀγνοοῦσα καρδία  
 κακὸν τὸ μέλλον ἐν χαρᾷ καθημένη.  
 Γελωτοποιῶν ἠκροώμην ῥημάτων  
 ἐρωτικῶν, μᾶλλον δὲ τερπνῶν ἄσμάτων.
- 130 Ὅ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῶν τῶν συνεστιωμένων  
 τοιοῦσδε τυχὸν ἐξέπεμπε τοὺς λόγους  
 πρὸς τὰς ἐκεῖσε συνδραμούσας παρθένους  
 ἢ πρὸς γυναικῶν ποικίλας ὀμηγύρεις  
 ἐκεῖθεν ἔνθεν τὴν ὁδὸν ποιουμένας
- 135 “χθὲς εἶχε πῦρ δίψης με, καὶ λαβὼν ὕδωρ  
 – τυχὸν γὰρ οὕτω τὴν ὁδὸν διηρχόμην –  
 ὡς ἄμβροτον ῥοῦν ἐξέπινον εἰς κόρον.  
 Μέμνησο τῆς χθὲς· σὺ γὰρ ἡ διδοῦσά μοι.  
 Ἄλλ’ ὁ περωτός, ὁ θρασύσπλαγχνος μόνος
- 140 Ἔρωσ δυσαντίβλεπτος ὄπλοτοξότης,  
 κῶνωψ φανεῖς ὠλισθεν ἔνδον τοῦ σκύφου,  
 ὄν καὶ πεπωκῶς γαργαλίζομαι τάλας  
 ἐκ τῶν πτερύγων ἔνδοθεν τῆς καρδίας,  
 καὶ μέχρι τοῦ νῦν – τῆς ὀδύνης, τοῦ πόνου –
- 145 κνήθει με καὶ δάκνει με, καὶ κακῶς ἔχω.  
 Τέως μαλαχθεῖς οὗτος ὄψῃ καὶ μόλις  
 ὁ τῶν βροτῶν τύραννος αὐθάδης Ἔρωσ  
 πέμπει με πρὸς σε τὴν ἰάσουσαν μόνην  
 τὸ τραῦμα καὶ τὸ δῆγμα καὶ τὴν καρδίαν’
- 150 πέμπει με, καὶ δέχου με ταῖς σαῖς ἀγκάλαις,  
 οὐδὲν ξένου ποιοῦσα· ναὶ δέχου, δέχου.”
- Ἄλλος μετ’ αὐτὸν ἀντέφησεν εὐθέως’  
 “Ἰού, τί ταῦτα; Τὴν κατάστερον κόρην,  
 τὴν πολλὰ βακχεύουσαν ἐν κάλλει πάλαι,
- 155 ὡς ἡ Λαΐς τὸ πρῶτον ἢ Κορινθία,  
 τρύχει νόσος δύστηνος – ὦ κακὴ νόσος –,  
 ἢ δ’ εὐτραφῆς σάρξ, ὡς ὄρω, κατεστάλη.  
 Μὴ τοῦτο, μὴ μὴ τοῦτο· ῥῶσιν, σάρξ, λάβε’  
 ὄλοιτο πᾶσα τηκτικὴ καχεξία’
- 160 οὐ γὰρ γυναικὸς σάρξ τις ὄλλυται μία,  
 ἀλλ’ οὖν σὺν αὐτῇ καὶ φίλων πληθὺς πόση.”

Still, I took pleasure with my friends in our shared delights— 125  
 such is a heart that does not know,  
 when experiencing joy, the evil to come!  
 I listened to amusing words of love,  
 and more, to delightful songs.  
 One of those feasting with me 130  
 perhaps uttered such words as the following  
 to the maidens who had gathered together there  
 or the various companies of women  
 making their way on this side and that:

“Yesterday a fiery thirst held me, and so I took water— 135  
 for I was thus, by chance, completing my journey—  
 and drank it up to satiety, as if it were divine.  
 Remember yesterday, for you gave it to me!  
 But winged Eros, uncommonly bold,  
 hard to face, armed with a bow, 140  
 appeared to me in the guise of a gnat and slipped within my cup.  
 When I drank it, I felt tickling, poor me,  
 from the wings within my heart,  
 and even now—what pain and suffering!—  
 it scratches and bites me, and I am badly off. 145  
 Meanwhile willful Eros, ruler of men,  
 having relented at last and with difficulty,  
 sends me to you, who alone will cure  
 my wound, my bite, and my heart.  
 He sends me; take me in your arms! 150  
 You’ll be doing nothing strange—yes, take me, take me!”

“Another spoke directly after him:  
 ‘Ho! What about these things? The heavenly girl  
 who was on a great rampage with her beauty just now,  
 like Lais, the Corinthian, before her,\* 155  
 is afflicted by an unhappy sickness—O evil sickness!—  
 and her well-fed body, I see, has shrunk.  
 Not this; no, not this! Take strength, Body.  
 May all the wasting and bad health end,  
 for a woman’s body does not perish alone, 160  
 but also, with it, what a great number of lovers!’

Ἐντεῦθεν ἄλλην ἄλλος ἰδὼν ἀντέφη·  
 “νεύεις κάτω, ποθοῦσα καὶ ποθουμένη,  
 ὀδοιποροῦντος τοῦ φιλοῦντος πολλάκις,  
 165 καὶ στέρνα καὶ πρόσωπον ἐγκρύπτειν θέλεις,  
 ζώνην δὲ τὴν σὴν ἀκρολυτεῖς ἀθρόον  
 καὶ τῶν ποδῶν σου τοῖς ἀπαλοῖς δακτύλοις  
 τὴν προστυχοῦσαν ἐγχαράττεις γῆς κόνιν.  
 Αἰδοῦς τὰ σεμνὰ ταῦτα; Πλὴν οὐ συμφέρει·  
 170 οὐκ οἶδε αἰδῶ Κύπρις οὐδ’ Ἔρωσ ὄκνον.  
 Εἰ γοῦν θέλεις τοσαῦτα τὴν αἰδῶ σέβειν,  
 ἐμοὶ χαρίζου κἂν τὸ νεῦμά σου μόνον.”

Τορὸν δὲ πάλιν ἄλλος ἀντεκεκράγει·  
 “ὡς εὐχαριστῶ τῇ πολιᾷ μυρία.  
 175 Καλῶς δικάζει καὶ καλῶς πάντα κρίνει·  
 ἀρωγός ἐστι τῆς Κύπριδος, ὡς βλέπω,  
 ποινηλατοῦσα τὰς σοβαρὰς πρὸς πόθον.  
 Ἡ γαυριῶσα βοστρύχων εὐκοσμία  
 ὄρεᾷ τὸ μακρὸν πλέγμα νῦν διαρρέον,  
 180 εἰς λευκὸν ἐτράπη δὲ τὸ ξανθὸν πάλαι·  
 ἢ τὰς ὀφρῦς ὑψοῦσα καὶ διηρμένη  
 ἀφήκε πᾶσαν ἄρτι τοῦ κάλλους χάριν.  
 Ὁ μαστὸς ἐστὼς ὀρθιος πρὶν τῆς κόρης  
 ὑπεκλίθη· καθεῖλεν αὐτὸν ὁ χρόνος.  
 185 Γηραλέον τὸ φθέγμα, φεῦ, σοί, πρεσβύτις·  
 τὸ πρὶν δροσῶδες χεῖλος, ὡς αὐαλέον·  
 πέπτωκεν ὀφρῦς, ἦλθεν εἰς ἀηδίαν  
 τὸ πᾶν δέ σοι παρήλθε τοῦ κάλλους, γύναι.  
 Τί λείπεται σοι; Δεῦρο, μαστρόπευέ μοι.  
 190 Ὑβρίζεις· ὑβρίσθητι νῦν, τρισαθλία.  
 Παρέτρεχές με· συμπαρατρέχω δέ σε.  
 Ἐπληττες, οἶδας· ἀντιπλήττου καιρίως.  
 Ἄλγεις; Προήλγουν. Δυσφορεῖς; Ἐδυσφόρουν.  
 Παθοῦσα καὶ μαθοῦσα νῦν, τὸ τοῦ λόγου,  
 195 δίδασκε πάσας τὰς προλοίπους παρθένους  
 ὑποκλίνεσθαι τοῖς ἐρώσι ταχέως.”

“ὦμοι, Χαρίκλεις, οἷος ἄρτι μοι γέλωσ  
 ἐκ σῶν μελιχρῶν ἦλθε διηγημάτων’

"Then another youth saw another girl and spoke in turn:  
 'You look down (you who love and are loved)  
 when your lover often walks by,  
 and you try to hide your breast and face, 165  
 and you suddenly play with the ends of your girdle,  
 and with the delicate toes of your feet  
 you engrave the dust of the earth beneath them.  
 Are these the seemly signs of shame? But it is no use:  
 Cypris does not know shame, nor Eros hesitation. 170  
 If, then, you wish so greatly to honor shame,  
 grant me the gift of your nod alone.'

"Another cried out clearly in turn:  
 'How immensely grateful I am to grey hair.  
 It judges and decides all things well; 175  
 it is Cypris's helper, I see,  
 pursuing like a fury women haughty toward love.  
 The woman who prides herself on the ornament of her curls  
 sees her great plait now fall away,  
 and what was yellow before has turned white. 180  
 The woman lifting her eyebrows up high  
 has now lost all the grace of her beauty.  
 The girl's breast, which stood upright before,  
 has fallen down; time has lowered it.  
 Your voice is senile, alas, old woman; 185  
 the lip that was moist before, how dry now!  
 The brow has fallen, become unpleasant,  
 and all your beauty has vanished, woman.  
 What is left for you? Come, be a bawd for me!  
 You abused me; now be abused, wretched woman. 190  
 You slighted me, and I slight you.  
 You struck me, you know; be struck in return, mortally.  
 Do you suffer? I suffered first. Do you grieve? I grieved.  
 Having learned now by suffering, as the proverb goes,  
 instruct all the remaining maidens 195  
 to yield to their lovers quickly.'"

"Oh, Charikles, what laughter  
 has come to me just now from your honey-sweet tales!"



- Κλέανδρος εἶπεν ᾧ κακῶν προκειμένων.  
 200 Πλὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ σε μειδιῶντα νῦν βλέπω  
 καίτοι προεῖπας ἐν καταρχῇ τοῦ λόγου  
 τὰ κατὰ σαυτὸν οὐκ ἀδακρύτως λέγειν.  
 Ἐὼ Χαρικλῆς εἶπε τὸν μακρὸν λόγον,  
 ὃν εἶπεν ἄλλος συμποτῶν μοι γησιῶν.  
 205 Ἐμὴ, πρὸς Δροσίλλας ὁ Κλέανδρος ἀντέφη.  
 Ἄκουε λοιπὸν ῥημάτων μελιρρόων
- “φιλεῖς τὸν ἀνδρόθηλον, ὡς ἡκηκόειν,  
 μαινᾶς<sup>13</sup>, σοβάς, τάλαινα, πρέσβα παρθένε.  
 Θάρρει τὰ γαστρός, οὐ γὰρ ἐγκύμων γένη,  
 210 κἂν καὶ μετ’ ἀνδρῶν συγκλιθήσῃ μυρίων,  
 κἂν Ἑρακλεῖ γὰρ συγκαθευδήσῃς, γύναι,  
 κἂν καὶ Πριήπῳ τῷ φιλοίφῳ τοῦ μύθου.  
 Ἄπαις, πολῦπαις οὔσα τῶν χρόνων πάλαι,  
 ἄπαις μενεῖς καλεῖ γὰρ ὁ Πλούτων κάτω.  
 215 Παύθητι κουρίζουσα ναυστόλου, γύναι.”  
 Ἐξεῖπε ταῦτα καὶ πρὸς ἄλλην αὐτίκα  
 “βαβαί, παλαιὸς ὡς διεύψευσαι λόγος.  
 Τρεῖς φησι τὰς Χάριτας, ἀλλ’ ὁ σός, κόρη,  
 ὀφθαλμὸς εἰς Χάριτας αὐχεῖ μυρίας.  
 220 Αἰαῖ, τεφροῖς με τῇ καμίνῳ τοῦ πόθου  
 καὶ πυρπολεῖς τὰ σπλάγχνα καὶ τὴν καρδίαν.  
 Ὡ μισρὰ παῖ, τοῦτο πολλῆς ἀγάπης;  
 Μὴ τὰς ὀφρῦς ἔπαιρε, τὴν Κύπριν τρέμε  
 σύννευε τοῖς φιλοῦσι, μέτρια φρόνει.  
 225 Κόρης ἀπειλὰς δῆθεν ἐκτινακτρίας  
 ἀνταγγέλου Κύπριδος ἔγνων πολλάκις,  
 τῶν σχημάτων δὲ τὴν πολύτροπον πλάσι  
 καὶ τὴν σιωπὴν, ἀνθυπόσχεσιν ξένην.  
 Καὶ πρὸς σε ταῦτα τὴν ἀμείλικτον βλέπει  
 230 σημεῖά μοι κάλλιστα. Χαῖρε, καρδιά.  
 Φεῦ, σῆς ἡμερτῆς προσογαλιάς, παρθένε.  
 Ἀποστροφὴ σὴ δυσπαράκλητος τάχα  
 καὶ πέτραν αὐτὴν συγκινήσοι πρὸς πόνον.  
 Τί γοῦν πάθοι τις; Ἄλλ’, ὁ τοξεύων Ἔρωσ,  
 235 τὴν πληξὶν αὐτὸς ἐξιῶ μοι καὶ μόνος.  
 Σοὶ καὶ θαλασσῶν ἐκπεράσω πλημμύραν

Kleandros said. "Oh, what evils lie ahead!  
 But I see you too smiling now, 200  
 and yet you stated at the beginning of your narrative  
 that you would tell of your experiences, not without tears."  
 "I am leaving out," Charikles said, "the long speech  
 given by another of my noble drinking-companions."  
 "Don't, by Drosilla!" Kleandros replied. 205  
 "Hear, then, words that flow with honey:  
  
 'You love the hermaphrodite, as I've heard him called,  
 you mad, insolent, wretched old maid.  
 Don't be concerned about your belly, for you won't become pregnant  
 even if you lie with ten thousand men, 210  
 even if you sleep with Herakles, woman,  
 and also with Priapos, the mythical lecher.\*  
 Childless, although you had many children over time,  
 childless you will remain, for Pluto summons you below.  
 Stop acting like a girl; cross the water, woman!' 215  
 "Suddenly, he spoke these things to another woman:  
 'Oh, how mistaken the old story is.  
 It says the Graces are three, but your one eye, girl,  
 boasts of countless graces.  
 Ah, you burn me to ashes in the furnace of desire; 220  
 you destroy my bowels and my heart with fire.  
 Foul child, is this a sign of great love?  
 Don't raise your eyebrows! Fear Cypris;  
 nod assent to your lovers; be modest.  
 I have learned that a girl's threats are often, 225  
 in fact, announcers of Cypris the disturber,  
 and that her shifting gestures and silence  
 are often a wonderful promise in return.  
 These signs, which are most beautiful to me,  
 refer to you, cruel woman. Farewell, my heart! 230  
 Oh, what lovely talk, maiden!  
 Your aversion, relentless perhaps,  
 would move even a rock to suffer.  
 What, then, will become of me? But Eros, archer,  
 you yourself alone, cure my wound! 235  
 For you I will pass over huge swells of seas,

καὶ πῦρ διέλθω τοῦ προσελθεῖν σοι χάριν.  
 Δὸς χαροπὸν μοι νεῦμα, καὶ τὸ πᾶν ἔχω.  
 Μὴ πληττε, μὴ σύντριβε – κέρδος οὐκ ἔχεις –  
 240 πρὸς τὰς Ἔρωτος λαβυρινθώδεις πάγας.”

Οὕτως ἀπαγγείλαντος αὐτοῦ τῷ τέως  
 ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλην ἄλλον ἀντέφη λόγον·  
 “βαρύνεται σὸν ὄμμα τοῦ πόθου γέμον,  
 πολλὴ δ’ ἀμαυροῖ τὰς παρειὰς ὠχρότης.  
 245 Ἔοικας ὑπνῶν ἐνδεῆς εἶναι, γύναι.  
 Εἰ μὲν παλαιστραῖς ὠμίλησας παννύχοις,  
 ὡς εὐτυχῆς ἐκείνος ὄλβιος μάκαρ  
 ὁ χερσὶν αὐτοῦ προσπλακεῖς σῶ σαρκίῳ·  
 εἰ δὲ πρὸς ἦπαρ πῦρ βαλὼν Ἔρωσ φλέγει  
 250 εἴης πρὸς ἡμᾶς μᾶλλον ἐκκεκαυμένη.  
 Σὺ νῦν Ἀχιλλεύς· Τηλέφον βλέπεις, γύναι·  
 ναί, παῦσον, ὡς ἔτρωσας, ἦπατος πόνους·  
 εἰ δ’ οὐκ ἀρεστόν, ἄλλο βάλλε μοι βέλος,  
 τὸ δ’ ἦπαρ ἄφες ἀλλὰ καὶ τὴν καρδίαν.”

Τοιαῦτα προσπαίξουσι τοῖς νεανίαις  
 ἐφίσταται τις τῶν συνήθων ἠλικίων,  
 Βαρβιτίων, ἄριστος εἰς εὐφωνίαν,  
 ὃς καὶ προσεῖπεν ἐγκαθεσθεῖς πλησίον  
 “αἰεὶ τὸ φιλοῦν αὐτόκλητον, φιλότης·”  
 260 καλῶς δὲ συνθεῖς τὴν ἀνὰ χεῖρας λύραν  
 καὶ πρὸς τὸ πλήττειν εὐφυῶς καθαυμώσας  
 ἔρωτος ἦσεν ἄσμα τερπνὸν ἠδύνον·  
 “Φίλε Βαρβιτίωνα, εὐχρῶε πότνια Μυρτώ.  
 Ἡ Ῥοδόπη ποτ’ ἄπιξε τὰ Κύπριδος ἀφρογενείης  
 265 καὶ ῥ’ ἐς ὄλους λυκαβάντας ἐπήνεε συμβιοτεύειν  
 Ἀρτέμιδι, ποθέουσα κύνας ἐλάφους τε καὶ ἵππους,  
 τοξοφόρος δονάκεσσιν ἄν’ οὐρεα μακρὰ βιβῶσα.  
 Φίλε Βαρβιτίωνα, εὐχρῶε πότνια Μυρτώ.  
 Ἡ Κύπρις ἐστύγνασε· τὸν υἱέα τῆδ’ ἐποτρύνει  
 270 τόξ’ ὤμοισιν ἔχοντα καὶ ἀντίον ὤπλισεν αὐτῆς.  
 Ἡ Ῥοδόπη πρὸς ἔλαφον ὀρεινόμον ἔγχος ἐνώμα·  
 ἐς Ῥοδόπην ὁ Κύπριδος ἀγάστονα τόξα τιταίνει.  
 Φίλε Βαρβιτίωνα, εὐχρῶε πότνια Μυρτώ.

and I will go through fire for the sake of coming to you.  
 Give me a glad-eyed nod and I have everything.  
 Don't strike me, don't crush me in Eros's  
 intricate snares—you gain nothing.' 240

"After he related this story,  
 another youth made another girl another declaration:  
 'Your eye is heavy and full of desire,  
 and a great paleness dims your cheeks. 245  
 You seem to be in need of sleep, woman.  
 If you frequented wrestling-schools all night long,  
 how lucky that fellow is—how happy, how fortunate—  
 who clung to your body with his hands.  
 But if Eros burns you by throwing fire at your liver,  
 may you burn more with love for me! 250  
 You are now Achilles; you look at Telephus, woman.\*  
 Yes, since you wounded me, relieve the sufferings of my liver.  
 But if this doesn't please you, throw another missile at me,  
 but leave my liver and my heart alone.'

"As the young men jested in this way 255  
 a friend of similar age approached,  
 Barbition, who had an excellent voice,  
 and he sat nearby and said,  
 'Friendship is always unbidden, my friends.'  
 Then he positioned his lyre well in his hands, 260  
 adjusted it suitably for playing,  
 and sang a love-song, pleasant and sweet.

*"Love Barbition, Myrto, rosy mistress.*  
 Rhodope once snubbed the realm of foam-born Cypris\*  
 and consented to live with Artemis for long years, 265  
 craving dogs, deer, and horses,  
 and, armed with bow and arrows, striding up tall mountains.

*"Love Barbition, Myrto, rosy mistress.*  
 Cypris scowled. She stirred up her son, bow on shoulders,  
 and armed him against the girl. 270  
 Rhodope was wielding a lance against a mountain deer;  
 Cypris's son bent his grievous bow towards her.  
*"Love Barbition, Myrto, rosy mistress.*

- 275 Ηὔχεν, ἀλλ' ἐβέβλητο ταχύτερον ἔγχος Ἐρωτος.  
 Ἦλγεεν ὤμον ἔλαφος, ἐπέτρεχεν ἐς μέσον ὕλης  
 ἐς καρδίην Ῥοδόπη δὲ καὶ ἐς φρένας ἤλγεεν αὐτάς,  
 ἐνθ' ὀλοὸν καὶ ἄτλητον Ἐρωτος ἐπέπηξε βέλεμον.  
 Φύλεε Βαρβιτίωνα, εὐχρῶε πότνια Μυρτώ.  
 Ἦλγεεν, ἐστονάχιζεν, ἐπὶ πόθον ἤλασεν ἔμπης.  
 280 Εὐθύνικον φιλέεσκε βεβλημένος ἦν δὲ καὶ αὐτός.  
 Παῖς γὰρ ὁδ' ὠίστευσε καὶ ἐς πόθον ἤλασεν αὐτῆς  
 ἀλλήλους ἐσέδρακον, Ἐρωτος δ' ἄρα πῦρ ὑπανήπτεν.  
 Φύλεε Βαρβιτίωνα, εὐχρῶε πότνια Μυρτώ.  
 Ἐργον δ' ἐκτετέλεστο, καὶ ἐς πόθον ἤλυθον ἄμφω  
 285 παρθενίην δ' ἀπόειπεν ἄτλητον Ἐρωτος ἀνάγκη.  
 Φεῖδω καὶ σὺ Κύπριδος ἔγνωσ ῥά ἐ ὀβριμοεργόν  
 μηδὲ λόγους ἀνάνευε λυγίζομένη παρ' ἐμεῖο.  
 Φύλεε Βαρβιτίωνα, εὐχρῶε πότνια Μυρτώ."  
 "Ἦδυνας ἡμᾶς, προσφιλες Βαρβιτίων"  
 290 ἔφημεν εὐθύς "ἀλλ' ἐφάπτου κειμένης  
 τῆς τῶν συνήθων ποικίλης πανδαισίας."  
 Ἐφαγε πεισθεῖς, μέχρις ἤλθεν εἰς κόρον  
 καὶ δεύτερον γοῦν εὖ διαθεῖς τὴν λύραν,  
 τὴν δεξιὰν ἤρσειεν εἰς γῆν ὠλένην  
 295 – λαῖος γὰρ αὐτὸς εἰς τὸ πλήττειν ἐξέφω –  
 καὶ τερπνὸν ἦσε καὶ μελίφθογγον μέλος
- "Ἦν ποθέω τίς ἔδρακεν; Ἄειδέ μοι, ὦ φίλ' ἔταῖρε.  
 Παρθενικὴ χαρίεσσα ἐπήρατος ἦν ποτε Σύριγξ  
 κούρη, ψυχοδάμεια, εὐχρῶος, ἀργυρόπεζα.  
 300 Πᾶν ἐσιδῶν ἐσέδραμεν ἐνὶ κροδίηφι πατάσσω.  
 Ἐσθλὴ πρόσθε πέφευγε, δῖωκεν ὀπισθεν ἀμείνων  
 Ἦν ποθέω τίς ἔδρακεν; Ἄειδέ μοι, ὦ φίλ' ἔταῖρε  
 ἐν λειμῶνι Σύριγξ δὲ προήλυθεν εἰς καλαμῶνα,  
 γαῖα δ' ὑπὸ στέρονοιον ἐδέξατο παρθένον αὐτήν.  
 305 Αὐτὰρ ὁ Πᾶν μεμάνητο Σύριγγα γὰρ ὤλεσε κούρη.  
 Φυλλάδος ἔμπης ἦψατο καὶ καλάμους διέτμηξεν,  
 Ἦν ποθέω τίς ἔδρακεν; Ἄειδέ μοι, ὦ φίλ' ἔταῖρε  
 κηροχύτους δ' ἐπέπηξε, συνήρμοσε χεῖλεσιν ἐσθλοῖς,  
 φίλεεν ἠδ' ἄμπνυτο πνοῇ δὲ κάλαμον ἐσήχθη  
 310 καὶ μέλος ἠδὲ σύριξε τὸ φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἐρώτων.  
 Καὶ σὺ μισεῖς στέργοντα, καὶ οὐ ποθέοντα ποθεῖς με;

She boasted of success but was hit. Eros's lance was swifter.  
 The deer felt pain in its shoulder and ran to the midst of the woods. 275  
 Rhodope felt pain in her heart and soul,  
 where Eros directed his fatal, unbearable dart.

*“Love Barbition, Myrto, rosy mistress.*

She felt pain, wailed, and advanced toward love nonetheless.  
 She loved Euthynikos, and he himself had also been hit, 280  
 for this child shot arrows at him too and drove him to love her.  
 They looked at one another, and Eros at once lit a fire beneath.

*“Love Barbition, Myrto, rosy mistress.*

The deed was accomplished, and they both came to their desire.  
 She gave up her insufferable virginity by compulsion of Eros. 285  
 Pay heed, you too, to Cypris, for you know that she does violence.  
 Don't reject my pleas and twist away from me!

*“Love Barbition, Myrto, rosy mistress.’*

*“You have delighted us, dear Barbition,’*  
 we said at once, ‘Now share in your friends' banquet, 290  
 lavishly and richly laid.’

He was persuaded and ate until he had his full.  
 And then a second time he positioned his lyre well,  
 leaned his right elbow on the ground—  
 for he used his left hand to pluck the strings— 295  
 and sang a pleasant, honey-sweet song.

*“Who saw the girl I desire? Sing to me, dear friend.*

Syrinx was once a chaste, charming, lovely girl,\*  
 conqueror of souls, with pretty skin and silver foot.  
 Pan on seeing her ran towards her with his heart pounding. 300  
 A good runner, she fled in front; faster, he pursued behind—

*“Who saw the girl I desire? Sing to me, dear friend—*

and Syrinx came first to a reed-bed in a meadow,  
 and earth received the maiden within her bosom.  
 But Pan was driven mad, for he had lost the girl Syrinx. 305  
 Yet he grasped the leaves and cut the reeds in half—

*“Who saw the girl I desire? Sing to me, dear friend—*

and joined the reeds with wax, fit them to his clever lips,  
 kissed them, and blew forth. And his breath entered a reed  
 and produced a sweet song, which is a remedy for love. 310  
 And you, do you hate the lover and not desire me who desire you?

- "Ἦν ποθέω τίς ἔδρακεν; "Αειδέ μοι, ὦ φίλ' ἑταίρε.  
 Σχέτλιος ὅσσ' ἐμόγησα' τί τὸν φιλέοντ' ἀποβάλλη;  
 'Ὡς ὄφελές μοι κάλαμος ἢ δάφνη τεθαλυία  
 315 καὶ σὺ ἔης, κυπάριτε τανύσκιε ὑψικάρηνε,  
 τὴν ποθ' ὁ Φοῖβος ἔνυττε μιγήμεναι οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν'  
 "Ἦν ποθέω τίς ἔδρακεν; "Αειδέ μοι, ὦ φίλ' ἑταίρε,  
 καὶ ποτ' ἐμὸν νόον ἄλγε' ἔχοντα βαρύστονα τέρπων  
 σαρκοφόροις δονάκεσσι διαμπερὲς ἐκροτάλιζον  
 320 ἢ στέφανον φορέων σε πυρὸς δρόσον εἶχον ἔρωτος.  
 Τοίη ἐμὰς κύκλω σε περὶ φρένας ἔσχεν ἔρωή.  
 "Ἦν ποθέω τίς ἔδρακεν; "Αειδέ μοι, ὦ φίλ' ἑταίρε."  
 Τοσοῦτον ἦσας ἐξανέστη τοῦ τόπου  
 καὶ "δεῦτε" φησί "τάς χορευτρίας κόρας  
 325 ἴδωμεν αὐτοῖς ἐμπλακείσας δακτύλοις  
 καὶ κύκλον εὐκίνητον ἐκπονουμένας."  
 Εἰπὼν ὀπαδοὺς εἶχε τοὺς νεανίας  
 καὶ πρῶτον ἄλλων τὸν λαλοῦντά σοι ξένον,  
 τὸν ἐν τοσοῦτοις τοῖς κακοῖς Χαρικλέα.  
 330 Τί γὰρ παθεῖν μου τὴν τάλαιναν καρδίαν  
 δοκεῖς, φίλε Κλέανδρε συμφυλακίτα,  
 ἐρωτικῶν πληγεῖσαν ἐξ ἀκουσμάτων;  
 "Ὡδευον οὖν, ἔμπροσθεν ἔτρεχον τότε  
 ὡς ἂν στάσιν σχῶ δεξιᾶν πρὸς τὸ βλέπειν  
 335 τὰς τηνικαῦτα συγχορευούσας κόρας.  
 Ἐκεῖ σελήνην εἶδον ἐν τῇ γῆ κάτω,  
 κύκλω μετ' αὐτῶν ἀστέρων φορουμένην'  
 τοῦτο Δροσίλλα συγχορευούσαις κόραις.  
 Καὶ τοὺς ἐρῶντας ἄχθος ἄλγος λαμβάνειν  
 340 γνοὺς ἐξ ἐκείνων τῶν προηνωτισμένων  
 "καλὸν μὲν ἦν, Δροσίλλα" πρὸς νοῦν ἀντέφην,  
 "εἰ μὴ Χαρικλεῖ νῦν κατέστης εἰς θέαν'  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ τοῦτο τοῦ θεοῦ Διονύσου  
 θέλημα – τί; Κλέανδρε, μὴ συνδακρῶς –,  
 345 οὐ μέμψις ἐν σοὶ τληπαθῆσαι, παρθένε,  
 τὸν ἐκ θεοῦ σοι νυμφίον Χαρικλέα  
 καὶ καρτερῆσαι κἂν φυγὴν κἂν κινδύνους  
 κἂν ἀρπαγὴν σὴν, πρὶν τυχεῖν σου τοῦ γάμου'  
 καὶ πᾶν τι δεινὸν ἄλλο συγκλώσειέ μοι

“Who saw the girl I desire? Sing to me, dear friend.  
 Wretched me, how much I’ve suffered! Why do you reject your lover?  
 If only you were a reed or a luxuriant laurel  
 (O cypress, with your long shadow and high top), 315  
 whom Phoebus once wounded when she refused intercourse\*—  
 “Who saw the girl I desire? Sing to me, dear friend—  
 one day, cheering my mind, with its grievous pains,  
 I too would constantly play on reeds of flesh,  
 or, by wearing you as a wreath, I would have dew for love’s fire. 320  
 Such a force holds you close to my heart.  
 “Who saw the girl I desire? Sing to me, dear friend.’  
 “After singing this song, he stood up from his place  
 and said, ‘Come on! Let’s see the girls of the dancing choir  
 as they form a graceful circle, 325  
 with their fingers entwined.’  
 “He spoke, and the young men accompanied him,  
 and first among them was the stranger who’s speaking to you,  
 Charikles, who’s suffering such terrible misfortunes.  
 How do you think my wretched heart felt, 330  
 dear Kleandros, fellow prisoner,  
 when it was struck by tales of love?  
 I went then, running in front,  
 in order to have a good place to see  
 the girls dancing together. 335  
 There I saw the moon down on the earth,  
 moving in a circle together with the stars;  
 such was Drosilla among the dancing girls.  
 And since I knew from the stories heard earlier  
 that lovers feel grief and pain, 340  
 I said to myself, ‘It would be good, Drosilla,  
 if you had not now come into Charikles’ view.  
 But since this is the will of the god Dionysus—’  
 what? Kleandros, don’t weep for me!—  
 ‘maiden, you can’t be blamed because Charikles, 345  
 your god-given bridegroom, suffered hardships  
 and endured flight, dangers,  
 and your abduction, before marrying you,  
 and every other terrible thing



- 350 μίτος πονηρός ἐξ ἀλάστορος Τύχης.”  
 Τοσαῦτα λέξας καθ’ ἑαυτὸν ἠρέμα,  
 παλινδρομήσας εἰς τὸ πατρῶον πέδον  
 ἀπειδὸν εἰς ἄγαλμα τοῦ Διονύσου,  
 ῥίψας δ’ ἑμαυτὸν εἰς ἐκείνου τοὺς πόδας  
 355 πνέοντα νεκρόζωνον ἀνεκεκράγειν’  
 “ὦ παῖ Διός, νῦν θυσιῶν μεμνημένος  
 καὶ λιβανωτοῦ τοῦ πάλαι τεθυμένου,  
 ἀρωγὸς ἐλθὲ τῆς Δροσίλλας εἰς γάμον  
 ἐμοὶ Χαρικλεῖ τῷ νεαλεῖ πρὸς πόθον’  
 360 κὰν γοῦν τυχεῖν γένοιτο τοῦ ποθουμένου,  
 οὐκ ἀμελήσω πλειόνων σοι θυμάτων.  
 Ἐξῆλθον, ὦ παῖ Διόνυσε, σὴν χάριν  
 καὶ πικρὸν ἦλθον ἀντικερδάνας βέλος’  
 τὸ πῦρ γὰρ ἐντὸς βόσκεται τὴν καρδίαν,  
 365 ὃ σβεννύει φίλημα πάντως, οὐχ ὕδωρ.”
- Οὕτως ἐπειπὼν τῷ θεῷ Διονύσῳ  
 εἰς ἀρπαγὴν ἔτοιμος ἦν τῆς παρθένου,  
 ἧς καὶ τυχεῖν ἔσπευδον ἀμφιδεξίως  
 καὶ τοὺς ὀπαδοὺς εὐφυῶς λεληθέναι’  
 370 ἐπεύχεται γὰρ ἢ φιλοῦσα καρδία  
 καταλαβεῖν τάχιστα καθ’ ἣν ἡμέραν  
 κατατρυφᾶν δύναίτο τοῦ φιλουμένου.  
 Γνοὺς οὖν τὸ πρᾶγμα καὶ σκοπήσας τὸ θράσος,  
 ὧς οὐκ ἂν ἄλλως εὐχερῶς, ἀκωλύτως  
 375 τὸ πᾶν ἀπαρτίσαιμι τοῦ σκοπομένου,  
 εἰ μὴ συνίστωρ ἢ κόρη γένοιτό μοι,  
 δῆλον καθιστῶ τὸν πόθον τῇ παρθένῳ,  
 ἀνακαλύπτω τὸν σκοπόν, τὸ πρακτέον,  
 καὶ τὴν κατὰ νοῦν ἀρπαγὴν προμηνύω.  
 380 Αὕτη προλαμβάνουσα τὴν ἐσταλμένην  
 – γυνὴ γὰρ ἦν πρὸς ταῦτα δεξιωτάτη –  
 ἄλλῳ κατηγογήτο τοῖς γάμου νόμοις’  
 εἶπε πρὸς αὐτὴν ἢ κόρη μετὰ πόνου.  
 Πρὸς δευτέραν γοῦν μηχανὴν ἀποβλέπω,  
 385 δι’ ἧς συνεργοῖς τοῖς φίλοις κερημένος  
 ἀκινδύνως λάβοιμι τὴν ἐρωμένην.  
 Ἄλλ’ ἤδη προφθάνουσα ταῦτα καὶ πάλιν  
 ψυχῆς παθούσης ὑπέδειξεν ἐμφράσεις,

that avenging Fortune's evil thread could weave for me.' 350

"I said this quietly to myself  
and then ran back to my father's estate,  
looked at the statue of Dionysus,  
threw myself at his feet,  
gasping as if about to die, and cried out, 355

'Child of Zeus, remember now the sacrifices  
and the frankincense I offered to you in time past,  
and come help me, Charikles, a boy new to desire,  
in my marriage with Drosilla.

And if I obtain what I desire, 360

I will not fail to make more sacrifices to you.

I went forth, young Dionysus, for your sake,

and I gained a cruel dart in return,

for fire feeds within my heart,

and only a kiss can quench it, not water.' 365

"After I spoke thus to the god Dionysus

I was ready to abduct the maiden,\*

eager to seize her with both hands

and cleverly escape her attendants' notice.

The heart in love wishes 370

to seize at once the day on which

it may be able to delight in the object of its love.

Then, after judging the plan, assessing the risk,

and realizing that I could not easily and freely

accomplish the whole of what I contemplated 375

unless the girl were privy to my plans,

I made my desire clear to the maiden,

revealed my aim and what needed to be done,

and disclosed the abduction I had in mind.

When the girl received the messenger I'd sent— 380

a woman most clever in these matters—

she was already betrothed to another by the laws of marriage,

and she told the messenger this with pain.

I looked to a second method then

through which, with the help of my friends, 385

I could take my beloved without danger.

But she, anticipating this development in turn,

showed signs of a soul in love,

δι' ἀγγέλου μοι δῆθεν ἀντεσταλμένης  
 390 τὰ κρυπτὰ μηνύουσα καρδίας πάθη,  
 ὡς εἶδεν, ὡς ἔπαθεν, ὡς κατεσχέθη,  
 ὡς ἀντετρώθη τῇ Χαρικλέως θέᾳ,  
 καὶ προσλαβεῖν θέλει με τοῖς γάμου νόμοις.  
 Ὀρισμένον γοῦν ἀντεμήνυσα χρόνον  
 395 καθ' ὃν συνέλθω πρὸς λόγους τῇ παρθένῳ.  
 Προσῆλθον, εὗρον, εἶδον αὐτὴν ἀσμένως,  
 λόγους δεδωκὼς ἀντεδεξάμην λόγους,  
 ὄρκους συνεσχέθημεν ἀλληλεγγύοις·  
 ὁ Διόνυσος ἐμπεδῶν ἦν τοὺς λόγους,  
 400 ληφθεὶς παρ' ἡμῶν ταῖς ἐνόρκους ἐγγύαις.  
 Καὶ μέχρις αὐτοῦ τοῦ Δράκοντος λιμένος  
 – οὕτω γὰρ ὠνόμαστο τοῖς ἐγχωρίοις –  
 μετὰ Δροσίλλας ἔδραμον τῆς παρθένου,  
 καὶ ναῦν ἀποπλεύσουσαν εἰσδεδορκότες,  
 405 λύουσαν ἤδη τοὺς ἐπὶ πρῶρας κάλως,  
 ταύτης ἑαυτοὺς ἔνδον ἐντεθεικότες  
 ἐναυστολοῦμεν οὐριοδρομωτάτως  
 ὑπὸ προπομπῇ τῷ θεῷ Διονύσῳ·  
 αὐτὸς γὰρ ἦν μοι νυμφαγωγὼν τὴν κόρην,  
 410 ἐμοὶ παραστάς τῇ καθ' ὕπνου ἐμφάσει,  
 πρὸ τοῦ προβῆναι τοὺς ἐς ἀλλήλους λόγους.'

#### BIBAIION TETARTON

' Ὄδοιποροῦμεν τοιγαροῦν δι' ὀλκάδος  
 ὑγρὰν θαλάσσης λειοκύμονος τρίβον  
 ἐς ἥλιον τέταρτον ἄχρις ἐσπέρας,  
 καὶ θροῦς ἔρετμου ληστρικῆς ναυαρχίας  
 5 εὐθυπλοοῦσιν ἐμπεσῶν ἐπεκτύπτει  
 καὶ τὸν λογισμόν, οὗ γὰρ ἀκοὰς μόνον,  
 τῶν ἐντὸς ἡμῶν ἥσπερ εἶπον ὀλκάδος.  
 Τῆς ἐσπέρας γοῦν πανταχοῦ γνοφουμένης,  
 τῷ γῆν ὑπελθεῖν τὸν γίγαντα φωσφόρον,  
 10 οὐκ εἶχομεν σφᾶς ἐντρανέστερον βλέπειν·  
 ἀλλ' οἶδε συννεύσαντες εἰς μεῖζω δρόμον  
 καὶ χεῖρας ἐκτείναντες ἀλλὰ καὶ πόδας,  
 ὡς τὰς τριήρεις εὐδρομώτερον τρέχειν,

and, through a messenger she sent back to me then,  
 revealed the secret sufferings of her heart— 390  
 how she saw, suffered, was conquered,  
 and was wounded in turn by the sight of Charikles,  
 and wished to take me as her lawfully wedded husband.  
 I set a time then, in turn,  
 at which I could meet the maiden and talk. 395  
 I drew near, found her, saw her gladly,  
 and spoke and listened in turn.  
 We were bound together by mutual oaths;  
 Dionysus provided guaranty for our words,  
 whom we called as witness to our sworn pledges. 400  
 I ran with the maiden Drosilla  
 to the harbor of Drakon—  
 for thus the inhabitants call it—  
 and there we saw a ship starting to sail,  
 already unfastening the cables at its prow, 405  
 and we put ourselves on it  
 and sailed away, with a good wind behind us  
 and the god Dionysus as our escort,  
 for he himself gave the girl to me as my bride  
 when he appeared to me in my sleep, 410  
 before we'd conversed with one another.

#### BOOK FOUR

“We were traveling then by merchant ship  
 over the watery path of a smooth sea  
 on the evening of the fourth day,  
 when the noise of the rowing of a pirate fleet  
 fell upon us as we held our course, and struck 5  
 not just the ears but also the minds  
 of us within the ship which I mentioned.  
 Since the evening, then, was darkening everywhere  
 as the mighty sun sank beneath the earth,  
 we were not able to see them clearly. 10  
 But these men, bent forward to a faster course,  
 with arms and legs pulling hard  
 to make their triremes run more swiftly,

15           καπηλατοῦντες ἦσαν ἐξ ὅλου σθένους,  
           τὴν τῆς θαλάσσης συρραπίζοντες ῥάχιν  
           γυμναῖς πρὸς εὐπλοῦν εὐσθενοῦσαις ὠλέναις,  
           καὶ τῇ καθ' ἡμᾶς ἐγγίσαντες ὀλκάδι  
           τὰ σφῶν ἑαυτῶν ἐξεγύμνωσαν ξίφη.  
 20           Οἱ γοῦν σὺν ἡμῖν, ὡς ἄριστοι ναυτίλοι,  
           καίτοι πρὸς αὐτοὺς τοὺς θρασεῖς ξιφηφόρους  
           πενιχρὸν ὄντες εὐαρίθμητον σίφος,  
           ἀναλαβόντες ἀνδρικῶς τὰς ἀσπίδας  
           τοῖς τὰ ξίφη φέρουσιν ἀντεναμάχουν'  
           σφάπτοντες ἐσφάπτοντο, μὴ πεφρικότες  
 25           τὴν τῶν τοσοῦτων πειρατῶν ἀμετρίαν'  
           τὸ τῆς θαλάσσης ἐξεπορφύρουν ὕδωρ  
           καὶ μέχρι νυκτὸς ἀντέπιπτον εὐστόχως.  
           'Ἄλλ' ὁπὲ τὴν ναῦν ἐλκύσαντες ἐκ μέσου,  
           ὡς συμπεσόντων ἐν μάχῃ τῶν πλειόνων,  
 30           εἰς χέρσον ἐξέδωκαν ἠσθηνηκότες.  
           'Ἦν καὶ λιπόντες ἔμπλεων βαρημάτων,  
           τοῦ κυριαρχήσαντος ἠρημωμένην,  
           ἔφυγον εἰς φάραγγας, εἰς ὄρη μέσα.  
           Τούτοις φυγῇ ζητοῦσι τὴν σωτηρίαν  
 35           κἀγὼ συνεκβᾶς ἐκ μάχης τραυματίας  
           μετὰ Δροσίλλας παρθένου συνειπόμην.  
           'Ἐσπευδον, εἶχον, εἶλκον αὐτὴν τὴν κόρην,  
           ἐχειραγῶγον εἰς ἐπικρήμους τόπους,  
           ἕως συνηρέφειαν εὐρόντες κλάδων  
 40           ταύτη συνιζήσαμεν ἐγκεκρυμμένοι.  
           'Ἐς αὐριον δὲ λαμπάσης τῆς ἡμέρας  
           ὄρους ὑπερκύψαντες εἶδομεν κάτω  
           πυρκαϊὰν εἰς ὕψος ἐκτεταμένην'  
           εἰκάζομεν δὲ πυρπολεῖν τὴν ὀλκάδα  
 45           ληστὰς ἐκείνους ἀρπαγαῖς ἐφησιμένους,  
           φόρου κενὴν ξύμπαντος ἐξειλκυσμένην.  
           'Ὡς γοῦν ἐκείθεν ἔνθεν ἠπορημένοι  
           τὰς φωταγωγοὺς ἐξετείνομεν κόρας,  
           εὐπυργον ὕψος καθορῶμεν εὐθέως,  
 50           λεπτῶς, ἀμυδρῶς' ἦν γὰρ ἡμῶν μακρόθεν.  
           'Ἄμφω δὲ συνδραμόντες ὡς πρὸς τὴν πόλιν  
           ὁπὲ προσεγγίσαμεν αὐτῇ καὶ μόλις

were rowing with all their strength,  
 beating the back of the sea 15  
 with arms naked and strong for a fair voyage.  
 They approached our merchant ship  
 and drew their swords.  
 Then our men, the bravest sailors,  
 though few in number compared to 20  
 our bold, sword-carrying opponents,  
 manfully took up their shields  
 and fought a sea-battle against the men wielding swords.  
 They slaughtered and were slaughtered, without trembling  
 at the endless number of pirates. 25  
 The water of the sea was turning red,  
 and until night they were resisting successfully.  
 But at length they drew their ship away  
 since most of them had fallen in battle,  
 and they disembarked, weakened, onto dry land. 30  
 They left their ship, full of cargo  
 and bereft of its commander,  
 and fled to ravines in the midst of the mountains.  
 Together with these men seeking salvation by flight  
 I too disembarked, wounded from battle, 35  
 and followed along, with the maiden Drosilla.  
 I was hurrying, holding and dragging the girl,  
 leading her by the hand into steep places,  
 until, finding a thick tangled shade of branches,  
 we sat there together, hidden. 40  
 The next morning, when the day shone forth,  
 we looked over the top of the mountain and saw below  
 a fire reaching high up,  
 and we surmised that those pirates,  
 pleased with their booty, were burning up our ship, 45  
 emptied of all cargo and dragged to shore.  
 Then we, being at a loss,  
 were directing our eyes here and there,  
 when suddenly we saw a summit, fortified with towers—  
 although faintly, dimly, for it was far from us. 50  
 We ran toward the city  
 from sunrise until evening

- ἐκ φωτὸς ἀρχῆς ἄχρις αὐτῆς ἑσπέρας·  
 ἦν καὶ συνεισέδωμεν ἐκπεφευγότες  
 55 τὴν ἐν θαλάσῃ ληστρικὴν ἀστοργίαν,  
 κὰν καὶ Χαρικλῆν, ὡς Κλέανδρον, ἢ πόλις  
 ἔμελλε χερσὶ Παρθικαῖς δεδωκέναι  
 καὶ τοὺς θαλασσῶν ἐκφυγόντα κινδύνους  
 πόνων ἀνάγκαις ἐμβαλεῖν με δευτέραις  
 60 μετὰ Δροσίλλας, ὧ θεοί, τῆς φιλτάτης.  
 Τῶν γὰρ κατοίκων ἐξιόντων τὴν πόλιν  
 αὐθις συνεξέδωμεν, ἐκτελουμένης  
 λαμπρᾶς ἑορτῆς τῶν Διὸς γενεθλίων.  
 Τὸ Παρθικὸν δὲ δυσμενέστατον φύλον  
 65 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅθεν προῆλθε· πλὴν συλλαμβάνει  
 καὶ τῆς ἑαυτοῦ μέχρι πατρίδος φέρον  
 εἰς τὴν φυλακὴν τὴν παροῦσαν εἰσάγει.'
- Τοιοῖσδε πολλοῖς ἀσχολούμενοι λόγοις  
 ἀλληλοπενθεῖς ἦσαν οἱ νεανίαί,  
 70 Κλέανδρος ἅμα καὶ Χαρικλῆς οἱ ξένοι.  
 Ὁ βάρβαρος δὲ Κρατύλος μετ' ὄφρους  
 αὐτῇ Χρυσίλλᾳ συγκαθεσθεῖς εἰς ἔω  
 εἶχε πρὸς αὐτῷ καὶ τὸν υἱὸν Κλεινίαν,  
 καὶ τοὺς ἀλόντας αἰχμαλωσίας νόμοις  
 75 ἐκ τῆς φυλακῆς ἐγκλεῦεται φέρειν.  
 Ἔστησαν ἐξαχθέντες οἱ φυλακίται·  
 ἔπαθεν εἰς τὸ στέρον ἢ τοῦ βαρβάρου  
 γυνὴ Χρυσίλλα τὸν Χαρικλῆν ἀθρόον  
 ἰδοῦσα καὶ πληγείσα τῷ πόθου βέλει.  
 80 Ἦν γὰρ ἄχνους τις χρυσόθριξ, ἐρυθρόχρους,  
 πλατὺς τὰ νῶτα, ξανθοβόστρυχον κόμην  
 ἔχων φθάνουσαν ἄχρι καὶ τῆς ὀσφύος·  
 χεῖρας δὲ λεπτὰς εἶχε λευκοδακτύλους,  
 καὶ τοὺς ἀμέτρως ἐκχυθέντας ἀστέρας  
 85 κάλλει καλύπτων καὶ προσώπου λαμπάσιν.  
 Ἐστηκότας γοῦν εἰσορῶν ὁ Παρθάναξ  
 οὗς μὲν μερίζει τοῖς ὑπ' αὐτὸν σατράπαις  
 ἄριστα δῶρα τῆς συνεργούσης τύχης  
 90 δέξασθε' φάσκων Ἐπαρθικὴ φυλαρχία',  
 οὗς δὲ προπέμπει φῶς ἐλεύθερον βλέπειν,  
 ἄλλους πρὸς εἰρκτὴν δυστυχῶς ἀντιστρέφει,

and reached it at last and with difficulty.  
 We slipped into the city together, after escaping  
 pirate cruelty in the sea. 55  
 But that city was destined to give Charikles too,  
 like you, Kleandros, into Parthian hands,  
 and throw me, who'd escaped the sea's dangers,  
 into a new set of unavoidable troubles,  
 together with my dearest Drosilla (oh gods!), 60  
 for when the inhabitants went out from the city  
 to celebrate the splendid festival of Zeus's birthday,\*  
 we went out too, in turn;  
 and the cruel tribe of Parthians  
 came forth, I don't know from where, and seized us, 65  
 carried us off to their fatherland,  
 and put us into this prison."

In the course of these long speeches  
 the young men grieved for one another,  
 Kleandros together with Charikles, the two strangers. 70  
 But in the morning the barbarian Kratylos proudly  
 sat next to Chrysilla, his wife,  
 with his son Kleinias also by his side,  
 and ordered that the captives  
 be brought from the prison. 75  
 The prisoners were led out and stood before them.  
 Chrysilla at once saw Charikles,  
 was struck by the dart of desire,  
 and suffered in her heart,  
 for he was a smooth-cheeked, golden-haired lad, 80  
 ruddy in face and broad in shoulder,  
 with curly yellow hair that reached his loins.  
 He had slender hands with white fingers,  
 and with his beauty and the light of his face  
 he eclipsed even the countless stars spread across the sky. 85  
 The Parthian king looked at the prisoners standing there,  
 and some he distributed to the satraps under him,  
 saying, "Receive these greatest gifts  
 of benevolent Fortune, Parthian leaders,"  
 others he sent forth to look upon the light of freedom, 90  
 others he unfortunately returned to the prison



- δώροις ὅπως λυθεῖεν ἐκ γεννητόρων  
 πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ δίδωσι μοῖραν τῷ ξίφει,  
 δεκτὸν νομίζων αἷμα θῦμα τῶν ξένων  
 95 θεοῖς συνεργοῖς εἰς τὸ πᾶν σωτηριοῖς·  
 χαρίζεται δὲ τὸν Χαρικλῆν Κλεινία,  
 οὐχ ὡς ἐκείνου τοῦτον αἰτησαμένου  
 – ὁ νοῦς γὰρ αὐτοῦ τὴν Δροσίλλαν ἐσκόπει  
 πασῶν γυναικῶν οὕσαν εὐειδεστέραν –  
 100 ὡς ἐκ πατρὸς δὲ δῶρον εἰς υἱὸν μέγα·  
 ἦν γὰρ ἀπάντων τῶν προεγκεκλεισμένων  
 ὠραῖος ἰδεῖν, τῶν καλῶν δὲ καλλίων.  
 Τοσαῦτα πράξας ἐξανέστη τοῦ θρόνου  
 καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς ἔθυσε λαμπρὰς θυσίας.  
 105 Τετρωμένος γοῦν ἐς μέσην τὴν καρδίαν  
 ὁ Κλεινίας παῖς βαρβάρου τοῦ Κρατύλου  
 – καὶ γὰρ ἐάλω τῆς ἀλούσης παρθένου –  
 τοιαῦτα πολλὰ καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἠρέμα  
 ἐψιθύριζεν, ἔτραγῶδει τῷ πάθει·  
 110 ‘δεινὸν πόθος πᾶς’ ἂν δὲ καὶ φιλουμένης,  
 διπλοῦν τὸ δεινόν· ἂν δὲ καὶ κόρης νέας,  
 τριπλοῦν τὸ κέντρον· εἰ δὲ καὶ κάλλους γέμει,  
 πλεῖον τὸ κακόν· εἰ δὲ πρὸς γάμον φέρει,  
 πῦρ ἔνδον αὐτὴν βόσκειται τὴν καρδίαν.  
 115 Οὐκ ἔστιν ἰσχυρὸς ἐκφυγεῖν τὸν τοξότην,  
 τὸν πυρπολοῦντα καὶ τὸν ἐπτρωμένον·  
 τῷ γὰρ πτεροῦ φθάνει με, τῷ πυρὶ φλέγει,  
 τῇ τοξικῇ βάλλει με κατὰ καρδίαν.  
 Μῦθος δοκεῖ μοι νέκταρ ἢ θεῶν πόσις  
 120 πρὸς σὸν γλυκασμόν, κρυσταλόστερνε, ξένον.  
 Εἰ γὰρ σε περκάζουσιν ἄμπελον βλέπω,  
 τὸ στέρνον ἐκθλίψει τίς ὡς γλυκὴν βότρυον,  
 ἢ γλεῦκος ἡδὺ νεκταρῶδες ἐκχύσει  
 ἢ μυελὸν μέλιτος εὐωδεστάτου;  
 125 Λειμῶν δοκεῖ μοι σὸν πρόσωπον, παρθένε,  
 δούλη Χρυσίλλας μητρὸς εὐειδεστάτη·  
 τὸ χρῶμα τερπνὸν οἶον αὐτοῦ ναρκίσου,  
 ἄνθος παρειῶν ὡς ἐρυθρόχρουν ῥόδον,  
 ὡς κυαναυγὲς ἴον ὀφθαλμοὶ δύο,  
 130 οἱ βόστρυχοί σου κισσοῦς ἐμπεπλεγμένους.

so that they could be ransomed with gifts from their parents,  
 and many he handed over for death by the sword  
 since he thought the strangers' blood would be an acceptable sacrifice  
 to the gods who helped him return home safely. 95  
 And he gave Charikles to Kleinias,  
 not because he'd asked for him—  
 for Kleinias's mind was contemplating Drosilla,  
 the most beautiful of all women—  
 but as a great gift from a father to a son, 100  
 for of all the prisoners he was  
 most comely to see, more beautiful than the beautiful.  
 After doing all this, Kratylos stood up from his throne  
 and made splendid sacrifices to the gods. 105  
 Then, wounded deep in his heart,  
 Kleinias, son of the barbarian Kratylos—  
 for the captive maiden had captivated him—  
 whispering softly many such things to himself,  
 lamented thus, with passion:  
 "All desire is terrible. But if you desire a girl already loved, 110  
 it's doubly terrible; if you desire a young girl,  
 the sting is threefold; if you're obsessed with beauty,  
 the evil is greater; and if you aim at marriage,  
 a fire within feeds on the heart itself.  
 There doesn't exist a force able to escape the archer god, 115  
 with his fire and feathers.  
 He overtakes me with his wings, burns me with his fire,  
 and hits me in the heart with his arrows.  
 Nectar, the drink of the gods, seems to me a fable  
 compared to your extraordinary sweetness, girl with crystal heart. 120  
 If I see you as a ripening vine,  
 who will squeeze your breast like a sweet bunch of grapes,  
 or pour out sweet new wine like nectar  
 or essence of sweet-smelling honey?  
 Your face seems to me like a meadow, maiden, 125  
 most beautiful slave of my mother, Chrysilla,  
 your delightful color like that of a narcissus,  
 the blossom of your cheeks like a red rose,  
 your eyes like a dark-gleaming violet,  
 and your locks of hair like entwined ivy. 130

- Ὡ πῶς ἀφέλω τὰς κόρας τῶν ὀμμάτων  
 τῆς καλλονῆς σου, τοῦ προσώπου τῆς θεάς;  
 Ἄλλ' αἶδε προσμένουσιν ἀνθειλκυσμένοι,  
 οὐκ ἐνδιδοῦσαι πρὸς τὸ μὴ δεδογμένον.
- 135 Ἐρωσ φυτῶν γὰρ καὶ σιδήρου καὶ λίθου  
 κρατεῖν ἔοικεν, οὐ γὰρ ἀνθρώπων μόνον.  
 Καὶ γὰρ σίδηρος εἰς μαγνήτιν ἐκτρέχει,  
 ἐρωτικὸν μοι πῦρ δοκῶν ἔνδον φέρειν·  
 ἐνευσεν, ἦλθεν, ἔδραμε δρόμον ξένον·
- 140 ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ φίλημα τοῦτο τῶν δύο,  
 ἐρωμένης ἐρώντος ὡς ξένη σχέσις.  
 Ἐρᾶ δὲ φυτοῦ φυτὸν ἄλλο πολλάκις·  
 φοῖνιξ δὲ πρὸς γῆν οὐδὲ ῥιζοῦσθαι θέλει,  
 εἰ μὴ τὸ θῆλυ συμφυτεύσειας πέλας.
- 145 Καὶ πόντος οἶδεν Ἀρεθούσης τοὺς γάμους,  
 πρὸς ἣν γλυκὺς πρόεισιν ἀγκυλορροῶς  
 Ἀλφειὸς εὐρύς, οὗ τὸ ρεῖθρον ἐν σχέσει  
 ὁ συνδυασμὸς οὐ μετατρέπειν θέλει.  
 Ἄκουε, πετρόστερνε, χαλκῆ καρδία,  
 150 καὶ δὸς μετασχεῖν καλλονῆς ἀσυγκρίτου·
- Οὕτως ἐρωτικὸν τι πάσχων Κλεινίας  
 πρὸς μουσικὸν τι θᾶττον ἐτρόπη μέλος,  
 τοιόνδε ποιῶν λεπτολεύκοις δακτύλοις  
 τὸ φθέγμα καὶ τὸ κροῦσμα τῆς εὐφωνίας,  
 155 ἐν λιγυρᾷ φόρμιγγος ἠδυφωνία·
- ‘Ὡ πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.  
 Ἡ Κύπρις εἰς Ἐρωτα τὸν ταύτης γόνον  
 μέσαις ἀγυιαῖς ἐξεφώνει πρὶν μέγα  
 “εἴ τις πλανηθὲν συλλάβῃ τὸ παιδίον  
 160 ἢ που στενωπῶν ἢ μέσον τῶν ἀμφόδων  
 ὁ μηνυτῆς μοι λήψεται γέρας μέγα·  
 τὸ Κύπριδος φίλημα μισθὸν ἀρπάσει.
- Ὡ πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.  
 Πλὴν ἴσθι μοι τὸν παῖδα τοῦτον τοξότην,  
 165 τὸν δραπέτην Ἐρωτα, τὸν κακεργάτην,  
 καὶ πρόσχευς αὐτῷ μὴ βαλεῖ σε καιρῶως.  
 Ἄκουε τούτου καὶ διδάσκου τὸν τρόπον.  
 Ἄν προσχαρὲς τι μειδιῶντα προσβλέπῃς,  
 πλήττει τὰ πολλὰ καὶ κατασφάπτειν θέλει·

How will I drag my eyes away  
 from your beauty, from the sight of your face?  
 But when dragged away, they remain fixed  
 and don't turn to a sight they didn't choose.  
 Eros seems to rule over plants, 135  
 iron, and rock—not only over humans.  
 Iron runs to a magnet  
 and seems to me to carry a fire of love within;  
 it nods, moves, and runs a wondrous course;  
 this seems to me a kiss of these two— 140  
 male lover and female beloved (what a strange relationship).  
 One plant loves another often;  
 a palm does not even wish to take root in the earth  
 unless you plant a female nearby.  
 The sea knows the nuptials of Arethusa,\* 145  
 towards whom, with sinuous flow, wide Alpheios  
 sweetly advances, whose waterflow in quality  
 the coupling will not change.  
 Hear me, girl with breast of stone and heart of bronze,  
 and allow me to share in your incomparable beauty." 150  
     Kleinias, suffering such a love,  
 quickly turned to music,  
 producing with slender, white fingers  
 this song and harmonious melody  
 on a clear-toned, sweet-voiced lyre: 155  
     *"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!*  
 Cypris once cried out after Eros, her son,  
 in a loud voice in the midst of the streets,  
 'If someone seizes my child when he has strayed  
 in some narrow passage or in the middle of the street, 160  
 on informing me, he shall receive a great reward:  
 he shall have Cyprus's kiss in return.'  
     *"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!*  
 'But know that my son is this notorious archer,  
 runaway Eros, the troublemaker, 165  
 and take care that he does not hit you fatally.  
 Listen to this and learn his ways.  
 If you see him smiling pleasantly,  
 then he strikes the most and intends to kill.'

- 170           "Ω πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.  
 "Αν συλλαβῶν θέλοντα προσπαίξειν ἴδης,  
 βάλλει σε, τοξεύει σε' πρόσχερς οὖν κλύων'  
 εἰ δὲ προορμᾶν καὶ φιλεῖν σε γησιῶς,  
 ἔκφυγε' πυρπολεῖ σε καὶ καταφλέγει.
- 175           Παῖς ἐστί, πῦρ δὲ τόξα καὶ πτερὰ φέρει'  
 οὐκ ἔξ ἀδήλων φαίνεται πετασμάτων'  
               "Ω πῶς Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν'  
 καίει, τιτρώσκει καὶ διώκει καὶ φθάνει'  
 προσμειδιᾷ γὰρ θηριόστερονος μένων
- 180           καὶ προσγελᾶν ἔοικε παίζων ἀγρίως  
 ὁ τοξοχαρῆς, ὁ θρασύς, ὁ πυρφόρος.  
 'Ο γοῦν ἐφευρών, συλλαβῶν καὶ μηνύσας,  
 τὸν μισθὸν οἶον εἶπον εὐκόλως λάβοι."
- "Ω πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.
- 185           Μῦθος μὲν αὐτὸς ἐκτοκευθῆναι λέγει  
 κόρην Ἀθηναίαν τοῦ Διὸς τὴν Παλλάδα  
 ἀπὸ κρατὸς πάνοπλον ἔννουν παρθένον'  
 σὲ ζωγραφεῖ δὲ μᾶλλον ὥραϊαν Ἐρωσ  
 σῆς γαστρὶ μητρὸς ἐμβαλὼν τοὺς δακτύλους,
- 190           βαλὼν τὸ δίχρουν χρώμα, γάλα καὶ ῥόδα'  
               "Ω πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν'  
 καὶ ζωγραφεῖ πάντως σε μὴ διδοὺς ὄπλα'  
 οὐ γὰρ νέμει σοι τόξον, οὐ τομὸν ξίφος,  
 ὡς κρεῖττον ἦν βάλλειν σε πρὸς φονουργίαν'
- 195           ποιεῖ δὲ τόξα κύκλα τῶν σῶν ὀφρύων,  
 βέλος δὲ πικρὸν τὰς βολὰς τῶν ὀμμάτων,  
 δι' ὧν ὀπιστεύεις με κατὰ καρδίαν.
- "Ω πῶς Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.  
 'Ως εὔστοχον τὸ τόξον αὐτό, παρθένε'  
 ὡς εὐφυῆς τὸ πλῆκτρον. Ἐπλήγην' ἔγνω.
- 200           Τὸ τραῦμα πικρὸν οἶον ἀλλὰ καὶ πόσον.  
 Τὸ πρᾶγμα καινὸν οἶον ἀλλὰ καὶ ξένον.  
 Οὐ θανατοῖ τὸ κέντρον' ὦ ποῖος λόγος'  
 βάλλον δὲ ποιεῖ τῆξιν, ἀλλ' αἰωνίαν.
- 205           "Ω πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.  
 Πλὴν ἀλλ' ἰδοὺ νύξ ἐστί τῷ δοκεῖν, κόρη'  
 ἔχω μακρὰς ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς ὁδοὺς ἔτι'  
 ἢ προσλαβοῦ σύνδειπνον εὐνατήρα σοι

- "Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"* 170  
 'If having seized him, you see that he wishes to play,  
 then he strikes you and hits you with arrows. Hear this and take heed!  
 If you see that he wishes to run forward and warmly kiss you,  
 flee! He burns you and consumes you with fire.  
 He is a child but has fire, bow, and wings; 175  
 wings are a big part of his appearance.'  
*"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"*  
 'He inflames, wounds, pursues, and overtakes;  
 he smiles while remaining fierce in his heart  
 and seems to be laughing while playing savagely, 180  
 that bold boy who delights in the bow and brings fire.  
 He who finds him, then, seizes him, and informs me  
 will easily receive the reward I mentioned.'  
*"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"*  
 A fable says that from Zeus's head 185  
 Pallas Athena was born,  
 in full armor, wise, and chaste.  
 But Eros paints you more beautiful  
 by putting his fingers in your mother's womb  
 and depositing twofold color: milk and rose. 190  
*"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"*  
 And he paints you without giving you weapons,  
 for he doesn't give you a bow or a sharp sword—  
 how much better it would be for you to strike to kill!  
 But he makes a bow out of your arched brows 195  
 and a sharp dart out of your eyes' glances,  
 and you shoot me in the heart.  
*"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"*  
 How well-aimed the bow is, maiden,  
 and how well-made the dart. I've been struck, I know. 200  
 How bitter and great the wound is!  
 How new and strange the whole business!  
 The dart doesn't kill (oh, what a tale!),  
 but when it strikes, it produces a consumption that won't go away.  
*"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"* 205  
 But look, it seems to be night, girl;  
 I still have long roads ahead.  
 Either take me as a companion for dinner and bed,

- ἢ μὴ θέλουσα τοῦτο δευτέρῳ λόγῳ  
 210 ὕψαινον ἐκ σῶν χειλέων μοι λαμπάδα  
 – ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ ὡς ἀνάψεις, εἰ θέλεις –,  
 ὦ πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν,  
 καὶ φαίδρυνόν μοι τὴν παροῦσαν ἐσπέραν  
 καὶ λάμπρυνόν μοι τὸ κατατρύχον σκότος  
 215 καὶ δὸς πρὸς οἶκον, ὦ φαεινὴ λυχνία,  
 δραμεῖν ἄτερ πλάνης με καὶ προσκομιμάτων.  
 Νοσῶ φρενίτιν καὶ μεμνηυῖαν νόσον  
 μὴ μοι φθονήσης παυσολύπων φαρμάκων.  
 ὦ πῶς, Δροσίλλα, πυρπολεῖς τὸν Κλεινίαν.”  
 220 Ὁ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς γνοὺς ἐρᾶν τὸν δεσπότην  
 πρόσσειν αὐτῷ γνησιώτερον λέγων  
 ἔρᾶς, ἐπέγων, δέσποτά μου Κλεινία,  
 ἐρᾶς ἀδελφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς τῆς παρθένου,  
 ἐρᾶς Δροσίλλας τῆς καλῆς, τῆς παγκάλης.  
 225 Τί τοῦτο καινόν; Σὸς γὰρ αὐτὸς οἰκέτης  
 δειλὸς Χαρικλῆς, δυστυχῆς, τλήμων ξένος  
 δεινῶς ἐάλων ἀπαλῆς πάλαι κόρης,  
 ἧ καὶ συνελθεῖν εἰς λόγους οὐκ ἰσχύων,  
 καίτοι θέλων πως – οὐ γὰρ εἶχον προσβλέπειν,  
 230 ὅποια καὶ σὺ τὴν Δροσίλλαν οὐ βλέπεις –  
 μόλις θυρίδων εἶδον ἐκκρεμωμένος  
 εἰς κῆπον ἀδρὸν ἐκ ῥόδων ἐξ ἀνθέων  
 τὴν πανταχοῦ μοι συμπαροῦσαν εἰς φρένας,  
 λεπτὴν δροσον στάζουσαν ἐν τοῖς ὠκίμοις  
 235 καὶ βάλασμα βρέχουσαν ἐκροῆ ῥόδων,  
 λωτοὺς ὑακίνθους τε καὶ φυτῶν στίφη  
 καὶ κρίνα λευκὰ καὶ κρόκους καὶ ναρκίσους  
 καὶ πλείστον ἐσμὸν ἀνθέων ἠδυπνῶν.  
 Ἐκεῖ κατεῖδον ἡμιγύμνους ὠλένας,  
 240 αἷς οὐδὲ χιῶν ἀντερίζειν ἰσχύει,  
 ἐκεῖ κατεῖδον κρυσταλώδεις δακτύλους  
 καὶ πρὸς τὸ λευκὸν ἀντερίζοντας γάλα.  
 Ἰδὼν ἐάλων καλλονῆς ἀμετρία  
 μὴ γὰρ δρυὸς προῆλθον ἢ πετρῶν ἔφυν  
 245 ἀλοὺς προσεῖπον, μὴ κατασχεῖν ἰσχύων  
 “χαίροις, φυτουργῆ τῶν τοσοῦτων ἀνθέων  
 τί καὶ δι’ ἡμᾶς οὐκ ἀνοίγεις τὴν θύραν;

or, if you don't wish to do this, as a second option  
 set my torch on fire with your lips, 210  
 for I know that you'll light it if you're willing—  
     *"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!—*  
 and brighten for me the present evening,  
 illuminate the consuming darkness,  
 and enable me, O shining lamp, to go quickly home 215  
 without wandering and stumbling.  
 I am suffering brain inflammation and delirium—  
 don't deny me medicines to end my pain!  
     *"Oh, Drosilla, how you burn Kleinias!"*  
 Charikles, then, having perceived that his master was in love, 220  
 approached him and spoke with great sincerity:  
 "You are in love, I know it, Kleinias, my master,  
 you love my chaste sister,  
 Drosilla the beautiful, totally beautiful.  
 What's strange in this? I too, your household slave, 225  
 wretched Charikles, the unfortunate, suffering stranger,  
 fell terribly in love once with a delicate girl,  
 with whom I couldn't even converse,  
 although I wanted to—for I could not look at her,  
 just as you don't see Drosilla. 230  
 At last, while I was leaning out of a window  
 into a garden luxuriant with roses and flowers,  
 I saw her—the one who's always present in my mind—  
 as she was dropping delicate dew in the basil  
 and moistening with rose drops the balsam, 235  
 lotuses, hyacinths, masses of plants,  
 white lilies, crocuses, narcissuses,  
 a great throng of sweet-smelling flowers.  
 There I saw her half-naked arms,  
 which not even snow can challenge; 240  
 there I saw her crystal fingers,  
 which even rival white milk.  
 I saw and was conquered by her infinite beauty,  
 for I was not born from a tree or descended from rocks;  
 and having succumbed, I addressed her (I couldn't contain myself): 245  
     *"Greetings, gardener of so many flowers.*  
 Why don't you open your door also for me?



- ἼΑρ' ἦλθες εἰς νοῦν τοῦ πάθους τοῦ Ναρκίσου,  
 ἀπορριφέντος ἐξ ἔρωτος εἰς φρέαρ;  
 250 Μνήμην τε παιδὸς Ἰακίνθου λαμβάνεις  
 καὶ τῶν ἐκείνου δυστυχῶν δισκευμάτων,  
 πῶς ἐξεκατέρησεν ἐκ φθόνου φθόνον  
 ἀπὸ Ζεφύρου τῆς ἐρωτοληψίας;  
 Ἔχεις τε πρὸς νοῦν Κύπριν αὐτὴν τὴν πάλαι  
 255 τὴν ἐξερυθρώσασαν ἐκ τῶν αἱμάτων  
 τῶν ἐκρυέντων τοῦ ποδὸς τετρωμένον  
 ἐκ τῶν ἀκανθῶν τοῦ ῥόδου λευκὴν θέαν,  
 Ἄδωνιδος μαθοῦσαν ἄγριον φόνον  
 ἐξ ἸΑρεος πεσόντος; Ὡ κακοῦ φθόνου  
 260 καὶ τοὺς ἐρῶντας θανατοῦντος πολλάκις.  
 Πλήρης ὁ κῆπος χαρμονῆς καὶ δακρῶν  
 καλὴν μὲν αὐχεῖ τὴν φυτουργὸν παρθένον,  
 ἐρωτικῶν γέμει δὲ δυστυχημάτων  
 οὐ δ' ἀγνοεῖν ἔοικας ἂ ξένα κλύεις.”  
 265 Οὕτω μὲν αὐτὸς εἶπον αὐτῇ τῇ κόρη  
 ἣ δὲ πρὸς αὐτὰ θάπτον ἀνταπεκρίθη  
 “ὡς ἡδυνάς μου τὴν πονοῦσαν καρδίαν.  
 Ἐπφθὸς εἶ πανοῦργος, ὡς ὄρω, τάλαν  
 ἄθυμίαν τρέπεις γὰρ εἰς εὐθυμίαν.  
 270 Δεῖλαιε, πῶς φῆς; Βαῖνε τῆς θύρας ἔσω  
 τὸ κηπίον θαύμαζε· τὴν κλίνην βλέπε  
 καὶ δεξιῶ με τοῖς διηγῆμασί σου,  
 πείρα διδαχθεῖς ὡς κακὸν πόθος μέγα.  
 Ῥοδωνιάς τρύγησον ἐξ ἐμῆς ῥόδα  
 275 ἀνακλίθητι· συγκατέρχομαι δέ σοι.  
 Φάγῃς δὲ τί, δεῖλαιε; Καρπὸς οὐκ ἔνι  
 κἄν μῆλον οὐκ ὤριμον ἐν κηπίῳ,  
 τὸ στέρνον ἡμῶν ἀντὶ μήλου προσδέχου  
 εἰ σοι δοκεῖ, δύστηνε, συγκύψας φάγε  
 280 κἄν μὴ πέπειρος βότρους ἀναδενδράδος  
 στέρνον στροφνοῦ μοι θλίψον αὐτοῦ τὰς ῥάγας  
 φίλημα τερπνὸν ἀντὶ σίμβλου μοι λάβε  
 ἀντὶ περιπλοκῆς δὲ δένδρου καὶ κλάδων,  
 ἦν οἶδέ τις δρᾶν καρπὸν ἐκτρογᾶν θέλων,  
 285 ἐγὼ τὸ δένδρον· δεῦρο προσπλάκῃ μοι  
 ἀντὶ κλάδων ἐμὰς γὰρ ὠλένας ἔχεις

Do you recall the suffering of Narcissus,\*  
 who threw himself into a well for love?  
 Do you remember the boy Hyacinth\* 250  
 and the unlucky discus throw—  
 how he endured jealousy after jealousy  
 because of Zephyros's love?  
 Does Cypris come to mind, who once,  
 with the streams of blood that flowed 255  
 from her foot wounded by thorns,  
 changed the rose's white color to red  
 when she learned of the cruel murder of Adonis,\*  
 who fell at Ares' hands? Oh, evil jealousy,  
 which often kills lovers! 260  
 The garden is full of joy and tears;  
 it boasts of having a beautiful maiden as its gardener,  
 and it is full of love's misfortunes.  
 But you seem not to know the strange stories you're hearing.'  
     "I spoke thus to the girl, 265  
 and she replied at once,  
     "‘How you've delighted my suffering heart.  
 You're a clever enchanter, I see, poor man,  
 for you turn sadness into gladness.  
 Wretched man, what do you say? Come in my door, 270  
 admire my garden, look at my couch,  
 and entertain me with your tales  
 since you've learned by experience what a great evil love is.  
 Gather a rose from my rose-bed;  
 recline and I will lie down with you. 275  
 But what shall you eat, wretch? There is no fruit here.  
 If there is no ripe apple in the garden,\*  
 accept my breast in place of the apple;  
 if it pleases you, unhappy man, bend forward and eat.  
 If a bunch of grapes from a vine is not ripe, 280  
 squeeze the tips of my tart breast;  
 take a delightful kiss in place of a honeycomb.  
 Instead of embracing tree and branches,  
 which one knows to do when wishing to gather fruit,  
 see, I am the tree: come cling to me, 285  
 for you have my arms in place of branches.

- ἐγὼ τὸ δένδρον· καὶ προσανάβηθί μοι·  
 δρέπου τε καρπὸν τὸν γλυκὺν ὑπὲρ μέλι.”
- Ἔμοι τὰ σαυτοῦ πάντα λοιπὸν ἀνάθου,  
 290 καὶ πιστὸν ὄψει δοῦλον ἐκ τῶν πραγμάτων·  
 ‘Οὐκ αἰχμάλωτος οὐδὲ δοῦλος, ὡς ἔφησ’  
 τοῦ βαρβάρου παῖς ἀντέφησε Κλεινίας,  
 ‘ἐλεύθερος δέ, συμπατριώτης, φίλος  
 καὶ σατραπικῆς συμμετασχὼν ἀξίας  
 295 πάντως φανήσῃ κύριος κλήρου τόσου,  
 εἰ τῇ Δροσίλλᾳ συμμιγῆναι καὶ μόνον  
 τῷ Κλεινίᾳ γένοιτο σῆ συνεργία.  
 Ἄλλ’, ὦ Χαρίκλεις, ἐντυχὼν τῇ παρθένῳ  
 ἀγγελλε ταύτη τὴν ἐμὴν ἀχθηδόνα.  
 300 Νόσος με τῆκει· σύντομον λόγον μάθε·  
 Ἄιδης συναρπάξει με καὶ πρὸ τοῦ χρόνου,  
 ὁ λαμπρὸς αὐτὸς ἀστεράρχης φωσφόρος  
 ἔδυνέ μοι τοῖς πᾶσιν ἀκτίνας βρῦων.  
 Πηγαὶ ποταμῶν συγκινείσθωσαν ἄνω·  
 305 θνήσκω γὰρ ὡς μόρσιμος, ἀλλὰ πρὸ χρόνου·  
 ἀνθησάτω καὶ βᾶτος ἡδύπνου ῥόδον·  
 γένοιτο πάντα νῦν ἐναλλάξ ἐν βίῳ,  
 τοῦ Κλεινίου θνήσκοντος, εἰ μὴ προφθάσει  
 ἢ σῆ, Χαρίκλεις, εἰς τὸ σῶσαι στερορότης.’  
 310 ‘Τὰ πρὸς Δροσίλλαν, Κλεινία, θαρρητέον·  
 ὁ Χαρικλῆς ἔλεξε, ‘μὴ κατηφία’  
 τούτοις ἐπειπὼν ἄλλον ἀστεῖον λόγον·  
 ‘κοιμωμένην μέλισσαν ἐν ῥόδοις πάλαι  
 τῆς ποντογενοῦς Ἀφροδίτης παῖς Ἔρωσ  
 315 οὐκ εἶδεν· ἐτρώθη δὲ δακτύλῳ μέσῳ,  
 καὶ στυφελιχθεὶς ἐπτεροῦξάτο τρέχων  
 πρὸς τὴν τεκοῦσαν “μῆτερ, οἴχομαι” λέγων·  
 “ὄφρις με τύπτει μικρὸς ἐπτερωμένος,  
 μέλιτταν ἦν λέγουσιν ἄνδρες γηπῶνοι.”  
 320 Ἄλλ’ ἢ καλὴ Κυθήρη τῷ πεπληγμένῳ  
 ἀστεῖον ἐγγελῶσα λοιπὸν ἀντέφη·  
 “εἰ τῆς μελίττης συνθλίβει τὸ κεντρίον,  
 πόσον δοκεῖς πονοῦσιν οἱ βεβλημένοι  
 ἐκ σῶν, Ἔρωσ παῖ, δυστυχῶν τοξευμάτων;”  
 325 Εἶρηκε ταῦτα Χαρικλῆς τῷ Κλεινίᾳ,

I am the tree: climb me  
 and pluck my fruit, which is sweeter than honey.  
 "Entrust all your affairs, then, to me,  
 and you'll see from what happens that your slave is reliable." 290  
 "You shall not be a prisoner or slave, as you said,"  
 the barbarian's son Kleinias replied,  
 "but a free man, a compatriot,  
 a friend who shares the satrap's rank,  
 and an absolute master of a great estate, 295  
 if only you can arrange that  
 Kleinias be united with Drosilla.  
 Go, Charikles, meet with the maiden  
 and tell her of my distress.  
 A sickness is consuming me. Here's a brief description of what to say. 300  
 Hades is seizing me before my time.  
 The bright sun himself, leader of the stars,  
 who sends forth rays to all, has set for me.  
 Let rivers flow back to their sources,  
 for I am dying as destined, but before time. 305  
 Let the bramble-bush too bloom with the fragrant rose.  
 Let all things now be changed in the world  
 since Kleinias dies, unless you save him first,  
 Charikles, with your strength."  
 "As for Drosilla, Kleinias, be confident," 310  
 Charikles said, "not downcast,"  
 and he added another pretty story:  
 "Once Eros, sea-born Aphrodite's son,  
 didn't see a bee that was sleeping  
 among roses, and he was stung in his finger. 315  
 He spread his wings, flew to his mother,  
 and cried, 'Mother, I am dead!  
 A small, winged serpent has wounded me—  
 which tillers of the earth call a bee.'  
 But beautiful Kythera, with an amused smile, 320  
 then replied to her son who'd been stung,  
 'If the bee's little sting distresses you,  
 how much do you think those hit  
 by your cruel arrows suffer, Eros, my son?'"  
 After saying these things to Kleinias, 325

καὶ τὸν Δροσίλλας ἐγγυώμενος γάμον  
 μικρὸν διέστη πρὸς διάσκεψιν τάχα,  
 οὐκ ὡς συνάψαι τὴν Δροσίλλαν Κλεινία,  
 κακὴν δὲ βουλὴν ἐκφυγεῖν ἠπειγμένους.  
 330 Ἦν καὶ κατιδεῖν ἰδιάζουσαν θέλων,  
 ὡς συναποκλαύσαιτο τὴν δυστυχίαν,  
 λειμῶνος ἐντὸς εὔρε κειμένην μόνην,  
 κοιμωμένην μὲν ἐκ μεριμνῶν βαρέως,  
 ἄνθει δὲ λευκῶν ἀντερίζουσαν ῥόδων  
 335 καὶ μειδιᾶν δοκοῦσαν ἀκροωμένην  
 φθογγῆς μελιχρᾶς τῶν καλῶν χελιδόνων.  
 ὦ θάμβος οἶον ἀλλὰ καὶ φρικτὴ πόση  
 ἐκεῖ Χαρικλῆν συγκατέσχεν ἄθρόον,  
 ὡς εἶδεν ὑπνώπτουσαν ἐν τῷ κηπίῳ  
 340 ταύτην ἀπαστρέπτουσαν ἡλίου δίκην  
 ἔαρινὴν λάμποντος ἀνθρώποις φλόγα.  
 Ὅς γὰρ Δροσίλλας ἐγκαθισθεὶς πλησίον  
 – φειδῶ γὰρ εἶχε τήνδε μὴ διυπνίσαι –  
 ἔφρασκε, ταύτην ἀτενέστερον βλέπων  
 345 ἔνταῦθα καὶ Χάριτες, ᾧ ποθοῦμένη,  
 κοιμωμένη σοι συμπάρεισιν ἠρέμα,  
 ἐπαγρυπνοῦσαι μὴ τι φαῦλον ἐμπέση  
 σύγκυρμα πάντως ἐξ ἀποφράδος τύχης.  
 ὦ ποῖον αὐτῇ λεπτὸν ἀσθμαίνεις, κόρη  
 350 ᾧ ποῖον ἠδὲ μειδιᾶν δοκεῖς τάχα  
 ἧς ἐξεπορφύρωσεν ἡ φύσις πάλαι  
 χεῖλη παρειάς, ὡς δοκεῖν φλόγα τρέφειν,  
 καὶ βοστρύχους ἔτεινεν ἄχρις ὀσφύος,  
 οἷς οὐδὲ χρυσὸς ἀντερίσειν ἰσχύει.  
 355 Σιγῶσι πάντα σοῦ σιγῶσης, παρθένε  
 οὐ στρουθὸς ἄδων, οὐχ ὀδοιπόρος τρέχων,  
 οὐδεὶς ὀμιλῶν, οὐ παρερπύζων ὄφις  
 ἔπαυσεν, οἶμαι, καὶ πνοὴ τῶν ἀνέμων  
 τὸ κάλλος αἰδεσθεῖσα τῆς κοιμωμένης.  
 360 ὦ πῶς σιγᾶ νῦν πᾶν μελωδὸν στρουθίον.  
 Πηγαὶ μόναι νάουσι, ᾧ ποθομένη,  
 ὡς μάλλον ἠδὲν ὑπνον ἐμβάλωσί σοι.  
 Καὶ φθόγγος αὐτῶν ἡ ῥοὴ λέγουσά σοι  
 “ᾧ καλλονὴν ἄπασαν ἠμφιεσμένη,

Charikles promised to set up marriage with Drosilla,  
 and then withdrew a little to think,  
 not about how to unite Drosilla with Kleinias,  
 but rather about how to escape a disadvantageous plan.  
 He wanted to see her privately, 330  
 to weep with her for their misfortune,  
 and he found her lying alone in a meadow,  
 sleeping heavily after all her cares.  
 She rivaled the blossom of white roses  
 and seemed to smile as she listened to 335  
 the honey-sweet sound of lovely swallows.  
 What great amazement and also awe  
 came over Charikles at once  
 when he saw this girl sleeping in the garden,  
 for she gleamed brightly like the sun 340  
 as he lights the flame of spring for mortals.  
 He sat down near Drosilla —  
 for he was reluctant to wake her —  
 and said, gazing intently upon her,  
 “Here the Graces too, beloved, 345  
 stand quietly by your side as you sleep,  
 and watch that something bad  
 from cruel Fortune may not befall you.  
 What a dainty breath you take, girl;  
 how sweetly you seem to smile. 350  
 Nature once dyed your lips and cheeks  
 so that they seem to contain a flame,  
 and she let fall to your hips curls of hair  
 with which not even gold can compete.  
 Everything is still since you are still, maiden: 355  
 sparrows don’t sing, travelers don’t run,  
 people don’t speak, snakes don’t slither.  
 The blowing of the winds has also ceased, I think,  
 from respect for the beauty of the sleeping girl.  
 How hushed is every tuneful sparrow! 360  
 The streams alone are flowing, beloved,  
 to make your sleep sweeter,  
 and the murmur of their flow is saying to you,  
 ‘Girl clothed in absolute beauty,

- 365 σιγᾶς· σιγᾶ σοι καὶ τὸ τῆς αὔρας ψύχον·  
 ὑπνοῖς· ἐφυπνοῖ καὶ τὸ τῆς αὔρας γένος·  
 πηγαὶ μόναι νῦν ἐγκελαρῦζουσὶ σοι.”  
 Ἐντεῦθεν ἀντάδουσαν οὐκ ἔχοντά σε  
 σιγῶσι φιλόμουσα τῶν πτηνῶν γένη.
- 370 Πλὴν ἀλλὰ μὴ μοι στέργε τὸν λήθης ὑπνον·  
 λυπεῖς γάρ, ὡς ἔοικε, τὰς ἀηδόνας,  
 αἷς ἀντερῖζει σὸν γλυκύτατον στόμα·  
 μελισταγῆς γὰρ προσλαλεῖς, ἢ παρθένος.  
 Ἄλλ’ ὃ συνεργοὶ καὶ συνέμποροι φίλαι,
- 375 Χάριτες ἐσθλαί, μαργαρόστερνοι κόραι,  
 φρουρεῖτε καὶ τηρεῖτε πρὸς σωτηρίαν  
 τὰ στέρνα καὶ τὰ νῶτα τῆς κοιμωμένης,  
 μακρὰν τιθεῖσαι λίγνα τῶν μυῶν γένη.  
 Ἐρωτος οὐδὲν ἄλλο φάρμακον ξένον·
- 380 ᾠδὴ δέ τις καὶ μοῦσα παῦλα τῶν πόνων.  
 Βεβλημένος γὰρ καὶ Πολύφημος πάλαι  
 τὸ στέρνον ἐξ Ἐρωτος ἀνδροτοξότου,  
 πλατὺ τρέφων τὸ φίλτρον εἰς Νηρηίδα  
 ἐφεῦρεν οὐδὲν ἄλλο φάρμακον νόσου,
- 385 ᾠδὴν δὲ καὶ σύριγγα καὶ θέλγον μέλος,  
 καὶ πέτραν ἔδραν, τῇ θαλάττῃ προσβλέπων.  
 Πρῶτον γὰρ οἶμαι – καὶ καλῶς οὕτως ἄρα –  
 πτηνοδρομῆσαι τοὺς λίθους εἰς αἰθέρα  
 καὶ λίθον ἀδάμαντα τμηθῆναι ξίφει
- 390 ἢ τοξικῆς Ἐρωτα παυθῆναι κάτω,  
 κάλλους παρόντος καὶ βλεπόντων ὀμμάτων.  
 Λήγει μὲν οὖν καὶ πόντος ὀψὲ τῆς ζάλης,  
 λήγουσιν ἤδη καὶ πνοαὶ τῶν ἀνέμων,  
 καὶ πῦρ ἀναφθὲν συγκατεσβέσθη πάλιν·
- 395 ζάλη δὲ καὶ πῦρ λῆξιν ἔσχεν οὐδ’ ὄλως  
 τοῖς στερνοπλήκτοις ἐξ Ἐρωτος τοξότου·  
 τῆκειν γὰρ οἶδεν, ὡς τὸ πῦρ τὸ κηρίον,  
 οὐς ἔνδον αὐτοῦ τῆς καμίνου συλλάβῃ.  
 Ἄνιαρόν τι χρῆμα τοξότης Ἐρωτος·
- 400 ἐμφὺς γὰρ ὡσπερ βδέλλα λιμνήτις πίνει  
 τὸν αἵματος ῥοῦν πάντα· τῆς ἄκρας νόσου.  
 Ὡς ἐξανάπτεις οὐς λάβῃς Ἐρωτος, Ἐρωτος,  
 καίεις, φλογίζεις, πυρπολεῖς, καταφλέγεις·

you are still; the cool breeze is also still for you. 365  
 You sleep; the family of breezes sleeps too.  
 Streams alone now murmur to you.<sup>7</sup>  
 All the song-birds are silent, then,  
 since they don't have you singing in response.  
 But don't love the sleep of forgetfulness! 370  
 You distress the nightingales, it seems,  
 with whom your sweet mouth contends,  
 for your words drip with honey, my maiden.  
 But you, helpers and dear companions,  
 noble Graces, girls with breasts of pearl, 375  
 watch and protect the breast and back  
 of the girl sleeping, by keeping  
 far away the greedy race of flies.  
 There is no other strange remedy for love:  
 song and music alone offer a rest from love's cares. 380  
 Even Polyphemos once, when he was hit\*  
 in the breast by Eros, murderous archer,  
 and nursed a strong love for a Nereid,  
 found no other remedy for his sickness  
 than a song, a reed pipe, and a charming tune, 385  
 and a rock for a seat, from which he gazed at the sea.  
 I think—and I am right—  
 that sooner would stones fly winged to the sky  
 and diamond be cut by sword  
 than Eros cease to shoot arrows to earth, 390  
 as long as beauty exists and eyes perceive it.  
 Even storms at sea, then, cease at last,  
 blasts of the winds soon stop,  
 and a blazing fire is again quenched.  
 But storm and fire don't cease at all 395  
 for those hit in the heart by the archer Eros,  
 for just as fire melts wax, he can melt  
 anyone that he seizes within his furnace.  
 A nasty creature is the archer Eros,  
 for clinging closely like a marsh leech he drinks up 400  
 every drop of blood. What a dreadful plague!  
 How you inflame those you seize, Eros—  
 ignite, combust, cremate, and incinerate them!



405 ὡς ἐξ ἐκείνων τῶν προηθηρακωμένων  
 καὶ λύχνον ἄδρον ἐξανάψει τις θέλων·  
 ποιεῖς δοκεῖν γὰρ ὑποκόλιον φέρειν  
 ἐρωμένην ἐρῶντα πολλὰ πολλάκις·  
 οὕτως ἐρῶν πᾶς – ὡς ἄφυκτόν τι πόθος –  
 ἀλίσκεται γὰρ τοῖς Ἔρωτος δικτύοις,  
 410 ὡς μὺς πρὸς ὑγρᾶς ἐμπεσῶν πίσεως χύτραν.  
 Δοκεῖ δέ μοι τις, ἂν παρέλθοι καὶ φύγοι  
 Ἔρωτα τὸν τύραννον ἐπερωμένον,  
 καὶ τοὺς ἐφ' ὕψους ἐκμετρήσοι ἀστέρας.·

#### BIBAIION PEMPTON

Τοιαῦτα πολλὰ καὶ τοσαῦτα καὶ τόσα  
 ἐπετραγῶδει καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἡρέμα·  
 πλὴν ἐξανέστη καὶ Δροσίλλα τῷ τότε.  
 Ἔμεινε δ' οὖν ἄφθογγος εἰς πολὺν χρόνον,  
 5 ὡς εἶδε συμπαρόντα τὸν Χαρικλέα,  
 ψυχὴ φιλοῦσα καρδίαν ποθουμένην,  
 καὶ τὸν καταρρέοντα μαργάρων δίκην  
 ἰδρώτα λεπτὸν ἀπεμόργνυ δακτύλοις.  
 Ἦν εἴ τις εἶδεν ὕπνον ἀφεῖσαν τότε  
 10 εἶρηκεν ἂν ‘ Ζεῦ, τῶν Ὀλυμπίων πάτερ,  
 τέρπει μὲν, οἶδα, πάντα τερπνὰ τοῦ βίου,  
 ῥοδαί, τρυφαί, τράπεζα λαμπρὰ καὶ πόσις,  
 μέγιστος οἶκος, χρυσός, ἄργυρος, λίθος  
 καὶ πλοῦτος ἄλλος χρημάτων καὶ κτημάτων·  
 15 ναὶ ταῦτα τέρπει – καὶ τίς ἀντίθρους λόγος; –,  
 ἀλλ' οὐ τοσοῦτον ὡς ἐρυθρόχρους κόρη,  
 ὅταν διυπνισθεῖσα πρὸς μεσημβρίαν  
 θρόμβους περιρρέοντας ἰδρώτων φέρει,  
 ὡς εἰς ἕαρ ἄγρωστις ὀρθρίαν δρόσον·  
 20 ἥς εἰ φιλεῖν σχοίη τις αὐτὴν τὴν γνάθον  
 λεπτὴν ἀποστάζουσαν ἰδρώτων δρόσον,  
 τὸ πῦρ δροσίξει καὶ μαραίνει τὴν φλόγα  
 καίουσαν αὐτὴν ἔνδοθεν τὴν καρδίαν  
 τὴν δυσφοροῦσαν, τὴν πελυρολημένην,  
 25 ὡς δῆθεν ἐξ ἔρωτος ἠθηρακωμένην·

How easily from their ashes  
 whoever wants could kindle a large torch. 405  
 You often cause a lover to believe  
 that he carries his beloved in the folds of his robe.  
 Thus every lover (how inescapable love is!)  
 is caught by the nets of Eros,  
 just like a mouse who's fallen into a pot of pitch. 410  
 I think that anyone who could pass by  
 and escape Eros, the winged tyrant,  
 could even count the stars in the sky!"

## BOOK FIVE

While Charikles was lamenting quietly to himself  
 many such sorts of things,  
 Drosilla woke up.  
 When she saw Charikles beside her,  
 she remained silent for a long time— 5  
 a soul loving a beloved heart—  
 and she wiped off with her fingers the fine sweat  
 pouring down like pearls.  
 If someone had seen her then when she'd just dismissed sleep,  
 he'd have said, "Zeus, father of the Olympians, 10  
 all pleasures of life, I know, delight you:  
 songs, luxuries, splendid food and drink,  
 a great house, gold, silver, precious stones,  
 and a wealth of other goods and possessions.  
 Yes, these things delight you—who could deny it?— 15  
 but not so much as a rosy girl  
 when she awakes from sleep about midday,  
 dripping with sweat all over,  
 like spring grass with morning dew.  
 If someone should kiss her cheek 20  
 as it drips with a fine dew of sweat,  
 he would sprinkle the fire and quench the flame  
 that burns within his heart—  
 wretched, wasted with fire,  
 burnt to ashes by love. 25

ἐξ ἄνθρακος δὲ χειλέων τῶν τῆς κόρης  
 τὸν ἄνθρακα σβέννυσι τὸν τῆς καρδίας.  
 Μόλις προσεῖπε πρὸς Χαρικλῆν τοιάδε·  
 ‘σύ μοι, Χαρίκλεις, σὺ δοκεῖς ἐφεστάναι.  
 30 Αὐτὸς πάρει νῦν τῆς Δροσίλλας ἐγγύθεν,  
 ἢ φασμάτων ἔμφασις ἐμπαΐζειν θέλει;  
 Ἐμβαπτε χεῖλει χεῖλος· ἄπλου δακτύλους·  
 ἐμῶν ἐφάπτου καὶ τραχήλου καὶ γνάθου.  
 Δὸς ἀντιφιλεῖν, Χαρίκλεις, φιλοῦντά με·  
 35 σοῦ μὴ φιλεῖν θέλοντος ἐκ ψυχῆς μέσης,  
 δοκῶ ποθεινῆς ἡμῖσιν ζωῆς ἔχειν.  
 Πῶς τοῦτο χρηστὸν τὴν φιλοῦσαν ἀλγύνειν;  
 Μίαν καλιὰν πῆξον εἰς ἓνα κλάδον,  
 οὗ μὴ προβαίνειν εὐχερῶς ἂν ἰσχύοι  
 40 ἢ πτηνὸς ὄρνις ἢ προσεργύζων ὄφις.  
 Πρώτην δέ σε στέρξασαν αἰσχύνου κλύων·  
 ἐν δευτέρῳ με τῆς Χρυσίλλας μὴ τίθει,  
 μὴ τῆς κόρης πρόκρινε τὴν γηραλέαν.  
 Ἐρως ὁ πλήττων ὡς ὑπόπτερος μάθε·  
 45 γυνὴ παρηκμακυῖα πῶς ἂν ἰσχύσοι  
 πτηνοδρομοῦντα συλλαβέσθαι τοξότην;’  
 Ἐφη Χαρικλῆς ἀντιπαΐζων μετρίως  
 καὶ μὴ τὸ μέλλον προσκοπῶν καὶ προβλέπων  
 – τὸν γὰρ πρὸς αὐτόν, ὃ Δροσίλλα μηνύει,  
 50 ἔρωτα δεινὸν τῆς Χρυσίλλας ἠγνῶει –  
 ‘ τοιαῦτα μὲν σὺ κερτομήματα πλέκεις·  
 οὐκ ἀγνοῶ δέ, δεινὸς ὢν πρὸς τὸν πόθον,  
 ὡς ζηλότυπον χρῆμα θηλειῶν ἔφην·  
 γεννᾶν γὰρ οἶδε ψευδεπιπλάστους λόγους,  
 55 τὰς ἐν προλήψει τῶν φρενῶν ἀναπλάσεις  
 αἰεὶ νομίζον ὡς ἐφεστῶσας βλέπειν·  
 δοκεῖ γὰρ αὐτὰς οὐσιῶν ὑποστάσεις.  
 Πλὴν καὶ φορητὰ κερτομούμενος φέρω·  
 περιφρονῶν δὲ τὰς προλοίπους ἐμφρόνως  
 60 μόνην ποθῶ· κέκτησο τὴν ζωὴν ὄλην.’  
 Ἄλλ’ ἢ Δροσίλλα ‘ναί, Χαρίκλεις’ ἀντέφη,  
 ‘εἶχον προφανῶς συντίθεσθαι σοῖς λόγοις,  
 εἰ μὴ Χρυσίλλα τὸν σύνευνον Κρατύλον  
 ἐκ φαρμάκων ἔσπευδεν ἀνηρημέναι

With the embers of the girl's lips  
he quenches the embers of his heart."

At last she said the following to Charikles:

"You seem, Charikles, to be beside me.

But are you yourself now near Drosilla, 30  
or does a phantom desire to mock me?

Dip your lip in my lip; stretch out your fingers;  
touch both my neck and cheek!

Allow me to return your love, Charikles.

If you don't want to love me from the depths of your soul, 35  
I think I have only half the life I desire.

How is this good, to grieve the girl who loves you?

Stick a bird's nest on a branch

that neither a winged bird

nor a slithering snake could easily reach. 40

Be ashamed at hearing that I loved you first;

don't put me in second place behind Chrysilla;

don't prefer an old woman to a girl!

Know that Eros, who strikes, is winged—

how could a woman past her prime 45

seize an archer who flies swiftly?"

Charikles spoke, teasing her a little,

not considering the future and looking ahead,

for he didn't know of Chrysilla's terrible love for him,

which Drosilla revealed, 50

"What snide remarks you are making!

I know, since I am clever at love,

how jealous women are by nature.

They are capable of producing false speech,

for they always think that they see before them 55

things that arise from their minds' preconceptions,

and they believe that these are substances of reality.

But when I am sneered at, the sneers are bearable,

and sensibly despising the rest of women

I desire you alone. Be master of all my life!" 60

But Drosilla replied, "Yes, Charikles,

I could certainly agree with your words

if Chrysilla were not striving to kill

her husband Kratylos with poisons,

- 65 ἐρῶσα, φεῦ φεῦ, τοῦ καλοῦ Χαρικλέος.’  
 “ὦμοι’ Χαρικλῆς τὸν λόγον προαρπάσας  
 ‘Δροσίλλα, τί φῆς;’ ἀντέφησαν εὐθέως  
 ‘λέγεις τι μεστὸν χαρμονῆς καὶ δακρῶν’  
 τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν μὲν τὸν τύραννον Κρατύλον  
 70 εὐκταῖον ἡμῖν δυστυχῶς δουλουμένοις  
 ἴσως λυθῶμεν τοῦ ζυγοῦ τοὺς αὐχένας,  
 φροντίδα μικρὰν Κλεινίου τεθεικότες  
 τὸ δὲ Χρυσίλλαν τὴν ἐρυτιδωμένην  
 ἔρωτα πικρὸν νῦν ἐρᾶν Χαρικλέος  
 75 ἀπευκτὸν οὐκ ἔοικεν; Οὐ, μὰ τὴν Θέμιν,  
 οὐ οὐ, μὰ τὴν Ἔρωτος ἀνθρακουργίαν,  
 οὐ προσπλακῆς μοι γραῦς τάλαινα, καρδία  
 θάλασσα πικρὰ τελματώδης ἀγρία.  
 Ποινὴ τὸ σὸν φίλημα πάντως, ὦ γύναι’  
 80 σκληρὸν τὸ χεῖλος, ξηρὸν αὐτὸ τὸ στόμα’  
 χρόνος δὲ τὰς σὰς ἐξεβύρσωσε γνάθους’  
 λημᾶς γὰρ ἤδη, κἂν ὁ κόχλος εἰς βάθος’  
 κατωχρῖαίς ναί, κἂν τὸ φῦκος εἰς πάχος.  
 Καὶ κἂν ἐκείνης Ἄρτεμιδος καλλίων  
 85 Χρυσίλλα, λυπρὰ νῦν, γενήσεται πάλιν,  
 ποῦ ποῦ, Δροσίλλα, τοὺς ἐνωμότους λόγους  
 θήσει Χαρικλῆς συζυγεῖς τῇ βαρβάρῳ;  
 Φθειρῶν, τυραννίς’ ἔρρε, σατραπαρχία’  
 ὁ πλοῦτος, ἐκράγηθι τοῦ Χαρικλέος.  
 90 Οὐ μὴ προθῶμαι σωφροσύνης τὸ κλέος.  
 Συνουσιώθην τῆς Δροσίλλας τῷ πόθῳ’  
 ἀποστερηθεῖν δὲ μὴ σοῦ, παρθένε.  
 ‘Ὅρᾶς ὁ καλλίμορφος ἐκ Διὸς γόνος;  
 Σὺ μοι Δροσίλλας ἠγγυήσω τὸν γάμον’  
 95 καὶ νῦν γυνὴ γραῦς βαρβαρόφρων ὠμόνους  
 ζητεῖ διασπᾶν τῆσδε τὸν Χαρικλέα.  
 Βλέπεις ἀνάγκην ἣν φέρει, βλέπεις νόσον.  
 Τὸν Κρατύλον φόνευε καὶ τὸν Κλεινίαν,  
 ναὶ καὶ σὺ σαυτήν, ὦ Χρυσίλλα κυρία,  
 100 οὕτω Χαρικλῆν ἠδυνεῖς σὸν οἰκέτην,  
 οὕτω Δροσίλλαν εὐφρανεῖς σὴν οἰκέτιν.  
 Ταῦτ’ οὖν μελήσοι τοῖς θεοῖς, ὦ παρθένε’  
 τὸν γοῦν ἔρωτα Κλεινίου τοῦ δεσπότηου

for love, alas, of the beautiful Charikles." 65  
 "Oh, Drosilla," Charikles replied at once,  
 cutting off her speech, "what are you saying?  
 Your speech is full of joy and tears,  
 for we who are unfortunately slaves  
 have prayed for the death of the tyrant Kratylos. 70  
 Perhaps we'll have our necks freed from the yoke,  
 for we have little regard for Kleinias.  
 But for the wrinkled Chrysilla  
 now to love Charikles with a keen love,  
 doesn't this seem terrible? No, by Themis, 75  
 no, no, by the furnace of Eros,  
 you'll not be united with me, wretched old woman,  
 sea that's hateful to my heart, muddy, and savage.  
 Your kiss is altogether a penalty, woman,  
 your lip hard, your mouth dry; 80  
 time has made your cheeks leathery,  
 for you're bleary-eyed now, even if your purple dye is deep,  
 and you're pale, even if your rouge is thick.  
 Even if Chrysilla, now wretched, becomes  
 in turn more beautiful than famous Artemis, 85  
 where, Drosilla, will Charikles, if yoked  
 to the barbarian woman, put the oaths he swore to you?  
 Away with you, monarchy! Begone, satrapy!  
 Wealth, break away from Charikles!  
 I'll not put fame before decency. 90  
 Love has joined me with Drosilla;  
 may I never be deprived of you, maiden!  
 Do you see, beautiful child of Zeus?  
 You promised me marriage with Drosilla,  
 and now an old woman, barbarous and savage, 95  
 seeks to separate Charikles from this girl.  
 You see the pain and sickness I suffer.  
 Kill Kratylos and Kleinias;  
 yes, and kill yourself too, Mistress Chrysilla!  
 Thus you'll cheer your slave Charikles; 100  
 thus you'll delight your slave Drosilla.  
 The gods, then, will take care of these things, maiden;  
 but where in our terrible misfortune

- 105 ποῦ τῆς καθ' ἡμᾶς θήσομεν δεινῆς τύχης;  
 Λέγοις τι μικρόν' ὡς ἀπέσταλμαι μόνος  
 ὑμᾶς συνάψων καὶ τὸ πᾶν καταρτίσων.  
 Πρὸς ταῦτα δακρύσασα μικρόν ἢ κόρη'  
 'Ὀλύμπιε Ζεῦ' φησὶν 'σὺρανοκράτορ,  
 τί ζῆν με κακότητι συγχωρεῖς ἔτι,  
 110 τὴν λειπόπατρην, τὴν ἄποικον, τὴν ξένην;  
 Τί μὴ θαλάσσης ὑπεδέξατο στόμα;  
 Τί βάρβαρόν με μὴ κατέκτεινε ξίφος;  
 Ἐπει δέ με ζῆν δυστυχῶς θέλεις ἔτι,  
 τί πρὸς λιθώδη μὴ μετατρέπεις φύσιν;  
 115 Τί μὴ πτέρυγας ἀντιδίδως καὶ πάλιν,  
 ὡς Πανδίονος Ἄττικου ταῖς ἐγγόνοις;  
 Τί μὴ βριαρὸς καὶ θρασύσπλαγχνος λέων  
 λόχμης προκύψας θᾶπτον ἐσπάραξέ με,  
 ὅτε πρὸς ἄλσῃ καὶ φαραγγῶδεις τόπους  
 120 τὴν ληστρικὴν ἔφευγον ἀγερωχίαν;  
 Ὡς κρεῖττον ἦν θανοῦσαν, ὦ θεοί, τότε  
 ἀπαλλαγὴν με τῶν κακῶν εὐρηκέναι  
 ἢ ζῆν ἀειστένακτον ἐν γῆ βαρβάρων  
 δούλην ταπεινὴν, αἰχμάλωτον ἀθλίαν.  
 125 Ἄλλ', ὦ ποθεινὸν ὄμμα καὶ φίλη θέα,  
 ἥδιστα ταῦτα πάντα' μὴ δάκρυέ μοι'  
 – γνοῦς γὰρ δι' αὐτὸν ταῦτα συμπεπονθέναι  
 αἰδοῦμενος δάκρυον ἐστάλαξέ τι –  
 ἔφη Δροσίλλα' καὶ Χαρικλῆς ἀντέφη,  
 130 ἰδὼν πρὸς αὐτοὺς φωλεοῦς χελιδόνων'  
 'σὺ μὲν μολοῦσα ταῖς ἕαρος ἡμέραις,  
 καλὴ χελιδὼν, εἰς ἐπίτροχον μέλος  
 διττοῖς νεοττοῖς συντιθεῖς χειὰν μίαν'  
 ὅταν δὲ χειμῶν ἀντεπέλθῃ, φυγγάνεις'  
 135 ἄλλ' ὁ πτερωτός, ἄλλ' ὁ τοξότης Ἴερωσ  
 ἀεὶ καλιὰν εἰς ἐμὴν ψυχὴν πλέκει.  
 Πόθος δ' ὁ μὲν πτέρωσιν ἀδρὰν ἐκφύει,  
 ἄλλος δὲ τὴν κῆσιν ἤδη μηνύει,  
 ὡσὺ δέ τις ἔξωθεν ἄλλος ἐκτρέχει,  
 140 ἀεὶ δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν ἐντὸς καρδίαν  
 βοῆ νεοττῶν ἐκθροεῖ κεχηγόντων'  
 τῶν γὰρ τραφέντων ἐκτοκεῦνται νέοι'

shall we put the love of Kleinias, my master?  
 Speak a little, for I've been sent here alone, 105  
 to unite you both and arrange the whole thing."

The girl wept a little in response to this  
 and said, "Olympian Zeus, ruler of heaven,  
 why do you still allow me to live in misery,  
 exiled from my fatherland, homeless, a stranger? 110

Why didn't the mouth of the sea swallow me up?  
 Why didn't a barbarian sword kill me?  
 But since you still wish me to live unhappily,  
 why don't you transform me into stone? 115

Why don't you give me wings, in turn,  
 as you gave to the daughters of Attic Pandion?  
 Why didn't a strong, bold-hearted lion  
 come out of a thicket and quickly tear me apart,  
 when towards groves and ravines

I was fleeing from pirate cruelty? 120

How much better it would have been, gods,  
 for me to have died then and found release from my evils,  
 than to live in perpetual distress in a land of barbarians,  
 as a lowly slave and a wretched prisoner.

But, dear friend and beloved sight, 125  
 all these things are sweet; don't cry for me,"

Drosilla said—for Charikles, knowing that she  
 had suffered these things because of him,  
 was shedding a tear for shame. Then Charikles  
 answered, looking towards the swallows' nests, 130

"You, lovely swallow, when you come  
 with fluent song in the days of spring,  
 build one nest for two baby birds,  
 and when winter comes in turn, you flee;  
 but winged Eros, the archer, 135

always weaves a nest in my soul.  
 One Love produces thick plumage,  
 another is not yet hatched,

while another is running out from the egg,  
 and always the cry of nestlings with open beak 140  
 resounds within my wretched heart,  
 for from those who have grown, new ones are brought forth.



- τῆ καρδίᾳ τίς μηχανῆ γένοιτό μοι;  
 Ἐρωτιδεῖς γὰρ οὐ τοσοῦτους ἰσχύει  
 145 ἀεὶ τοκεύειν, ζωπυρεῖν, φέρειν, τρέφειν.  
 Δεινὸν φιλῆσαι, μὴ φιλῆσαι δὲ πλέον'  
 δεινῶν δὲ πάντων χαλεπώτερον κρίνω  
 τὸ τοὺς φιλοῦντας εὐκόλως μὴ τυγχάνειν.  
 Κέρας μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε ταύροις ἢ φύσις,  
 150 ἵπποις ὄπλ᾽ ἀδὲ, τὴν ποδώκειαν πάλιν  
 δειλοῖς λαγωοῖς, τῆ λεόντων ἀγέλη  
 τὸ τῶν ὀνύχων ὀξυκέντητον σθένος,  
 τὸ νηκτὸν ἔθνει τῶν ἀφῶνων ἰχθύων,  
 τοῖς ὀρνέοις τὴν πτῆσιν, ἀνδράσι φρένας'  
 155 πρὸς γοῦν Δροσίλλαν, ἄλλο μὴ κεκτημένη,  
 δίδωσι κάλλος ἀντὶ πάσης ἀσπίδος,  
 ἀντὶ βελέμων, ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐγγέων'  
 νικᾷ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον εὖ τεθηγμένον  
 καὶ παμφάγον πῦρ δραστικῶς ἀνημμένον.  
 160 Ἐγώ, Δροσίλλα, Κλεινία τῷ δεσπότη  
 τὸν ὄλβιον σὸν ἠγγυησάμην γάμον,  
 οὐχ ὡς φρονῶν τοιαῦτα μὴ γένοιτό μοι,  
 πλὴν βαρβάρῳ μὲν καρδίᾳ θυμουμένη  
 ὥραν παρασχὼν ἠρεμήσαι μετρίαν,  
 165 ἡμῖν δὲ πάντως τί σκοπῆσαι συμφέρον.  
 Ἦδη δὲ καιρὸς, καὶ σκοπεῖν ἀπαρκτέον  
 πῶς τὸν Χρυσίλλας καὶ τὸν υἱοῦ Κλεινίου  
 ἔρωτα νῦν σχοίημεν ἐγκατασβέσαι.'
- Τοιοῖσδε λοιπὸν ἦσαν ἠσχολημένοι  
 170 – ἔρωτος ὁ σῶφρων ἢ φιλάλληλος σχέσις –  
 αὐτὸς Χαρικλῆς καὶ Δροσίλλα παρθένος'  
 καὶ τίς παρεισέπνευσεν ἀντίθρους λόγος,  
 ὡς Κρατύλος πέπτωκεν ἀθρόα νόσῳ.  
 Οἱ καὶ διασπασθέντες ἀλλήλων τότε  
 175 ἀντιπροσηλθὸν τοῖς ἑαυτῶν δεσπόταις  
 μαθεῖν τὸ πραχθέν, πενθικῶς ἐσταλμένοι.  
 Καὶ συρρεόντων τῶν ὑπ' αὐτοῦς αὐτίκα  
 ἀνδρῶν γυναικῶν σατραπῶν καὶ βαρβάρων'  
 ὁμοῦ κατ' αὐτό, Κρατύλου προκειμένου  
 180 ἄμωξεν ἢ Χρυσίλλα πάντων ἐν μέσῳ,  
 πρὸς μὲν τὸν ἄνδρα δῆθεν ἠσχολημένη,

What recourse could there be for my heart?  
 It does not have the strength always to bring forth  
 so many young Erotes, and to warm, carry, and nourish them. 145  
 To love is a terrible thing, but not to love is worse,  
 yet I judge the worst thing of all would be  
 for lovers not to gain their ends easily.  
 Nature gave to bulls horns,  
 to horses hooves, to timid hares 150  
 swiftness of foot, to the herd of lions  
 the strength of sharpened claws,  
 to the class of mute fish the power of swimming,  
 to birds flight, and to men wits.  
 To Drosilla, then, Nature, not having anything else, 155  
 gave beauty in the place of a shield,  
 darts, and many spears,  
 but with it she conquers well-sharpened iron  
 and all-devouring fire's fierce flames.  
 Drosilla, I promised Kleinias, 160  
 my master, a happy marriage with you,  
 not because I intended such things (may they not happen!),  
 but to provide some time  
 for a barbarian heart, passionately aroused, to be quiet,  
 and for us to consider at any rate what we should do. 165  
 And now it is time, and we must start to consider  
 how we can quench the love  
 of Chrysilla and her son Kleinias."

Charikles and the maiden Drosilla  
 were engaged, then, in these things— 170  
 their love was mutual and chaste—  
 when a rumor breathed its way to them  
 that Kratylos had died from a sudden illness.  
 They then separated from one another  
 and, dressed for mourning, went to meet 175  
 their own masters to learn what had happened.  
 The subject people quickly came together—  
 men, women, satraps, and barbarians—  
 and in the place where Kratylos was laid out  
 Chrysilla lamented, in the midst of all, 180  
 seemingly focused on her husband

τὸ δ' αὖ ἀληθὲς πρὸς Χαρικλέος θέαν'  
 'σὺ μὲν προοίχη καὶ γυναικὸς καὶ τέκνου,  
 ἄνερ Κρατύλε, δυστυχῶς λελειμμένων,  
 185 ὄν οὔτε χεῖρ ἔκτεινεν ἀρχισατράπου  
 τείνουσα τὴν μάχαιραν ἐν καιρῷ μάχης  
 οὐδ' ἄλλος ἐχθρῶν ἀντιπράττειν ἰσχύσας,  
 ἀλλ' ἢ θεῶν πρόνοια τῶν Ὀλυμπίων  
 εἰς κρυεροὺς ἔπεμψε Πλούτωνος δόμους.  
 190 Ποῖος δὲ τὴν σὴν δέξεται τυραννίδα;  
 Τίς τῆς Χρυσίλλας κυριαρχήσειέ μου;  
 Τίς πατρικὴν δεῖξειε φιλοστοργίαν  
 τοῖς ἀμφὶ τὴν σὴν καὶ τὸν ἐκ σοῦ Κλεινίαν;  
 Τοιαῦτα ῥαψωδοῦσα πρὸς Χαρικλέα  
 195 μῆνυμα μεστὸν ἀντιπέμπει πικρίας  
 αὐτῷ Χαρικλεῖ καὶ Δροσίλλα τοῖς νέοις'  
 'κινεῖς μὲν, οἶδα – τὴν ἀλήθειαν λέγω –,  
 καὶ χαλκοτύπους ἀνδριάντας παρθένων  
 ἄφυκτον εἰς ἔρωτα, δειλὲ Χαρίκλεις'  
 200 ἀλλ' οἱ θανόντες ὡς ἀνέλπιστοι σκόπει'  
 ἐν ζῶσιν ἐλπίς, ἐν θανοῦσιν οὐκέτι.  
 Σειρὴν μελιχρά, θέλγε τὴν ὄδοιπόρον'  
 βροτοὺς λιθοῦσα καὶ βροτοῦσα τοὺς λίθους,  
 ἄδουσιν ἦχῳ τῶν ποδῶν σου καὶ λίθοι.  
 205 ὦ λαμπρὸν ἄστρον, φέγγε κάμοι τῆ ξένη.  
 ὦ Αἴσον, χελιδῶν, εἶπε θελκτικὸν μέλος'  
 Μοῦσαι γὰρ αὐταὶ νέκταρ ἐγγέουσί σοι  
 καὶ σου μελιχρὸν συγγλυκαίνουσι στόμα.  
 Πλὴν ἀλλὰ τί μοι ταῦτα; Τὸν σκοπὸν μάθε.  
 210 Αὐχμὸς ποταμῷ καὶ χιῶν δένδρῳ βλάβη,  
 στρουθοῖς τὸ λίνον, ἢ νόσος τῷ σαρκίῳ,  
 νεανιῶν δὲ ταῖς γυναιξὶν ἀγάπη.  
 Τί μοι βλεπούση γηγισίως τρισασμένως  
 σύνοφρυς ἐστὼς ἀγρίως ἀντιβλέπεις;  
 215 Τέττιξ φίλος τέττιξι, ποιμὴν ποιμέσι,  
 μύρμηξι μύρμηξι' ἀλλ' ἔμοι σὺ καὶ μόνος.  
 Ὑερός δὲ τυφλός, οὐ γὰρ ὁ Πλοῦτος μόνος.  
 Ζητεῖ τὸν ἄρνα λύκος, αἶξ χλωρὰν πόαν,  
 λαγῶν δὲ κύνες, ἀμνὸν ἄρκτος ἀγρία,  
 220 στρουθοῦ νεοσσοὺς ἀγκυλῶνυξ ἰέραξ'

but in reality focused on the sight of Charikles:  
 "You have gone before your wife and child, Kratylos,  
 my husband, and they are left unluckily behind. 185  
 A chief satrap's hand with outstretched sword  
 in time of battle did not kill you, nor did  
 another enemy who had power to act against you,  
 but the providence of the Olympian gods  
 sent you to Pluto's cold home.  
 Who will inherit the rule? 190  
 Who will be master of me, Chrysilla?  
 Who will show a father's tender love  
 to your wife and your son, Kleinias?"  
 After this impassioned speech, she sent Charikles  
 a message full of bitterness 195  
 for young Charikles and Drosilla:  
 "You are able (I know; I speak the truth)  
 to move even bronze statues of maidens  
 to inescapable love, wretched Charikles.  
 But the dead, see how hopeless they are; 200  
 there is hope among the living, but among the dead no longer.  
 Honey-sweet Siren, charm the traveler,  
 you who turn mortals into stone and stones into mortals;  
 stones too sing to the sound of your feet.  
 Bright star, shine also for me, the stranger. 205  
 Sing, swallow, utter an enchanting song,  
 for the Muses themselves pour nectar in you  
 and sweeten your honey-sweet mouth.  
 But why do I say these things? Learn my goal.  
 Drought is harmful to a river, snow to a tree, 210  
 a net to sparrows, sickness to the body,  
 and to women love for young men.  
 Why, when I look at you with affection and joy,  
 do you look back at me savagely with a scowl?  
 Cicada is dear to cicadas, shepherd to shepherds, 215  
 ant to ants; but to me, you alone  
 are dear. Eros is blind—not only Pluto.  
 Wolf seeks the lamb; goat, green grass;  
 dogs, a hare; savage bear, a lamb;  
 hawk with crooked claws, a sparrow's nestlings; 220

- ἐγὼ δέ σοι τὸ φίλτρον ἀξιάνω μόνω.  
 Ἄει δὲ νωθρὸς σὺ πρὸς ἡμᾶς καὶ πάλιν  
 νικώμενος γὰρ οὐ φρονεῖς τὰ βατράχων  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐκείνοι τοῖς χανοῦσιν εἰς ὕδωρ  
 225 ἐπεγκοτοῦσιν ἢ φθονοῦσι· μὴ σύ γε.  
 Οὐδείς, Χαρίκλεις, εὐλογότροπος φόβος,  
 τοῦ συζυγέτος, ὡς ὄρᾳς, τεθνηκότος·  
 τοῖς σὺν ἐμοῖς κέχρησο καὶ τῇ κυρίᾳ  
 230 κάταρχε, σατράπευε, δοξάζου μέγα  
 ἀντ' αἰχμαλώτου δεσπότης πάντων γίνου  
 τῶν κειμένων μοι χρημάτων, τῆς οὐσίας·  
 τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν τὴν Δροσίλλαν παρθένον  
 ἐλευθέραν μοι καὶ συνάρχουσαν βλέπε  
 οἶψ' θελήσει συζυγεῖσάν σατράπη.  
 235 Τίς μὴ τοσοῦτον ὄλβον ἀνθέλοιτό μοι;  
 Τοσαῦτα λαβὼν ἀνθυπόσχου τὸν γάμον,  
 ἄνερ Χαρίκλεις, εὐκλεές μοι νυμφίε.  
 Ἔφησε ταῦτα καὶ Δροσίλλαν ἀσμένως  
 – ἐχρᾶτο καὶ γὰρ ἀγγέλω τῇ παρθένῳ –  
 240 ἐν ἀγκάλαις τίθησι καὶ ἑγένειό μοι  
 συνεργός· εἶπε ἑτοῦ Χαρικλέος γάμου,  
 πασῶν γυναικῶν ὑπερηγαπημένη·  
 τὰς δωρεῶν γὰρ αὐτοπίστους ἐγγύας  
 245 ἔχεις μαθοῦσα· τί λόγων μοι πλειόνων;  
 Τοιοῦσδε πικροὺς εἰσδεδεγμένην λόγους  
 πρηστήρη κεραυνὸς φεψαλοῖ τὴν παρθένον.  
 Μεριζεῖται γοῦν ἀντιπαλαμωμένη  
 δυοῖν λογισμοῖν ἐμπαθῶς ἀντιρρόποιν·  
 250 ἑίπειν γὰρ αὐτὸν τὸν σκοπὸν τῆς βαρβάρου  
 οὐ βούλομαι νῦν· φησί πρὸς Χαρικλέα·  
 ἀνέξεται γὰρ οὐδ' ἐκεῖνος ἂν λέγω·  
 ὅμως ἀφορμὴ τοῦ τυχεῖν Χαρικλέος·  
 ἐλεύσομαι πρόθυμος εἰς ὁμίλιαν.  
 Προσέρχεται γοῦν ἀμφὶ τὸν Χαρικλέα,  
 255 τοῦ φωσφόρου κλίναντος ἄρτι πρὸς δύσιν·  
 ὁ γὰρ Κρατύλος τοῖς ὑπ' αὐτὸν συλλόγοις  
 τέθαπτο πάντως ὡς ὁ βαρβάρων νόμος.  
 Ἔφασκεν, ἐξήγγελλε δυσφοροῦμένη  
 ψυχὴν διέσπα τὴν Χαρικλέος μέσην

and I increase my love for you alone.  
 But you are always indifferent toward me:  
 though conquered, you are not of the mind of frogs,  
 for they are not angry with those who look longingly at their water,  
 or begrudging. Don't you be angry and begrudging! 225  
 There is no reason to fear my husband,  
 Charikles, as you see, since he is dead.  
 Enjoy, then, my goods and me, their mistress;  
 rule, be satrap, acquire great honor.  
 Instead of a prisoner, become master of 230  
 all my goods in store and my property.  
 See your sister, the maiden Drosilla,  
 a free woman, sharing in my power  
 and married to whichever satrap she likes.  
 Who would not choose such great happiness with me? 235  
 Take all this and promise marriage in return,  
 Charikles, my husband, my glorious bridegroom."

She said these things, took Drosilla  
 gladly in her arms (for she was using  
 the maiden as messenger), and added, 240  
 "Help me marry Charikles,  
 maiden whom I love beyond all women,  
 for you have learned that my promises of gifts  
 are trustworthy by themselves—what need do I have for more words?" 245

When the maiden heard these hateful words,  
 a flash of lightning, a thunderbolt burnt her to ashes. 245  
 She was torn, then, struggling passionately  
 with two opposed thoughts.  
 "I don't want now to tell Charikles," she said,  
 "the barbarian woman's aim, 250  
 for he'll not bear it if I tell him.  
 Nonetheless it's an excuse to meet with Charikles;  
 I will go eagerly to converse with him."

She went, then, to Charikles 255  
 when the sun had just turned toward the west,  
 for Kratylos had been buried by his own men  
 gathered together, as was the barbarians' custom.  
 She spoke, gave the report with great distress,  
 and tore Charikles' heart in two

- 260 ξίφει νοητῷ δυσχερῶν ἀκουσμάτων  
 λέγοντος· ‘οἴμοι τῆς παρούσης ἡμέρας.  
 ὦ γλυκερὸν φῶς, ὦ Δροσίλλα παρθένε,  
 ὡς πικρὸν ἦλθες φθόγγον ἀγγέλλουσά μοι.  
 Αἰ αἰ, χελιδῶν ἢ γλυκύφθογγος μόνη,  
 265 ψυχὴν ἐμὴν σοῖς ἐξεπύκρυνας λόγοις,  
 χρυσοῦν μελιχρὸν ποικιλόγλωττον στόμα.’  
 ‘Αἰ αἰ, Χαρίκλεις, τῆς ἀπανθρώπου τύχης,  
 ἥτις με μακροαῖς ἐκπιέζει φροντίσιν.  
 ὦ ποῖον ἔσται τῶν καθ’ ἡμᾶς κινδύνων  
 270 καὶ τῶν ἀναγκῶν τῶν πολυτρόπων τέλος;  
 Ποῖος θεῶν τις ἀλλὰ καὶ ποῖω χρόνῳ  
 νεμεῖ τελευτὴν τῶν κακοπραγημάτων;  
 Ἐως πότε σχῆς, ἀγριαίνουσα Τύχη,  
 κινεῖν καθ’ ἡμῶν μηχανὰς πολυτρόπους  
 275 καὶ συνδαμάζειν ἀλλεπαλλήλοις πόνους;’  
 Οὕτως ἐκείνων συστεναζόντων μέγα,  
 οὐπω παρήλθον ἡμέραι δις ἑννέα  
 μετὰ τελευτὴν Κρατύλου τοῦ βαρβάρου,  
 καὶ σατράπης ἀνακτος Ἀράβων Χάγου  
 280 πρὸς τὴν Χρυσίλλαν γράμμα δουλείας φέρει.  
 Ἦκουσεν ἡ Χρυσίλλα καὶ συνεστάλη  
 ἰδοῦσα Μόγγον· τοῦτο γὰρ ὁ σατράπης·  
 ἐστυφελίχθη τῇ θεᾷ τοῦ σατράπου,  
 ἐξεθροήθη, καὶ τὸν υἱὸν Κλεινίαν  
 285 καλεῖ παρ’ αὐτὴν καὶ τὸ γράμμα λαμβάνει  
 ταῖς ἔνδον αὐταῖς συλλαβαῖς οὕτως ἔχον·  
 ‘ὁ τρισμέγιστος Χάγος, Ἀράβων ἀναξ,  
 φόρους ἀπαιτῶ καὶ κελεύω λαμβάνειν  
 ἀπὸ Χρυσίλλας Παρθάνακτος συζύγου  
 290 καὶ τῆς ὑπ’ αὐτὴν Παρθικῆς φυλαρχίας.  
 Ἐλεσθε λοιπὸν θατέρων ὁδῶν δύο,  
 ἢ συντετάχθαι τοῖς ἀνακτι τῷ Χάγῳ  
 ὑπηρετοῦσιν εἰς ἑτησίους φόρους  
 καὶ τὴν ἐμὴν ἂν κερδανεῖν παραντίκα  
 295 ταχεῖαν εὐμένειαν, εἰ πείθεσθέ μοι,  
 ἢ μὴν ἰδέσθαι τὴν στρατιὰν τοῦ Χάγου  
 ὑμῖν ἐπιβρίσασαν οὐ πεπεισμένοις.’  
 Τούτων ἀκούσας τῶν λόγων ὁ Κλεινίας

with the spiritual sword of hateful news. 260  
 "Oh, what a terrible day this is!" he said.  
 "O sweet light, maiden Drosilla,  
 what a bitter report you've come and made to me.  
 Ah, uncommonly sweet-voiced swallow,  
 with your golden, honey-sweet, subtle-tongued mouth, 265  
 you've made my soul bitter with your words."  
 "Ah, Charikles, what a savage misfortune  
 oppresses me with great cares!  
 What will be the end of our dangers  
 and our varied calamities? 270  
 What god will give an end  
 to our adventures, and when?  
 How long shall you be able, angry Fortune,  
 to move various torments against us  
 and tame us with continual troubles?" 275  
 Thus they lamented greatly together.  
 Meanwhile eighteen days had not yet gone by  
 since the death of the barbarian Kratylos,  
 when the satrap of Chagos, lord of the Arabs,  
 brought a letter of enslavement to Chrysilla. 280  
 Chrysilla heard and was downcast  
 on seeing Mongos (this was the satrap's name).  
 She was struck and troubled  
 by his appearance, called her son Kleinias  
 to her, and took the letter, 285  
 which read as follows:  
 "I, thrice-greatest Chagos, lord of the Arabs,  
 demand tributes and order that they be taken  
 from Chrysilla, wife of the lord of the Parthians,  
 and from the Parthian tribe under her. 290  
 Choose, then, one of two ways:  
 either be placed among those  
 who serve Lord Chagos with annual tributes,  
 and gain at once my  
 immediate goodwill, if you obey me, 295  
 or instead see the army of Chagos  
 press upon you since you didn't obey."  
 When Kleinias heard these words—



– θρασὺς γὰρ ἦν τις καὶ σφριγῶν τὰ πρὸς μάχην –  
 300 ἐπιστολὴν ἔρρηξε ταύτην εἰς μέσον,  
 καὶ Μόγγον αὐτὸν τοῦ Χάγου τὸν σατράπην  
 μεθ’ ὕβρεων ἔπεισεν ἀνθυποστρέφειν.  
 Εἶρηκε ταῦτα πάντα πατρίδα φθάσας  
 ἀνακτι Χάγῳ Μόγγος αὐτῷ σατράπῃς·  
 305 εἶρηκεν, ἐπλήρωσε θυμοῦ τὸν Χάγον·  
 καὶ τῶν στραταρχῶν συλλεγόντων ἐν τάχει,  
 πρὸς ἀντιπαράταξιν ἠρεθισμένων  
 ἐκ τῶν ἀνακτος γραμμῶν ταχυδρομῶν,  
 ἐφιππος ἔσθη τοῦ στρατοῦ μέσον Χάγος  
 310 πεζῇ καταρτίσαντος εὐμήκη κύκλον,  
 δόξης τε μεστὸς καὶ φρονήματος γέμων,  
 καὶ δῆλος ἦν τρόπαιον ὑψώσων μέγα,  
 ἀσπίδα χρυσῆν ἐν μέρει λαιῷ φέρων  
 στρατηγικῶς ἔχουσαν εἰκονισμένον  
 315 τὸν Ἡρακλῆν κτείνοντα Λερναίαν ὕδραν,  
 θυμὸν παροτρύνοντα καὶ νοῦν εἰς μάχην·  
 ἐχρῆν γὰρ ἐχρῆν τῆς γραφῆς τὸν ἐργάτην  
 εἰς ἀνδρὸς εὐθώρακος ἀσπίδα γράφειν  
 μέγιστον ἄθλον εὐσθενοῦς Ἡρακλέος.  
 320 Τοιοῦτος ἔσθη λαμπρὸς ἱππότης Χάγος,  
 τόξον φαρέτραν καὶ σπάθην ἠρημένους,  
 ‘ἄνδρες στρατηγοὶ καὶ φαλαγγάρχαι’ λέγων  
 ‘τοῖς Ἄρεως χαίροντες ἄθλων ὀργίοις,  
 ὁ συστρατηγὸς Μόγγος ἐξ ἐμοῦ κράτους  
 325 πρὸς Παρθικὴν χθὲς οὐθένειαν ἐστάλη,  
 ἧς ἐγκρατῆς νῦν ἐστὶν υἱὸς Κλεινίας  
 μετὰ Χρυσίλλας τῆς ἐκείνων τεξάσης,  
 φόρους ἀπαιτῶν καὶ κελεύων αὐτίκα  
 Ἄρασι Πάρθους ἐκτελεῖν ὑπουργίαν·  
 330 ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐδέχθη μικρὸν ἐμμεῖναι χρόνον,  
 οὐ πρὸς Χρυσίλλας, οὐ πρὸς αὐτοῦ Κλεινίου,  
 μεθ’ ὕβρεων δὲ μᾶλλον ἀνταπεστάλη.  
 Τί φατὲ λοιπὸν· Χάγος ἴσταται λέγων,  
 ‘ξυναυλία χαίραθλε καὶ ξιφηφόρε;’  
 335 “Ἄναξ μάκαρ’ ἔφασαν οἱ στρατηλάται,  
 ‘οὗ τὸ κράτος φρίττουσι καὶ τὰ γῆς ἄκρα,  
 πᾶσα στρατιά, πᾶσα βαρβαραρχία

for he was a bold man and strong in battle—  
 he ripped this letter in half 300  
 and with abuse persuaded Mongos,  
 Chagos's satrap, to leave.

On arriving at his fatherland, Mongos  
 told all these things to his lord Chagos,  
 and his words filled Chagos with anger. 305

The army generals quickly assembled,  
 having been roused to battle  
 by speedy letters from their lord,  
 and Chagos stood on horseback in the middle of the army,  
 which had formed a large circle of foot soldiers, 310  
 and he was full of pride and arrogance,  
 clearly destined to raise up a great trophy.

He carried on his left side a golden shield,  
 which had embossed on it, appropriately for a general,  
 a portrait of Herakles killing the Lernaian hydra, 315  
 which spurred his spirit and mind to battle

(the creator of the picture certainly had  
 to represent mighty Herakles' greatest contest  
 on the shield of a well-armored man).

Such was the splendid horseman Chagos, 320  
 as he stood armed with bow, quiver, and sword  
 and said, "Generals and phalanx commanders,  
 who delight in the rites of Ares' contests,

your fellow-general Mongos was sent yesterday  
 by my authority to the Parthians, mere ciphers, 325  
 whose master is now the son, Kleinias,  
 along with Chrysilla, his mother,

to demand tributes and to order  
 the Parthians at once to submit to the Arabs.

But he was not allowed to remain even a little while, 330  
 not by Chrysilla or Kleinias himself,  
 but rather he was sent away with abuse.

What do you say, then," Chagos thus ended his speech,  
 "my sword-bearing men, who delight in conflict?"

"Happy lord," said the army leaders, 335  
 "at whose power even the ends of the earth shudder—  
 every army, every barbarian kingdom,

καὶ Περσανάκτων ἀρχιπερσοσατράπαι  
 καὶ πᾶς τις ἐχθρός, πᾶς ἄναξ, πᾶς σατράπης,  
 340 ὄλεθρος ἡμῖν ἔστι καὶ πλατὺς γέλως  
 τοῖς μακρὰν ἡμῶν, τοῖς πέριξ καὶ τοῖς πέλας,  
 καταφρονεῖσθαι Παρθικῇ στραταρχίᾳ,  
 ἣν οὐδὲ τῆς σῆς χηρῆζομεν παρουσίας  
 κατατροποῦσθαι, τῇ θεῶν συνεργίᾳ.  
 345 Ἴμᾶς μόνους νῦν ἀντεπιστρατευτέον  
 ἐπιτραπέντας τῷ μεγίστῳ σου κράτει  
 ἀντιδρομῆσαι πρὸς τὰ τῶν ἐναντίον,  
 ὡς μὴ πρὸς αὐτούς, τοὺς ἀνόπλους ἀγρότας,  
 τοὺς ληστρικῶς ζήσαντας ἐξ ἀρπαγμάτων,  
 350 τὸ σὸν κινήθῃ παντοτάρβητον κράτος.  
 Ἄινῳ μὲν ὑμᾶς τῆς τόσης εὐανδρίας  
 ὁ Χάγος ἀντέφησεν Ἀράβων ἄναξ,  
 ἔμὸν γένος σύναθλον ἀσπίδηφόρον,  
 αὐτόχθονες γῆς ὀλβίας ἱπποτρόφου  
 355 πλὴν οὖν Ἐπαμινώνδας, ἀνὴρ γεννάδας,  
 ἰδὼν στρατὸν γέμοντα πολλῆς ἀνδρίας,  
 ἀλλὰ στρατηγὸν ἄνδρα μὴ κεκτημένον,  
 ἔφη “μέγας θῆρ καὶ κεφαλὴν οὐκ ἔχει.”  
 Λοιπὸν μεθ’ ὑμῶν συστρατεῦσαί με πρόεπον,  
 360 ὧ σύμμαχοί μοι καὶ πατρώιοι φίλοι.  
 Οὕτω μὲν αὐτὸς εἶπεν Ἀράβων ἄναξ  
 καὶ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ στρατιὰν κατεσκόπει  
 ὁ πᾶς δὲ λαὸς τοῦ στρατοῦ τῶν Ἀράβων  
 ἐπευφήμησε τοῦ κρατοῦντος τοῖς λόγοις,  
 365 ἐκαρτέρει δὲ μὴ διπλεύων ἔτι,  
 σάλπιγγος ἦχον καὶ βοὴν χαλκοστόμου  
 τὸν ἵππον ἀσκῶν καὶ καθαίρων τὸ κράνος  
 καὶ συμβιβάζων εἰς μάχην τοὺς δακτύλους.  
 Ἐνευσε τοίνυν ὁ κρατῶν προσαλπίσαι  
 370 ἵππευσεν ἅπας ὁ στρατὸς τῶν Ἀράβων,  
 καὶ μέχρι Πάρθου τῆς ταλαίνης πατρίδος  
 εἰς ὄγδοον φθάνουσιν ἡμερῶν δρόμον.  
 Σκηνοῦσι τοίνυν ἐν μέσῃ πεδιάδι,  
 Σάρου ποταμοῦ προσρέοντος ἐγγύθεν.  
 375 Ἢ δυσμενῆς δὲ Παρθικῇ φυλαρχία  
 Ἄραψιν ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἐθάρρει τὴν μάχην,

the chief satraps of the Persian lords,  
 every enemy, every lord, and every satrap—  
 we shall be ruined and objects of total mockery 340  
 to those far from us, in the area, and nearby  
 if we are despised by the Parthian army.  
 With the gods' help, we don't need  
 your presence to put them to flight.  
 We alone, under the command of your 345  
 tremendous power, must now take the field  
 to attack the enemy.  
 Not against these men—peasants without shields,  
 who live, like pirates, from plunder—  
 should your strength, feared by all, be moved!" 350  
 "I praise you for your great courage,"  
 Chagos, lord of the Arabs, replied,  
 "my race of shield-bearing comrades in combat,  
 sprung from a happy, horse-feeding land.  
 But when Epaminondas, a noble man,\* 355  
 saw an army full of much manly spirit  
 but lacking a general,  
 he said, 'A great beast, but it doesn't have a head.'  
 Then it is fitting that I join in the expedition with you,  
 my allies and hereditary friends." 360  
 The lord of the Arabs spoke thus  
 and inspected his army.  
 All the men of the Arab army  
 assented with a shout to the words of their ruler,  
 and they waited, not riding yet, 365  
 accustoming their horses to the noise and sound  
 of the bronze-mouthed trumpet, cleaning their helmets,  
 and readying their bodies for battle.  
 Then the ruler gave the nod to sound the trumpet,  
 and all the army of Arabs mounted their horses, 370  
 and reached the wretched land of Parthia  
 on the eighth day.  
 They encamped, then, in the middle of the plain,  
 near the flowing Saros River.  
 The opposing Parthian army 375  
 did not venture a fight outside with the Arabs

πολλῆς παρουσίας ἱπικῆς στραταρχίας·  
 οὐκοῦν περικλείεσσα τέχνη τὰς πύλας,  
 τὸ τεῖχος ὠρόφωσε πέτραις χερμάσι  
 380 καὶ πετροπομποῖς τετρατάρσοις ὀργάνοις·  
 ἔστησε τοὺς βάλλοντας ἐκ τῶν ὑψόθεν  
 ἄνδρας ἐνόπλους λιθολεύστας εὐστόχους  
 καὶ τοξοχαρεῖς σφενδονήτας ὀπλίτας·  
 ὑψωσε πύργους ἀσφαλεῖς ἀπὸ ξύλων·  
 385 ἔσφιγξεν αὐτοὺς συμπλοκῇ τῇ τῶν λύγων  
 πύργους· ἀπηώρησεν ἐκ τῶν τειχέων  
 φύλακας αὐτοὺς ἀντιτύπους κεδρίνους·  
 πᾶσαν κατωχύρωσεν αὐτοῖς τὴν πόλιν  
 πρὸς Ἀραβικὴν καρτερέμβολον μάχην.  
 390 Ἄλλ' αἱ κατ' αὐτῆς εἰσδραμοῦσαι μυρία  
 Ἀραβικαὶ φάλαγγες ἀσπιδηφόροι  
 σφοδρῶς ἐληίζοντο τοὺς πέριξ τόπους.  
 Ἄ μὲν κατεστρέφοντο τῶν σφῶν φρουριῶν·  
 ἃ δ' οὐχ ἔλειν ἴσχυον εὐθὺς τοῖς ὄπλοις,  
 395 τὴν ἐν κύκλῳ γῆν, τοὺς κατοίκους ἀγρότας,  
 ἠνδραπόδιζον, ἠνθράκουν, ἐπυρπόλουν·  
 οὕτω πολὺν δύσφραστον ἀνθρώπων φόνον  
 Ἀραβες εἰργάσαντο μακροκοντίαι.  
 Ἐς αὔριον δὲ μηχανὰς χαλκοστόμους  
 400 ἔστησαν ἐγγὺς καὶ πρὸς αὐταῖς ταῖς πύλαις·  
 τεῖχος δὲ συμπλέξαντες ἐκ λύγων μέγα  
 τοῖς πετροπομποῖς ἀντεπέστησαν σκέπην  
 τὰς Παρθικὰς εἰργουσαν ἀφέσεις λίθων.  
 Ἐπεμπον εἰς τὸ τεῖχος Ἀραβες λίθους·  
 405 ἔβαλλον αὐτοὺς εὐστόχως οἱ τοξόται,  
 ἐκ τειχέων ἔπιπτον οἱ βεβλημένοι  
 τόξοις σὺν αὐτοῖς καὶ μετ' αὐτῶν τῶν λίθων.  
 Ἐρριπτον ἤδη τὰς ἐπάλλξεις οἱ λίθοι,  
 ἔτυπτον, ἐσπάρασσον αὐτὰς εὐστόχως·  
 410 πλὴν γίνεται τι σέμμα νυκτίου δόλου  
 Πάρθων παρ' αὐτῶν τῶν Ἀράβων ὀργάνοις  
 – δεινὴ γάρ ἐστι Παρθικὴ φυλαρχία  
 τρόπους ἐφευρεῖν καὶ καταρτίσαι δόλους  
 δι' ὧν ἀποστρέφαιτο τοὺς ἐναντίους –  
 415 οἱ στάντες ὑψοῦ καὶ σκοπήσαντες κάτω,

since there was a large army of horsemen present.  
They strategically closed the gates, then,  
and covered the wall with rock boulders  
and four-sided, rock-throwing machines. 380  
They deployed men to shoot from above:  
armed stone-throwers with good aim,  
and archers, slingers, and hoplites.  
They raised secure towers of wood  
and bound them fast with entwined flexible branches. 385  
They suspended protective coverings from the walls,\*  
as defenses against blows,  
and fortified all the city with them  
against the Arabs' powerful war-machine.  
But the countless Arab phalanxes of shield-bearing soldiers 390  
launched an attack against the city  
and violently plundered the places all round.  
Some of the forts they conquered,  
and those they couldn't seize at once with their weapons—  
the surrounding land and the peasant inhabitants— 395  
they enslaved, incinerated, and destroyed with fire.  
Thus the Arabs with their long lances  
accomplished much unspeakable slaughter of men.  
The next day they moved their bronze-mouthed war machines  
to the gates themselves, 400  
wove a great wall from flexible branches,  
and set it up as a shelter against rock-throwing machines  
since it shut out the Parthian discharges of rocks.  
The Arabs sent rocks against the city's wall,  
their archers hit the Parthians with accuracy, 405  
and those hit fell from the walls,  
together with their arrows and rocks.  
The rocks were now bringing down the defenses,  
striking them, and tearing them apart with accuracy.  
But the Parthians unleashed a cunning, night-time plot 410  
against the machines of the Arabs,  
for the Parthian army is clever  
at discovering ways and preparing plots  
by which to put their enemies to flight.  
They stood on high and looked down so as to aim 415

ὡς εὐστοχῆσαι τὰς βολὰς πρὸς τοὺς λύγους  
 τοὺς εἰς Ἀράβων χρηματίζοντας σκέπην,  
 σίδηρον ἐκπέψαντες ἠνθρακωμένον,  
 τεφροῦσι πάσας μηχανὰς τῶν βαρβάρων  
 420 ξηραὶ γὰρ οὔσαι τῶν λύγων αἱ φυλλάδες,  
 ἐτοιμόφλεκτοι τῇ πυρὸς παρενθέσει  
 ὠφθησαν· ἐξέκαυσαν ἀλλὰ ῥαδίως  
 ἀμυντικῶν ἅπασαν ὀργάνων θέσιν.  
 Ἐντεῦθεν ἦχοι καὶ κρότοι τῶν κυμβάλων  
 425 ἐκ Παρθικῆς ἤρθησαν ἀγερωχίας.  
 Πλὴν τοῦ τρίτου φθάσαντος ἡμέρας δρόμου  
 Ἄραβες ὀπλίσαντο καὶ μεμνηότες  
 ὄπλοις ἐκυκλώσαντο πᾶσαν τὴν πόλιν  
 καὶ συρραγείσης καρτερωτάτης μάχης  
 430 τὸ Παρθικὸν πύργωμα συγκατεσχέθη.  
 Ἐκεῖσε πάντως οὐχ ὁ χαλκόδους Ἄρης  
 Παρθῶν μεταξὺ καὶ μαχητῶν Ἀράβων  
 ἐμέμψατο στὰς τῆς μάχης κροτουμένης.  
 Ἡ γοῦν Χρυσίλλα Κλεινίου πεπτωκότες  
 435 – καὶ γὰρ μεταξὺ τῆς μάχης ἀνηρέθη –  
 μάχαιραν ἐξήρπασεν εὖ τεθηγμένην,  
 καὶ δὴ κατ' αὐτῆς ἐμβαλοῦσα καρδίας  
 ψυχὴν μετ' αὐτοῦ δυστυχῶς ἐρυγγάνει·  
 ἡ δὲ Δροσίλλα, καίπερ ἐν μέσῳ φόνων  
 440 – εἰς γὰρ τὸ κάλλος ἀσθενοῦσι καὶ ξίφη –,  
 μέσον ξιφῶν ἔμεινεν ἐκτὸς τραυμάτων·  
 τοὺς πλείονας δὲ τῶν ἔσω φρουρουμένων  
 τὸ τῆς μαχαίρας ὑπεδέξατο στόμα.  
 Καὶ Παρθικῆς μὲν δυσμενοῦς φυλαρχίας  
 445 πολλὴ κατεκράτησε πανωλεθρία·  
 ὁ Χαρικλῆς δὲ σὺν Δροσίλλᾳ τῇ κόρη,  
 ναὶ μὴν σὺν αὐτοῖς καὶ Κλέανδρος ὁ ξένος,  
 δεσμοῖς συνεσχέθησαν, ἀλλὰ δυσλύτοις,  
 Ἀραβικὴν μάχαιραν ἐκπεφευγότες,  
 450 καί, φεῦ, κατακριθέντες οἱ τρεῖς ἐκ τρίτου  
 τρίτης μετασχεῖν αὐθις αἰχμαλωσίας.

their throws precisely against the flexible branches  
 that were intended for the Arabs' defense.  
 They sent forth iron that glowed with heat  
 and incinerated all the machines of the barbarians,  
 for the leaves of the withes, being dry, were clearly 420  
 ready for burning by the application of fire;  
 and thus they easily burned and destroyed  
 the whole assembly of defense machines.  
 Then the Parthians arrogantly celebrated  
 with great noise and the clashing of cymbals. 425  
 But when the third day arrived,  
 the Arabs armed themselves and, in fury,  
 surrounded all the city,  
 and when the fiercely violent battle had broken out,  
 they seized the walled city of the Parthians. 430  
 Bronze-toothed Ares, standing there  
 between the Parthians and the warlike Arabs,  
 did not complain at all of the battle being fought.  
 Chryzilla, then, since Kleinias was dead  
 (for he had been killed during the battle) 435  
 snatched a well-sharpened sword,  
 thrust it into her heart,  
 and spit out her soul, unhappily, in company with Kleinias.  
 Drosilla, however, even in the midst of slaughters,  
 in the midst of swords, remained free of wounds, 440  
 for even swords are weak in the face of beauty;  
 but the majority of those besieged within  
 received the point of the sword.  
 A great and utter ruin overcame  
 the hostile Parthian army. 445  
 But Charikles and the girl Drosilla,  
 and yes, with them also Kleandros, the stranger,  
 having escaped the Arab sword,  
 were held together by indissoluble bonds—  
 alas, all three condemned a third time 450  
 to share in a third captivity.



## BIBAIION EKTON

Ὁ γοῦν κράτιστος Χάγος Ἀράβων ἀναξ  
 τὰς μὲν γυναίκας, οἰκτισάμενος τάχα,  
 καὶ πᾶσαν αὐθύπαρξιν εὖ κινουμένην  
 ταῖς ἀρμαμάξαις εἶπεν ἐντεθεικέναι,  
 5 τοὺς δ' αἰχμαλώτους τῶν γυναικῶν χωρίσας  
 πεζοὺς βαδίζειν ἐγκλεύεται μόνους·  
 ἤλαυνε λοιπὸν θάττον εἰς τὴν πατρίδα.  
 Καὶ διόντων εἰς ἐπίκρημον τόπον  
 συνηρεφῶς ἔχοντα πολλῆς ἐξ ὕλης  
 10 κλάδος παρεμφῶς τῇ Δροσίλλας ἀγκάλῃ,  
 ἐξ ἀρμαμάξης εὐχερῶς ἀφαρπάσας  
 κατὰ προνοῦς ἔρριψεν ἐξ ἕδρας μέσης.  
 Ἦν καὶ θαλάσσης ἀγριαίνων ὁ κλύδων  
 τὰ πρῶτα τύπτει ταῖς παραλίας πέτραις  
 15 – θάλασσα καὶ γὰρ ἀμφὶ τὴν πέζαν ὄρους  
 οὐ ψάμμον ἀκτῆς εἶχεν ὑπεστρωμένην,  
 πετρῶν μελαινῶν ἐξοχὰς δὲ καὶ βάθος –,  
 χαρίζεται δὲ μικρὸν ὕστερον πάλιν  
 φλοῖον δρυὸς μήκιστον ἐξηραμμένον,  
 20 δι' οὐπερ εἰς γῆν ἦλθεν ἠρεωμένην  
 ἀκινδύνως πλέουσα μέχρις ἐσπέρας.  
 Οὐκουν ἐγνώσθη τοῦτο τῷ Χαρικίεει·  
 οὐ γὰρ κατιδεῖν ἐκ συνηρεφοῦς ὕλης  
 πεσοῦσαν ἔσχε τὴν Δροσίλλαν ἐξ ἕδρας·  
 25 ἢ γὰρ ἑαυτὸν εὐθέως συγκρημνίσας  
 συνῆλθεν αὐτῇ πρὸς θαλάσσης πυθμένα·  
 ἀλλὰ βραχὺς παῖς ἀπαλόφρων καρδίᾳ  
 μετὰ Δροσίλλας ἐγκαθήμενος μόνος  
 εἰς μίαν ἀρμάμαξαν ἀνεκεκράγει  
 30 ἰδὼν πεσοῦσαν εἰς θαλάττιον βάθος·  
 ὕψ' οὗ Χαρικίης ἐκδραμούσης ἡμέρας  
 τὴν τῆς κόρης ἔκπτωσιν ἀναμανθάνει·  
 ὃς καὶ σπαραχθεὶς ἐς μέσην τὴν καρδίαν,  
 ὦ συμφορᾶς· ἔφασκε ἑκακτοκαρδίου·  
 35 ὦ δυστυχῆς σύ, δυστυχῆς σύ, Χαρίκλεις.  
 Ἔμελλες ἄρα καὶ μετὰ πλάνην τόσην,  
 Τύχη πονηρά, δυσμενῆς, ποινηλάτις,

## BOOK SIX

Most powerful Chagos, lord of the Arabs,  
 perhaps out of pity, ordered that the women  
 and all the property that was easy to move  
 be put in the covered wagons.  
 But he separated the male prisoners from the women 5  
 and ordered them to proceed on foot, alone.  
 He traveled quickly, then, to his fatherland.  
 And as they were passing through a steep place,  
 thickly covered by deep forest,  
 a branch clung to Drosilla's arm, 10  
 tore her easily from the covered carriage,  
 and threw her headfirst from her seat.  
 First a wild wave of the sea  
 struck her with rocks from the shore  
 (for even around the foot of the mountain, the sea 15  
 did not have a stretch of sandy shore,  
 but only crags and chasms of black rock).  
 But a little later the wave offered  
 a piece of oak bark, very large and dry,  
 on which she sailed without danger until evening, 20  
 when she came to a deserted land.  
 Charikles didn't know this  
 because a thickly covered forest prevented him  
 from seeing Drosilla's fall from her seat,  
 for truly he'd at once have thrown himself headlong 25  
 and gone with her to the bottom of the sea.  
 But a small, soft-hearted boy,  
 who sat alone with Drosilla  
 on the same covered carriage, cried out  
 when he saw her fall into the depths of the sea. 30  
 From him Charikles, at the close of day,  
 learned of the girl's fall,  
 and, with heart torn in two,  
 he said, "Oh, misfortune that stings the heart!  
 Unlucky you, Charikles! 35  
 O malicious Fortune, hostile, avenging,  
 were you intending, then, after so great a wandering,

μετὰ φυλακὰς καὶ μετ' αἰχμαλωσίας,  
 μετὰ θαλάσσης κινδύνους πολυτρόπους,  
 40 μετὰ τὸν ὄμβρον τῶν τοσοῦτων δακρῦων,  
 μετὰ φρικώδη ληστρικὴν ἀστοργίαν,  
 μετὰ ζυγὸν δούλειον ἀθρόας μάχης  
 ἀντεισβαλεῖν μοι συμφορὰν βαρυτέραν,  
 ἦν οὐκ ἐνεγκεῖν ἔστι τῷ Χαρικλέει;  
 45 Ἔμελλες, αἶ αἶ, καὶ διασπᾶν εἰς τέλος  
 τὴν ἀδιαχώριστον ἀλληλουχίαν,  
 τὴν πάντα κατάλληλον εὐαρμοσίαν;  
 Πῦρ ἐν πυρὶ προσήξας, ἐν φλογὶ φλόγα,  
 βάθει προδοῦσα τὴν κόρην θαλαττίῳ  
 50 καὶ Χαρικλῆν ἐν ζῶσι συντηροῦσά με.  
 Οὐκ ὄκνος, οὐ μέλλησις, οὐ ῥαθυμία  
 μετὰ Δροσίλλας εὐτυχῶς συντεθνᾶναι  
 τί γοῦν ἀπεστέρησας, ἐγκοτοῦσά μοι,  
 τοιοῦδε καλοῦ δυστυχῆ Χαρικλέα;  
 55 Ἡ καὶ Δροσίλλαν ζῶσαν ἤθελον βλέπειν  
 ἢ μὴδ' ἐμαυτόν, τῆσδέ μοι νεκρουμένης.  
 ὦ ποθεινὴ καὶ μόνη μοι τῷ βίῳ,  
 ὀφθαλμὲ καὶ φῶς καὶ πνοὴ καὶ καρδία,  
 ἔσβης, ἔδυσ, ἔληξας, ἐψύχθης ἄφνω.  
 60 Ὡς εὐτυχῆς ἦν καὶ πρὸ μικροῦ, παρθένε,  
 ἔχων σε συμπάσχουσαν εἰς εὐθυμίαν.  
 Ἐξ ἡλίου φλέγοντος ὡς ὀδοιπόρος  
 ὑπὸ σκιὰν ἐπιπτον ἐν σαῖς ἀγκάλαις,  
 χρυσοῦ καλὴ πλάτανε, τῆς ἀθυμίας  
 65 καύσωνα φεύγων καὶ τὸ τῆς λύπης βάρος.  
 Κεῖσαι τὸ δένδρον καὶ νεαρὸν καὶ μέγα,  
 πλὴν ξηρὸν ἤδη καὶ νεκρὸν, ζῶν οὐκέτι,  
 οἶκτος μὲν ἄλλοις τοῖς ὀρώσιν ἐγγύθεν,  
 εἴ που τὸ κῆμα τῆς θαλάσσης ἐκβράσασαν  
 70 ἔρριψεν ἔξω· καθορῶ δὲ κειμένην  
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἀφορμὴ δακρῦων ἐπομβρίας.  
 Ἐπαπορῶ τὸ πρᾶγμα θαῦμά μοι φέρει  
 πῶς ὑδάτων, ὦ δένδρον, ἐψύγης μέσον;  
 Ἡδύπνοον πῶς ἐξαμαράνθης ῥόδον;  
 75 Ὡς εἰ πρὸ σοῦ, φεῦ, ἐκ βροτῶν βὰς ᾠχόμην,  
 τάχ' ἂν θανῶν ἔζησα, κἂν ζῆν οὐκ ἔδει.

after prisons and captivities,  
 after the varied dangers of the sea,  
 after the shower of so many tears, 40  
 after the horrible cruelty of pirates,  
 after slavery's yoke following a sudden battle,  
 to throw against me a yet more grievous misfortune,  
 which Charikles cannot bear?  
 Did you intend, alas, to tear apart at last 45  
 our indissoluble union,  
 the whole perfect harmony between us?  
 You brought fire to fire, flame to flame  
 when you delivered the girl to the depths of the sea  
 and kept me, Charikles, among the living. 50  
 I should not have hesitated, delayed, or neglected  
 to die happily with Drosilla.  
 Why, then, did you, in anger against me,  
 deprive unlucky Charikles of such a boon?  
 I should want to see either Drosilla also alive 55  
 or myself dead if she were dead.  
 O my only beloved in life,  
 my eye, light, breath, and heart,  
 you've burned out, set, ceased, gone suddenly cold.  
 How lucky I was just a little earlier, maiden, 60  
 when I had for solace you suffering with me.  
 Like a traveler out of the blazing sun  
 into the shade I fell into your arms,  
 beautiful golden plane tree, as I fled the burning heat  
 of despair and the heavy weight of grief. 65  
 You lie untended, a tall, young tree,  
 but now dry and dead, no longer living,  
 an object of pity for others seeing you from nearby,  
 if by chance a wave of the sea threw you out  
 and cast you ashore; I see you lying there, 70  
 and this brings an abundance of tears to my eyes.  
 I have a new doubt; the matter makes me wonder.  
 How did you stay dry, O tree, in the midst of waters?  
 How did you fade away, sweet-smelling rose?  
 If before you, alas, I'd gone, departed from mortals, 75  
 how quickly after death I'd have returned to life, even if I ought not.

- Οὐκ οὐκ ἀνεκτὸν οὐδαμῶς οὐδ' ἐν μέρει  
 νοσοφισμὸς ἤδη συμπνεούσης παρθένου.  
 Αἶ αἶ, προοίχη, καὶ συνοίχασθαι θέλω.  
 80 Βαβαί, πονηρῶς ἐξ ἐμοῦ διηρέθης,  
 ὡς οἶά τις κλὼν συμφυοῦς πτόρθου βία.  
 ὦ προσφιλεῖς σύμπνοια καὶ συμφυῖα,  
 ψυχαῖν δυοῖν ἔνωσις καὶ συμφωνία,  
 ἐν πνεῦμα, νοῦς εἷς, εἷς λόγος καὶ φρῆν μία,  
 85 ἐν πανταχοῦ νόημα δυοῖ καρδίαις.  
 Ποίου σε νηκτοῦ συγκατέκλεισε στόμα;  
 Ποῖόν σε κῆτος ἐκπέπωκεν ἀθρόον,  
 ἢ ποῖος ἐξέκαψεν ἐσμός ἰχθύων;  
 Ἄρ' ἐν θαλάσῃ λήξιν εὖρες τοῦ βίου,  
 90 ἢ κρημνὸς ἐξόρφωσε σὰς κόρας, κόρη,  
 κείσαι δὲ νεκρὰ θηρίοις προκειμένη  
 εἰς δυστυχῆ δίαιταν ἠλεημένη;  
 ὦ ποῦ ποτ' εἶ νῦν; Οὐ δραμεῖν γὰρ ἰσχύω,  
 δεσμοῖς κρατηθεῖς, ψηλαφᾶν σε, παρθένε.'
- 95 Τούτοις ὁ Χάγος ἀντιπροσῶν τοῖς λόγοις  
 – οὐπω γὰρ ὕπνος ἔσχεν αὐτοῦ τὰς κόρας –  
 καλεῖ πρὸς αὐτὸν ἠκέναι Χαρικλέα,  
 οἴκτω μαλαχθεῖς καὶ παθὼν τὴν καρδίαν.  
 Ἦκουσεν, ἦλθε πενθικῶς ἐσταλμένος.
- 100 Ὁ Χάγος εἶπε ἄτις; Πόθεν; Τί δακρύεις;  
 Ἐφη Χαρικλῆς ἄλιχμάλωτος Κρατύλω,  
 δοῦλος δὲ σὸς νῦν ἢ πατρὶς δέ μοι Φθία  
 θρηνώ δ' ἀδελφὴν, ἧς ἐγὼ λελειμμένος,  
 ὡς ἐμπεσοῦσης, φεῦ, θαλάσσης εἰς ὕδωρ,  
 105 μισῶ τὸ βιοῦν οὐδὲ φῶς θέλω βλέπειν.'
- Ἐμὴ Πάρθον ὄντα, πατρίδος δ' ἀπὸ Φθίας  
 ἔφησε Χάγος ἄπως κρατεῖ σε Κρατύλος;  
 Ὅτι συγγενεῖς με πρὸς τὸ Καρίας πέδον  
 μετὰ Δροσίλλας ἢ δ' ὅς ἐἶλλον ἐκ λόγων.
- 110 Πρὸς οὓς ἀποπλέοντες ὀλκαδοφθόρω  
 ἐμπίπτομεν, φεῦ, ληστρικῆ νηαρχία,  
 ἐγὼ τε καὶ Κλέανδρος, οἱ συνοικέται,  
 μετὰ Δροσίλλας τῆς ἀδελφῆς, ὡς ἔφην  
 οὓς καὶ μόλις φυγόντες, ὡς τῆς ὀλκάδος  
 115 ἔξω παρ' ἡμῶν ἐντέχνως εἰλκυσμένης,

I cannot bear at all, even in part,  
 the absence now of the maiden who was my life's breath.  
 Ah, you have gone first, and I wish I'd gone with you!  
 Alas, you have been sadly taken from me, 80  
 like a branch forcibly torn from the sapling that grew with it.  
 Dearest harmony and natural affinity,  
 union and concord of two souls,  
 one spirit, one mind, one reason, and one understanding, 85  
 one thought always for two hearts!  
 What swimming creature's mouth engulfed you?  
 What sea-monster suddenly swallowed you,  
 or what swarm of fish gulped you down?  
 Did you find an end of life in the sea,  
 or did a cliff darken your eyes, girl, 90  
 and you lie dead, exposed to wild animals  
 and pitied for your unlucky life?  
 Ah, wherever are you now? I can't run  
 to search after you, maiden, since I am held by bonds."  
 When Chagos heard these words— 95  
 for sleep hadn't yet taken hold of his eyes—  
 he invited Charikles to come to him,  
 since he was softened by pity and affected in his heart.  
 Charikles heard and came, dressed in mourning.  
 Chagos said, "Who are you? Where are you from? Why are you crying?" 100  
 Charikles replied, "I am Kratylos's prisoner  
 and now your slave. My fatherland is Phthia,  
 and I am wailing for my sister, who left me behind  
 when she fell, alas, into the water of the sea—  
 I hate life; I don't wish to see the light." 105  
 "If you are not a Parthian, but your fatherland is Phthia,"  
 Chagos responded, "how is Kratylos your master?"  
 "My relatives drew me with their words  
 to the land of Caria, together with Drosilla," Charikles said.\*  
 While sailing away to them we met, alas, 110  
 with a pirate fleet, destroyer of ships—  
 both Kleandros and I, who were prison-mates,  
 along with my sister Drosilla, as I said.  
 We escaped them with effort, shrewdly  
 dragging our merchant ship out of their way, 115

ἄκοντες ἐξήλθομεν εἰς Βάρζον πόλιν·  
 ἢ Παρθικῆ δὲ δυσμενῆς στραταρχία  
 συνέσχεν ἡμᾶς αἰχμαλωσίας νόμῳ,  
 καὶ μέχρι τῆς σῆς εὐτυχοῦς παρουσίας  
 120 ὑπεντιθέντες τῷ ζυγῷ τοὺς ἀχένας  
 ἐκαρτεροῦμεν ἀλλεπαλλήλους πόνους·  
 οὐ γὰρ τοσοῦτον εἶχε τὸ πρᾶγμα θλίβειν  
 ὀρῶντας ἡμᾶς τῇ βίᾳ νικωμένους,  
 ὅσον Δροσίλλας ὑπεραλγοῦμεν χάριν  
 125 γυναικὸς οὔσης καὶ νέας καὶ παρθένου.  
 Καὶ νῦν δι' αὐτὴν καὶ τὸ φῶς δεδορκότες  
 στυγοῦμεν οἰμῶζοντες ὠδυνημένοι·  
 ‘Εἶρηκας εὖ’ ὁ Χάγος ἀνταπεκρίθη·  
 ‘ποῦ δ’ οὗτος ὁ Κλέανδρος; Ἐλθέτω τάχος.’  
 130 Ἔστη παραχθεῖς, δακρῦων πεπλησμένος·  
 ὡς ἰδίαν γὰρ συμφορὰν δριμυτάτην  
 τὴν συμφορὰν ἠγεῖτο τοῦ Χαρικλέος·  
 ψυχὴ γὰρ ἄλγος ἴδιον κεκτημένη  
 ἐτοιμοπαθῆς ἐστὶ πρὸς τὸ δακρῦειν,  
 135 ἄλλων λεγόντων καὶ στεναζόντων μέγα  
 τὰς σαφῶν ἑαυτῶν δυσμενεστάτας τύχας.  
 Οὓς καὶ συναλήσαντας ὤκτειρε βλέπων,  
 τὴν καλλονὴν ἣν εἶχον ἐκπεπληγμένος·  
 παρεμφερεῖς γὰρ ἦσαν οἱ νεανίαι.  
 140 Εἶρηκεν οὖν τοιοῦσδε συμπαθῆς λόγους·  
 ‘ἐπεὶ προεσχέθητε χειρὶ Κρατύλου  
 μόλις φυγόντες τὴν θαλαττίαν μάχην,  
 ἐπεὶ φυλακῆς καὶ πρὸ τοῦ Χάγου τόπος  
 κατέσχεν ὑμᾶς αἰχμαλώτους ἀθλίους  
 145 – ἄλλως γὰρ ἐστε καὶ φιλάλληλον γένος –  
 ἐλεύθεροι στέλλεσθε σὺν καλῇ τύχῃ.  
 Μὴ γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἐκκυλισθεῖη Χάγος  
 τῆς συμπαθείας τοῦ καθήκοντος τρόπου,  
 ὡς αἰχμαλώτους μηδὲν ἠδικηκότας,  
 150 μὴ τῶν Ἀράβων ἀντιβάντας τῷ κράτει,  
 ξένους, πρὸ πολλοῦ δυστυχεῖς δεδειγμένους,  
 δεσμοῖς βιαίοις συγκατασχεῖν εἰσέτι,  
 τῶν φύσεως ἔξωθεν ἐκπίπτων νόμων.  
 Μᾶλλον μὲν οὖν δίδωμι καὶ μνᾶς χρυσίου

and we came, unwillingly, to the city of Barzon.  
 The hostile Parthian army  
 seized us by the law of captivity,  
 and until your fortunate arrival  
 we submitted our necks to the yoke 120  
 and endured continuous sufferings.  
 We were not so much distressed  
 in seeing ourselves conquered by force,  
 as we were feeling pain for Drosilla's sake  
 since she was a woman, young, and a virgin. 125  
 And now, because of her, we hate looking upon the light  
 and wail aloud in pain."  
 "You've spoken well," Chagos answered,  
 "but where is this Kleandros? Let him come quickly."  
 Having been brought in, Kleandros stood there, full of tears, 130  
 for he considered Charikles' misfortune  
 as his own most bitter misfortune.  
 A soul that has its own grief  
 is easily moved to tears  
 when others tell and loudly bewail 135  
 their own cruel misfortunes.\*  
 Seeing them share their suffering, Chagos felt pity,  
 struck too by the beauty they possessed,  
 for the young men were somewhat like one another.  
 He spoke these words, then, in sympathy: 140  
 "Since you were held earlier in Kratylos's power  
 after barely escaping the sea battle  
 (for even before Chagos, a prison  
 held you as wretched prisoners),  
 and since otherwise you are a race of mutual affection, 145  
 go as free men, with good fortune!  
 Let Chagos not deviate so far  
 from the compassion normal to his character  
 that he violates the laws of nature  
 by continuing to detain in strong bonds 150  
 prisoners who have done him no wrong,  
 who have not opposed the Arabs' power—  
 strangers who have been unlucky for a long time.  
 Further, I give you gold minas



- 155 ὑπὲρ Δροσίλλας τῆς ἐπιθρηνουμένης,  
 ἢ πρὸς θεῶν ἐν ζῶσι συντηρουμένη  
 ἔρμαιον ἔσται καὶ Χάγου λαμπρᾶς τύχης.  
 Καὶ συνδιασώσσετε τὴν ἐλευθέραν  
 ὅπου θεοὶ βούλονται σῶσαι τῶν κάτω.’
- 160 Οὐκοῦν Χαρικλῆς καὶ Κλέανδρος οἱ ξένοι  
 πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν κλίναντες αὐχένας Χάγου  
 τὴν γῆν ἐποιοῦν πλημμυρεῖν ἐκ δακρῶν.  
 Μόλις ποτὲ στὰς ὁ Κλέανδρος ἀντέφη,  
 οὐ γὰρ Χαρικλῆς λῆξιν εἶχε δακρῶν’
- 165 ‘Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἄναξ ἀντιχαρισαιτό σοι,  
 Χάγε, κραταιὲ τῶν Ἀράβων αὐτάναξ,  
 ψυχῆς ἅπαν νόημα τῆς σῆς συμφέρον,  
 δοίη δὲ μακρὸν εὐθαλῆ ζωῆς χρόνον  
 καὶ δυσμενὲς πᾶν ὑποτάττοι σὺ κράτει.’
- 170 Τούτοις Χαρικλῆς ἀντέφασκε τοιάδε’  
 ‘χαίροις, Ἀράβων ὄλβιε κράτορ, Χάγε,  
 λύπη δὲ τὴν σὴν μὴ κατάσχη καρδίαν,  
 ἀνθ’ ὧν ἀδελφοὺς τληπαθεῖς τρισαθλίους  
 ἐλευθεροῖς νῦν ἐκ φρενῶν σωτηρίων.’
- 175 Οὕτως ἀπαλλαγέντες ἐξ Ἀραβίας  
 ὤδευον ἄμφω τὴν ὀπισθίαν τρίβον,  
 ποιούμενοι ζήτησιν ἐμμελεστάτην  
 αὐτῆς ἐκείνης τῆς Δροσίλλας παρθένου,  
 ὡς ἐντυχεῖν γένοιτο νεκρᾷ κειμένη,
- 180 ἦν τῷ πεσεῖν ὦντο μηδὲ ζῆν ἔτι.  
 Πλὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ πεσοῦσα καὶ σεσωσμένη  
 καὶ κυκλικοὺς τρεῖς ἡμερῶν περιδρομούς  
 σὺν ἕξ διανύσασα ταῖς ἔρημίαις  
 – ὁδοιπορεῖν γὰρ εἶχεν οὐδαμοῦ σθένος
- 185 τῷ συμπιεσμῷ τῶν μελῶν, τῶν ὀστέων,  
 ὃν ἐξεκαρτέρησεν ἐκ κρημνισμάτων –,  
 διατροφὴν ἔχουσα γῆς γλόφῃ μόνῃν  
 δένδρων τε καρποῦς τῶν ἀπηγριωμένων  
 ἴσχυσεν ἔλθειν εἰς τι χωρίον μόλις
- 190 τῶν πρὸς τὸ βιοῦν ἀφθονωτάτως ἔχον.  
 Ἐκεῖσε πολλῶν σπερμάτων χορηγία  
 καὶ παντοδαπῶν θρεμμάτων πανσπερμία,  
 γυναῖκες, ἄνδρες, παῖδες ὑπὲρ ἀστέρως

for the sake of your lamented Drosilla, 155  
 who, if the gods preserve her among the living,  
 will be a boon also of Chagos's splendid fortune.  
 And may you keep her as a free woman  
 if the gods should wish to save her from the depths!"

Charikles and Kleandros, then, the strangers, 160  
 bent their necks before Chagos's feet  
 and made the earth overflow with tears.  
 Then at last Kleandros stood up and replied,  
 for Charikles couldn't yet stop his tears.

"May Lord Zeus himself grant you in return, 165  
 Chagos, mighty lord of the Arabs,  
 whatever your heart desires;  
 may he give you a long and prosperous life,  
 and may he subdue every enemy to your power."

Charikles added his own words to these: 170  
 "May you rejoice, blessed ruler of the Arabs, Chagos,  
 and may grief not afflict your heart  
 since you're now setting free, with generous heart,  
 wretched brothers, thrice-unhappy."

Thus they departed from Arabia, 175  
 and they traveled the road back together,  
 diligently searching  
 for the maiden Drosilla,  
 in the hope of finding her dead body somewhere,  
 for they thought that her fall had killed her. 180

But she had emerged from her fall safely  
 and for nine whole days  
 had survived in the lonely wilderness  
 (for she didn't have the strength to walk  
 because of the bruising of her limbs and bones, 185  
 which she suffered as a result of her precipitous fall),  
 with only grass on the ground for food,  
 and the fruits of wild trees,

until at last she was able to come to a town  
 that had plenty of what was needed for life. 190  
 There were plants in abundance, seedlings everywhere,  
 animals of all types with their young,  
 women, men, children more plentiful than the stars,

- καὶ πανδοχεὺς εὖσπλαγχνος ἀμφὶ τοὺς ξένους.  
 195 Ἴδοῦσα τοῦτο μακρόθεν τὸ χωρίον  
 ἦδεῖτο λοιπὸν εἰσελεύσεσθαι μόνῃ  
 ὁμῶς πρὸς ἄκρον εἰσδραμοῦσα τοῦ τόπου,  
 καὶ τοῦτο πολλῇ συστολῇ καὶ δειλίᾳ,  
 ἔμεινεν ἔνδον ἀστεγοῦς τινος δόμου·  
 200 ἔφαγεν οὐδὲν ἢ στεναγμοὺς καὶ πόνους,  
 ἔπιεν οὐδὲν ἢ τὸ δακρύων πόμα·  
 τὸν γὰρ Χαρικλῆν καὶ τὰ τοῦ Χαρικλέως  
 ἀμφραγοοῦσα θρηῆνον ἦννε ξένον,  
 ἀναιρεθέντα προσδοκῶσα τεθνάναι·  
 205 ἄδ' ἐγὼ ἢ τρισάποτμος ἀπὸ σφετέραιο γενέθλου,  
 ἄδ' ἐγὼ ἢ πολὺδακρυς ἀναλθέα πῆματα μίμνω.  
 Κεῖμαι δὲ φθινύθουσα διαμπερὲς ἐγγούσασα·  
 ὡς γὰρ μοῖρα μέλαινα δυσώνυμος ἀμπεπέκλωσεν,  
 οὐδ' ὄλοοιτο χόλοιο πεπαύσεται ἤματα πάντα.  
 210 Αὐτὰρ ὄν ἢ δύστηνος ἔχον πάρος εἰσορόωσα  
 ἐκ παθέων ἀνάπαυλαν ἐρωτοτόκου μελεδῶνος,  
 ὄν ποθέσκον ἄκριτα, Χαρικλῆς κεῖται ἀνάγκη  
 ὄρφναίοις νεφέεσσιν ἐνειλυμένος θανάτιο,  
 κεῖται νεκρὸς ἄελπτος ἀπ' ὄμματος ἡμετέραιο,  
 215 τὸν ὅρα φάους ἀπέμερσε κακώνυμος, αἰὲν ἀτειρήσ  
 Μοῖρα, μέλαινα, φέραλγος, ἀπ' ἔγχεος Ἀραβίοιο.  
 Χεῖλεα ἱμερόεντα, τὰ πολλάκις ἐξεφίλησα,  
 πῦρ μαλερὸν κατέμαρψε καὶ αἰθαλόεντα φαάνθη·  
 ὄμματα παμφανόωντα ἀείδακρυς ὄρφνα κάλυψε·  
 220 βόστρυχον ἠλιόωντα μέλαν λύθρον ἐξεμίγηεν.  
 ὦμοι ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, αἰεὶ μογέουσα Δροσίλλα.  
 Ἔτλην φύξιν ἄελπτον ἀπὸ σφετέραιο τοκῆος·  
 μακρὸν δ' ἐξεπέρησα βαρὺβρομον οἶδμα θαλάσσης·  
 ληστὰς ὑπεξέφυγον ἀν' οὐρεα μακρὰ βιβῶσα·  
 225 αἶ' αἶ', δακρυόεσσα Χαρικλέως εἵνεκα κούρου,  
 δούλιον ἦμαρ ὄπωπα· βίη δέ τοι ἐστυφελίχθην  
 κλοῖός μ' ἀμφεδάμαζε πυραγοφόροιο μέλημα·  
 οὐρεὶ ὑψικορῦμβω ἀμαξόθεν ἔκπεσον αὐθις,  
 οἶδματι δ' ἀμφεπέλασσα καὶ εἰναλίησι πέτρῃσι  
 230 βένθεος ἀτρυγέτιο καὶ ἀργαλή στροφάλιγγι·  
 φλοῖός μ' ἐξεσάωσεν ἀπὸ δρυὸς ὅς κεν ἐτύχθη.  
 ὦμοι ἐγὼ βαρὺδακρυς εἵνεκα σεῖο, Χαρίκλεις,

and an innkeeper kindly toward strangers.  
 She saw this town from far off, 195  
 but she felt ashamed to enter alone.  
 Nonetheless she ran to the edge of the place—  
 and that with great shame and fear—  
 and stayed in a house without a roof.  
 She ate nothing but groans and pains 200  
 and drank nothing but tears;  
 indeed, not knowing about Charikles and his affairs,  
 she raised a great lament  
 since she thought that he was dead, having been killed:  
     “Here I am, thrice-unhappy from my birth, 205  
 weeping many tears, enduring incurable woes.  
 I lie here, wasting away, groaning continuously,  
 for a black, hateful fate has spun her web around me,  
 nor will she ever cease from her deadly anger.  
 But the man whom before I had only to see, wretched me, 210  
 to gain relief from the sad sufferings of love,  
 the man whom I desired ceaselessly, Charikles,  
 surely lies wrapped in the dark clouds of death,  
 dead, beyond hope, far from my eyes,  
 for hateful Fate, always stubborn, black, 215  
 a bringer of grief, has deprived him of light, through an Arab spear.  
 Lovely lips, which I often kissed,  
 were seized by a fierce fire and burnt black,  
 bright eyes were covered by an ever-tearful darkness,  
 and hair that shone like the sun was defiled by black gore. 220  
 Alas for me, unhappy, ever-suffering Drosilla!  
 I dared unexpected flight from my father,  
 traversed the immense, loud-roaring sea,  
 and escaped from pirates by fleeing through tall mountains.  
 Ah, full of tears for the youth Charikles, 225  
 I saw the day of slavery; I was abused with violence;  
 a collar (the work of a blacksmith) tamed me.  
 On a high mountain I fell, in turn, from a wagon  
 and tumbled into the swell of the sea, the marine rocks  
 of the desolate deep, and the terrible whirlpool. 230  
 A piece of oak bark saved me.  
 Alas, I am weeping grievously because of you, Charikles,

235 ὄν πάρος εἰσορόωσα διήνυον ὄλβιον ἤμαρ,  
 νυνὶ δὲ κρυπτομένοιο πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχω,  
 ἤλιον οὐκ ἐθέλουσα σελασφόρον ἀστέρα λεύσσειν.'

Τοιαῦτα δακρῶσαν ἐκ ψυχῆς μέσης  
 μαθοῦσά τις γραῦς ἀγαθὴ τὴν καρδίαν  
 ἤγγισεν, εὔρεν, εἶδεν, ἔστη πλησίον,  
 ὤμωξεν, ἠσπάσατο καὶ προσεπλάκη,  
 240 ἤγαγεν ἔνδον τῆς ἑαυτῆς οἰκίας  
 καὶ συμμετασχεῖν ἀλάτων κατηξίου.  
 Ἔφαγε μικρὸν καὶ πρὸς ὕπνον ἐτράπη  
 – νυκτὸς γὰρ ἤδη τὸ σκότος κατεκράτει –  
 καὶ συγκλιθεῖσα τῇ χαμαιστρώτῳ κλίνῃ  
 245 εἶδε γλυκὺν ὄνειρον, ἤλθεν εἰς κόρον  
 ὕπνου λυσαλοῦς, πανσολύπου φαρμάκου.

Τὸ φῶς ἐπέστη, καὶ διέστη τὸ σκότος'  
 ἤγερτο καὶ 'γραῦ' φησὶ 'μήτερ ὄλβια,  
 ὡς εὐχαριστῶ τῶν φιλοξενημάτων  
 250 καὶ τῆς χαμαιστρώτου δὲ ταυτησὶ κλίνης,  
 καθ' ἣν γλυκὺς ὄνειρος ἀντεπῆλθέ μοι,  
 παρηγορῶν μου τὴν παθοῦσαν καρδίαν.  
 Ἄλλ' ἀντιφάσκοις εἴ τίς ἐστιν ἐνθάδε  
 ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς πανδοχεὺς Ξενοκράτης.'

255 'Ναί' φησὶν ἡ γραῦς 'τίς δέ σοι τούτου λόγος;  
 Ἔως ἐκεῖσε, λιπαρῶ, σύνελθέ μοι'  
 ἔφη Δροσίλλα 'κατιδεῖν καὶ γὰρ θέλω  
 εἰ μὴ φανεῖς ὄνειρος ἠπάτησέ με.'

'Υπεῖξεν ἡ γραῦς καὶ λαβοῦσα κόρη  
 260 ἐς οἰκίαν ἤγαγε τὴν Ξενοκράτους,  
 πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν δὲ στάσα τῶν τῆς οἰκίας,  
 ἐκεῖ θελούσης καρτερεῖν τῆς παρθένου,  
 καλεῖ παρ' αὐτὴν Καλλίδημον ἠκέναί,  
 τὸν φύντα παῖδα πατρὸς ἐκ Ξενοκράτους,  
 265 τῆς χειρὸς ἐλκύσασα νεύσει τὸν νέον.  
 Ὅ δ' ἀνταπελθὼν ἐξερευνᾷ τὴν κόρην'  
 'τίς καὶ πόθεν σὺ καὶ πατὴρ τίς καὶ πόλις;  
 Ὅμοῦ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἶδε καὶ κατεπλάγη,  
 τὴν καλλονὴν ἣν εἶχεν ἐκπεπληγμένος.

270 Ἦ δὲ Δροσίλλα θᾶπτον ἀνταπεκρίθη'  
 'ἔα με, Καλλίδημε' τοῦτό μοι λέγε,

whom before I had only to see and I'd passed a happy day.  
 But now, with you gone, I suffer continual grief  
 and have no wish to see the sun, the light-bringing star." 235

    A good-hearted old woman heard her  
 as she wept thus from the depths of her soul,  
 and approached, found the girl, saw her, stood near,  
 lamented, embraced her, clung to her,  
 led her into her house, 240  
 and bid her take some food.  
 She ate a little and turned to sleep—  
 for night's darkness was already holding sway—  
 and lying on a bed made on the ground,  
 she saw a sweet dream and had her fill 245  
 of the sleep that relieves grief, the drug that stops pain.  
 Light appeared and the darkness retired.  
 Drosilla arose and said, "Old woman, blessed mother,  
 how thankful I am for your hospitality  
 and for this bed made on the ground, 250  
 in which a sweet dream came to me  
 and comforted my grief-filled heart.  
 But tell me whether there is a certain good man here,  
 Xenokrates, the innkeeper."  
 "Yes," the old woman said, "but what business do you have with him?" 255  
 "I implore you, come with me to him,"  
 Drosilla said, "for I wish to know  
 whether my dream did not deceive me."  
 The old woman yielded, took the girl,  
 led her to the house of Xenokrates, 260  
 and, standing before the door of the house  
 (for that's where the maiden wanted to wait),  
 she called Kallidemos to come to her,  
 the son born to Xenokrates,  
 and she drew the young man to her with a gesture of her hand. 265  
 When he came out, he questioned the girl:  
 "Who are you, where are you from, who's your father, and what's your city?"  
 for as soon as he saw her, he was amazed,  
 struck by her beauty.  
 Drosilla quickly answered, 270  
 "Let me be, Kallidemos. Tell me this,

- εἶπερ τις ἔνδον ἐκ ξένης νεανίας,  
 κλῆσιν Χαρικλῆς, εὐγενῆς τὴν ιδέαν.’  
 ‘Ὁ δ’ ἄλλ’ ἔρασθεις εὐπροσώπου παρθένου,  
 275 ἔκδηλος ἀλοὺς καλλονῆς ἀσυγκρίτου  
 καὶ πρὸς Χαρικλῆν ἐγκοτήσας τῆς κόρης,  
 κόπους παρέσχε τῇ Δροσίλλᾳ μυρίους,  
 καὶ μηδὲ κλῆσιν ἀντέφασκεν εἰδέναι,  
 εἶπερ τίς ἐστι καὶ Χαρικλῆς ἐν βίῳ.  
 280 ‘Τί δ’ ἄλλά, Καλλίδημε, μὴ ξιφιδίῳ  
 πλήττων ἀναιρεῖς; Τί θαλάσῃ μὴ δίδως;  
 Τί μὴ φονεῦεις, αὐτόχειρ δεδειγμένος;’  
 μετὰ στεναγμῶν ἀντέφη καὶ δακρῶν  
 ‘ὡς νῦν με πικροῖς δεξιούμενος λόγοις  
 285 τὴν τῆξιν, οἴμοι, προξενεῖς οὐ μετρίαν.’  
 ‘Εἰ καὶ Χαρικλῆν παραπώλεσας, κόρη,  
 μὴ κάμνε, μὴ στύγναζε, μὴ κατηφία’,  
 πρὸς τὴν Δροσίλλαν Καλλίδημος ἀντέφη  
 ‘μὴ τοῦ βιῶναι τὸν θάνατον προκρίνης.  
 290 Πολλοὶ παρ’ ἡμῶν κρεῖττονες Χαρικλέος,  
 ζῆλον τιθέντες ταῖς ὁρώσαις παρθένοις.’  
 Οὕτω μὲν οὖν ἐκεῖνος· ἡ δὲ παρθένος  
 Δροσίλλα μικρὰ μειδιάσασα λέγει  
 – εἴωθε καὶ γὰρ, κἂν κατάσχετος πόνους  
 295 ὀφθῆ τις, ἄφνω μειδιᾷν τι πολλάκις,  
 ὡς ἂν παρούσης χαρμονῆς, καὶ δακρῶν –  
 ‘συμπατριωτῶν ἀστικῶν καλῶν νέων  
 πῶς ἄρα, Καλλίδημε, παῖ Ξενοκράτους,  
 χωριτικοὶ γένοιτο κρεῖττονες ξένοι;  
 300 Ἄλγῳ κεφαλῆν, Καλλίδημε, καὶ πλέον,  
 τὸ νῦν ἔχον, σοὶ προσλαεῖν οὐκ ἰσχύω.’  
 ‘Ὁ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς ἔνδον ἐς Ξενοκράτους  
 ὑπνωτε μικρὸν ὕπνον οὐκ ἐγνωσμένος,  
 κόπῳ βαρυνθεὶς καὶ πόνῳ καὶ φροντίσιν.  
 305 Ἡ δὲ Δροσίλλα λεπτὸν ἀσθμαίνουσά τι  
 καθῆστο μακρὰν οἰκίαν Ξενοκράτους  
 ‘ὦ παῖ Διός’ λέγουσα καὶ γοωμένη,  
 ‘ποῦ δὴ με τὴν τάλαιναν ἄξεις εἰσέτι  
 εὐρεῖν Χαρικλῆν; Οὐ γὰρ ἐς Ξενοκράτους’  
 310 ἢ φάσματος παίζεις με πάντως ἐμφράσει;

whether there is a young man from a foreign land within,  
Charikles by name, noble in appearance."

But he had fallen in love with the maiden's fair face,  
had clearly succumbed to her incomparable beauty, 275  
and, bearing a grudge against Charikles because of the girl,  
caused Drosilla countless troubles,  
and replied that he didn't even know the name—  
if indeed there even existed a Charikles in the world.

"But why don't you just stab me to death, 280  
Kallidemos, with a dagger? Why don't you throw me into the sea?  
Why don't you kill me since you've shown you are murderous?"  
she answered with groans and tears.

"By greeting me now with cruel words,  
you are causing me, alas, to waste utterly away." 285

"Even if you've lost Charikles, girl,  
don't be sick, gloomy, or downcast,"

Kallidemos replied to Drosilla.

"Don't prefer death to living. 290  
Many of our men are superior to Charikles  
and cause maidens to feel desire when they see them."

He said these things, but the maiden Drosilla  
smiled a little and said

(for even a person clearly overcome by troubles  
is liable often suddenly to smile, 295  
as if feeling joy, and to weep),

"How could rural strangers,  
Kallidemos, Xenokrates' son, be superior  
to your compatriots, handsome young city-dwellers?"  
But my head hurts, Kallidemos, and I cannot 300  
talk with you any more right now."

Meanwhile Charikles, unrecognized,  
was sleeping a little in Xenokrates' house,  
oppressed by fatigue, pain, and cares.

But Drosilla, sighing faintly, 305  
sat down far from Xenokrates' house  
and said with groans, "Child of Zeus,  
where will you yet lead this wretched girl  
to find Charikles (for it's not to Xenokrates' house)?  
Or do you mock me with a phantom's appearance? 310



Ἐχρῆν ἐπαρήγειν σε δυστυχουμένη  
 ἐχρῆν ἀπαλλάσσειν με δυσπραγημάτων  
 καὶ τῶν ἐπαχθῶν καὶ μακρῶν στεναγμάτων  
 ἐχρῆν ὀδηγεῖν πρὸς τὰ συμφέροντά με,  
 315 οὐ μὴν ἀνάγκας ταῖς ἀνάγκαις εἰσφέρειν,  
 ψευδηγοροῦντα τῇ καθ' ὑπνοὺς ἐμφάσει.  
 Ἄλλ' εἰ θεὸς σὺ καὶ Διὸς γόνος πέλεις,  
 εἰ ζῆ Χαρικλῆς αὐθις ἐκδίδασκέ με  
 καὶ γὰρ παραστὰς τῇ πρὸ ταύτης ἐσπέρα  
 320 καὶ ζῆν ἐδήλους καὶ πρὸς αὐτοῦ τοῦ Χάγου  
 ἐλευθερωσθαι σὺν Κλεάνδρῳ τῷ ξένῳ  
 καὶ δεξιούσθαι πανδοχεῖ Ξενοκράτει  
 πρόασμα γοῦν σὸν οὐκ ἀληθὲς εὐρέθη.  
 Καὶ νῦν ἐπειδὴ μὴ Χαρικλῆς ἐνθάδε  
 325 οὐδ' ἐστὶ μοι ζῶν οὐδ' ἐλεύθερος μένει,  
 ἀλλ' ἢ προεξώχηκε τοῦ βίου ξίφει,  
 ἢ δεσμὰ τὸν τράχηλον αὐτοῦ συνθλίβει,  
 καὶ ζῆ πονηρὸν καὶ πανοικτίστον βίον.  
 Ταύτης ἐπιστὰς Καλλίδημος ἐγγύθεν  
 330 ἐπηκροῶτο τῶν κατωδύνων λόγων  
 καὶ μὴ κατασχεῖν οἶος ὦν οὕτω λέγει  
 'τὸ κάλλος ἡμᾶς ἐξελέγχει σου, κόρη,  
 ἀλόντας οἷς ἔφημεν ἔρρειν ἀθρόον.  
 Ἄλλ' ὁ τρισανόητος αὐτὸς ψόμην  
 335 σαθροῖς λογισμοῖς ἄσχετος κάλλει μένειν,  
 ὀμιλιῶν ἄγευστος, ἀτριβῆς πόθου  
 διέπτυν δὲ τῶν ἐρώντων τοὺς πόνους,  
 καὶ τοὺς γάμους σφῶν ὡς ἀπέστεργον τάχα.  
 Νῦν δ' ἀλλὰ δοῦλος ἄθλιος κατεσχέθην,  
 340 ὀλοσχερῶς Ἐρωτι θητεύων βίᾳ  
 ἄνθος δὲ τὸ πρὶν τὴν παρειὰν φυγγάνει,  
 τοῦ βλέμματος δὲ σβέννυται μοι τὸ φλέγον  
 ἐκ δακρῶν ῥύακος ὡς ἐξ ὑδάτων.  
 Οὕτως ἐγὼ τὸ πάθος οὐκ ἔχω φέρειν  
 345 καὶ τὴν Ὀμήρου μέμφομαι Καλλιόπην  
 εἰποῦσαν εἶναι κοσμικῶν πάντων κόρον,  
 καὶ φιλοτήτων, ἀκορέστων, ὡς κρῖνῳ  
 οὐ πλησμονὴν ἔοικεν εἰσφέρειν ἔρωτος,  
 κἂν ἡδονὴ τελοῖτο, κἂν κλύοιτό μοι.

You should have helped an unhappy woman,  
 freed me from my miseries  
 and my heavy, long moans,  
 led me to what would help me,  
 and not have added to my anguish 315  
 by deceiving me with an apparition in my sleep.  
 If you are a god and a son of Zeus,  
 instruct me whether Charikles still lives,  
 for yesterday evening you stood by me  
 and declared that he lived, had been set free 320  
 along with Kleandros, the stranger, by Chagos himself,  
 and was being received by the innkeeper Xenokrates.  
 But your forecast has proved false.  
 Now, since Charikles is not there,  
 he is not living, nor yet is he free, 325  
 but either he was killed with a sword,  
 or chains press his neck  
 and he lives a painful and piteous life.”  
 Kallidemos, standing near her,  
 heard her sad words 330  
 and, unable to stop himself, spoke thus:  
 “Your beauty proves, girl, that I’ve been conquered  
 by attractions to which I’d said an abrupt farewell.  
 I thought, thrice-foolish man,  
 with faulty reasoning, that I’d stayed immune to beauty— 335  
 I, who hadn’t tasted love-making or experienced desire—  
 and I spat upon the labors of lovers  
 and instantly loathed their nuptials.  
 But now I’ve been captured, a wretched slave,  
 forced to be wholly in the service of Love. 340  
 The former bloom has fled from my cheek,  
 and the fire of my eye has been quenched  
 by a stream of tears, as if by a deluge of waters.  
 Thus I cannot bear my suffering,  
 and I blame Homer’s Kalliope,\* 345  
 who said that there was a satiety of all earthly things,  
 even of love, which is insatiable, I think.  
 Eros doesn’t seem to bring satiety,  
 whether the pleasure is being experienced or spoken of.

- 350 ῥίψω τὸ λοιπὸν, ὡς ὁ γηράσας λόγος,  
 ἐν κινδύνοις ἄγκυραν αὐθις ἐσχάτην  
 καὶ δεύτερον πλοῦν πλεύσομαι – τί γὰρ πάθω; –  
 καὶ σοι προσείπω τῇ τὸ πᾶν φιλουμένηῃ  
 τροφήν γὰρ οἶδα τὴν σιωπὴν τῆς νοσοῦ.
- 355 Ὡ πᾶσαν εὐτυχοῦσα καλλονῆς χάριν  
 καὶ πᾶν ἀκοντίζουσα καρδίας μέρος,  
 χεῖλος μὲν ἀψχεῖς ἀπαλώτερον ῥόδου,  
 γλυκύτερον δὲ κηρίου σοι τὸ στόμα  
 φίλημα γοῦν σόν, ὡς μελίττης κεντριόν,
- 360 πικρὸν θανατοῦν φαρμακεῦον ἀλγύνον.  
 Ὡς φαρμάκων σοι πλήρες ἐστὶ τὸ στόμα,  
 κἂν ἐκτὸς ἢ μέλιτι συγκεχρωσμένον  
 οὐ καὶ φίλημα τῇ δοκῆσει κερδάνας,  
 αἶ αἶ, περιττὸν ἄχθος ἀντιλαμβάνω.
- 365 Τὸ στέρνον ἀλγῶ πάλλομαι τὴν καρδίαν  
 ἀνατραπείς ἔοικα σῶμα καὶ φρένας.  
 Οὐκ ἐκφύγη τις, κἂν δοκῆ πεφευγέναι,  
 Ἔρωτα τὸν τύραννον ὀπλοτοξότην,  
 ἄχρις ἂν ἐν γῆ φῶς τε καὶ κάλλος μένη,
- 370 καὶ τῶν βροτῶν τὸ ὄμμα πρὸς τοῦτο βλέπη  
 Ἔρωσ γὰρ αὐτός, ὁ θρασύς, ὁ τοξότης,  
 καλὸς θεὸς τις μυθοπλαστεῖται νέος,  
 καὶ τόξα πλουτεῖ καὶ φαρέτραν εἰσφέρει.  
 Χαίρει τὰ πολλὰ τοιγαροῦν καὶ τοῖς νέοις
- 375 ὅπου δὲ κάλλος, ἐκδιώκων προφθάνει  
 ἀναπτεροῖ τε καὶ φρένας καὶ καρδίαν  
 οὐ φάρμακόν τις εὔρεν οὐδεὶς ἐν βίῳ,  
 εἰ μὴ περιπλοκὴν τε καὶ γλυκὺν γάμον.  
 Θεὸν βαρύν σε θάπτον ἐγνώκειν, Ἔρωσ,
- 380 εὔρον δρυμῶνος θρέμμα, θηρίου γόνον  
 ὡς ἄγριος σύ, προσχαρῆς δοκῶν μάτην.  
 Ἄκουε λοιπὸν καὶ διδάσκου καὶ σύνες,  
 ἢ νῦν παρ' ἡμῶν μαργαρόστερονος κόρη,  
 φύσει λαχοῦσα χρυσοβόστρυχον κόμην,
- 385 τὸ κύμα, τὸν κλύδωνα, τὴν ζάλην ὄσην.  
 Λαβεῖν σε πρὸς νοῦν ἱκετεύω τοὺς πάλα  
 ἔρωτι συγκραθέντας εἰς ψυχὴν μίαν  
 συνεννόει μοι τοῖς προλοίοις τῶν πάλα

I will cast, then, as the old proverb goes, 350  
 the last-chance anchor in my perils again,  
 sail a second voyage—for what else am I to do?—  
 and speak to you, whom I love completely,  
 for I know that silence nourishes sickness.  
 You, who possess all of beauty's graces 355  
 and strike every part of my heart with darts,  
 boast a lip softer than a rose  
 and a mouth sweeter than honey.  
 But your kiss, like a bee's sting,  
 is cruel, deadly, poisonous, and painful. 360  
 How full of poison your mouth is,  
 even if outside it is smeared with honey.  
 Even if I obtain a kiss from you only in fancy,  
 alas, I receive in turn a terrible load of grief.  
 I suffer pain in my chest; I quiver in my heart; 365  
 I seem agitated in body and mind.  
 No one will escape—even if one thinks one's escaped—  
 Eros, the tyrant armed with a bow,  
 so long as light and beauty exist on earth  
 and the eyes of mortals look upon them; 370  
 Eros himself, the insolent archer,  
 is pictured in myth as a handsome young god,  
 carrying lots of arrows and a quiver.  
 He takes great pleasure, then, in young men,  
 and where there's beauty, he at once pursues it, 375  
 and he makes both mind and heart take wing.  
 Against him no one on earth has found a remedy,  
 except embrace and sweet nuptials.  
 I at once knew that you were a cruel god, Eros;  
 I found you to be a creature of the wood, a wild animal's offspring. 380  
 How fierce you are, who pretend to be kind.  
 Listen, then, learn, and understand,  
 O girl now beside me, with your pearly breasts  
 and naturally golden locks of hair—  
 comprehend the size of love's waves, rough waters, and storm! 385  
 I beg you to have in mind the people of long ago  
 who were united by love into one soul;  
 consider among the rest

τὸν Ἀρσάκης ἔρωτα πρὸς Θεαγένην,  
 390 τὸν Ἀχαιμένους πρὸς Χαρίκλειαν πόθον·  
 κὰν ὡς ἀσέμνους οὐ λαβεῖν πρὸς νοῦν θέλεις,  
 τοὺς εἰς ἔρωτας σωφρονήσαντας σκόπει,  
 οὓς ὄρκος αὐτὸς ὁ προβαίνων ὡς δέον  
 ἀπειργεῖν αἰσχροῦ καὶ προήγεν ἐνδίκως  
 395 εἰς ἀσφαλῆ σύζευξιν ἐννόμου γάμου.  
 Οὐδὲν διοίσειν οἶδε πρὸς μέθην ἔρωσ·  
 πλὴν λίθος ἀμέθυσος ἢ Δροσίλλά μοι.  
 Πρηστήριον πῦρ οἶδεν ἐντίκτειν ἔρωσ·  
 400 ἀλλ' Ἰνδικὴν λίθον σε παντάρβην ἔχω,  
 καὶ φεῦξεταί με καὶ τὸ πῦρ φέροντά σε.  
 Πόνος μὲν ὁ τρύχων με πρὸς τὸ γῆς πλάτος  
 ὀφθαλμὸν αὐτὸν συγκαθέλκει μοι, κόρη,  
 ὄψις δὲ τῶν σῶν ἀντανέλκει χαρίτων.  
 Οὐκ εὐσθενές μοι σωφρονεῖν βλέποντί σε,  
 405 καὶ συγκινοῦμαι μᾶλλον εἰς τὸ μὴ βλέπειν,  
 ὡς μήποτε φλόξ ἀῤῥάνηται τοῦ πόθου  
 ὄλην ἔχουσα καὶ τροφήν τὴν σὴν θέαν·  
 οὕτως ἄφυκτον τὴν σαγήνην τοῦ πόθου  
 ἐξ ὀμμάτων σῶν ἔσχες εἰς ἐμὴν ἄγραν.  
 410 Ἄγκίσματός σοι πλήρες αὐτὸ τὸ στόμα,  
 ἢ χεῖρ δὲ ναρκᾶ πρὸς τὸ σῶσαι συντόμως  
 τὸν ἀρπαγέντα τῇ σαγήνῃ τῇ ξένη.  
 Οὔτω τυραννεῖς ὄν κρεμώμενον λάβησ·  
 οὔτε πρὸς αὐτὴν γῆν ἐνεχθῆναι θέλεις,  
 415 οὔτε προσαρπαγέντα σώξεις αὐτίκα.  
 Ποίαν σοφίαν συγκινήσω καὶ πόθεν  
 ἐρωτικὰς ἴγυγας εὐρήσω τάλας,

the love of Arsake for Theagenes\*  
 and that of Achaimenes for Charikleia. 390  
 If you don't wish to consider them since they're unchaste,  
 look to those who are chaste in love,  
 whom proper adherence to an oath  
 kept away from shame and led with justice  
 to the secure union of a lawful marriage. 395  
 Love is just like drunkenness,  
 but Drosilla is an amethyst stone to me.\*  
 Love can cause a burning fire,  
 but I have you as the Indian stone *pantarbe*,\*  
 and so the fire will avoid me if I carry you. 400  
 The pain that consumes me drags my eyes  
 down to the ground, girl,  
 but the sight of your charms draws them back up again.  
 I can't control myself when I see you,  
 and I should really rather not see you 405  
 so that the flame of desire may never increase  
 through having your sight for its nourishment—  
 so inescapable is the net of desire  
 you have trailing from your eyes to catch me.  
 Your mouth's full of affected indifference, 410  
 and your hand is loath to save promptly  
 one who's caught in your strange net.  
 Thus you tyrannize one you've caught suspended in your net:  
 you are not willing for him to be brought to the land,  
 nor do you instantly save the one you've caught. 415  
 What artifice shall I set in motion, and where,  
 wretched me, shall I find love charms

- ὡς ἂν σε πείσω καὶ παθεῖν ἀναγκάσω  
 ἔλκτηρίοις ἴνγξι καρδιοστρόφοις;  
 420 Γυνὴ γὰρ εἶ σύ – γνῶθι τὴν σαυτῆς φύσιν –,  
 γυνὴ δὲ πασῶν τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς καλλίων,  
 τεράστιόν τι πλάσμα φύσεως ξένης,  
 ὑπερφυές τι χρῆμα θήλεος γένους,  
 ὡς ἡ σελήνη τῶν προλοίπων ἀστέρων.  
 425 Δίδου τὸ πᾶν' μὴ βάλλε τοῖς λόγοις μόνοις'  
 ψυχῆς γὰρ ὡς ἔοικεν ἐγκρύπτειν πάθος,  
 ἀρνητικοῖς βάλλεις με λοιπὸν ἐν λόγοις.  
 Ἔλκουσα δῆθεν εὐμένειαν μετρίαν,  
 ἐμοὶ προεΐπας, ὡς παρηνοχλημένη,  
 430 ἀλγεῖν κεφαλὴν πολλὰ δυσφορουμένην,  
 σὲ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν ἐμοὶ φιλουμένην.  
 Καὶ καινὸν οὐδέν, ὧ Δροσίλλα παρθένε'  
 ἔλθοῦσα καὶ γὰρ εἰς ἄγνωστον χωρίον,  
 δῆμω τε πολλῶν ἐμφανισθεῖσα ξένων  
 435 ἐπεσπάσω βάσκανον ὀφθαλμὸν τάχα'  
 πλὴν σήμερόν σε τὴν ἐμὴν νόσον θέλω  
 ἀπαλλαγῆναι τῆς ἐνοχλοῦσης νόσου'  
 ἀλλ' ἡ νόσος μοι καὶ πρὸς ὑγείαν δράμοι,  
 ὡς μὴ καχεκτοίημεν ἄμφω δυσφόρως.  
 440 Δάφνις ὁ παῖς ἐκεῖνος ἀλλὰ καὶ Χλόη  
 τρισευτυχῶς συνῆψαν αὐτοὺς εἰς γάμον'  
 Δάφνις ἐκεῖνος ὁ γλυκύς, ποιμὴν μόνον,  
 ὁ τῶν ἔρωτος ἀδαῆς τοξευμάτων,  
 φιλούμενος μὲν, ἀντιφιλῶν δὲ πλέον,  
 445 καὶ μηδὲν εἰδῶς τῶν ἐρώτων τι πλέον'  
 τῇ παρθένῳ Χλόῃ γὰρ ἐκ τῶν σπαργάνων  
 ἐρωτικὸν συνῆπτο συμποίμην βρέφος.  
 Ταύτης ἐρῶν ἦν τῆς καλῆς Χλόης πάλαι,  
 Χλόης ἐκεῖνης τῆς ἀπλάστου παρθένου,  
 450 ἧς πῦρ μὲν ἦν τὸ βλέμμα τῷ νεανίᾳ,  
 λόγοι δὲ τόξα, καὶ περιπλοκαὶ βέλη.  
 Χρυσοῦν γένος πρὸς φίλτρον ἦν τὸ προφθάσαν'  
 ὁ γὰρ φιληθεὶς ἀντεφίλει μεῖζονως'  
 οὐχ οἷόν ἐστι τοῦτο χάλκεον γένος'  
 455 φιλούμενον γὰρ ἀντιφιλεῖν οὐ θέλει.  
 Ὡ τίς λόγος, τί πρᾶγμα καὶ τίς ἡ φύσις,

that I may persuade you and force you to feel love  
 though magic spells that draw and whirl the heart round?\*  
 You are a woman—know your own nature!— 420  
 and a woman more beautiful than all women of our time,  
 a marvelous creation of exceptional nature,  
 a creature as far superior to the female race  
 as the moon to the rest of the stars.  
 Give me all you've got. Don't strike me with words alone 425  
 (for it's your way, it seems, to conceal emotion,  
 and you are striking me further with your words of denial).  
 Inviting, in truth, a common kindness,  
 you said to me, as if you were greatly annoyed,  
 that you felt much pain in your vexed head— 430  
 you, the precious head that I love.  
 And this is nothing strange, Drosilla,  
 for when you came to an unfamiliar town  
 and were seen by a crowd of many strangers,  
 you attracted the evil eye perhaps— 435  
 only, today I wish that you, who are my sickness,  
 may be released from the sickness that troubles you.  
 But may my sickness also move quickly toward health  
 so that we may not both be grievously ill.  
 Daphnis, that famous boy, and Chloe\* 440  
 united themselves happily in marriage.  
 Sweet Daphnis, only a herdsman  
 and ignorant of love's arrows,  
 was beloved and returned a greater love  
 and knew nothing more of love, 445  
 for he'd been united from the cradle  
 to the maiden Chloe, fellow herder, amorous child.  
 He loved the beautiful Chloe for a long time,  
 that unaffected maiden  
 whose glance was fire to him; 450  
 whose words, bow and arrows; whose embraces, missiles.  
 The earlier generation was golden in matters of love,  
 for the beloved returned the love even more.  
 This bronze generation is not the same,  
 for the beloved does not wish to return the love. 455  
 What is the reason, the need, the natural cause



ἡμᾶς τυραννεῖν τὰς ἐρώσας παρθένους  
 βληθείσας ἀντέρωτι δακνοκαρδίῳ;  
 Ἦ γὰρ πρὸς ἡμῶν οὐκ ἐρῶσι παρθένοι;  
 460 Ἐρῶσι, πλὴν γέμουσι τῶν ἀκκισμάτων  
 φιλοῦσι, πλὴν τρύχουσι τοὺς φιλουμένους,  
 ποιοῦσιν αὐτοῖς ἐκκρεμῆ τὴν καρδίαν,  
 τήκουσιν, αἶ αἶ, πρὸ χρόνου τὸ σαρκίον,  
 αὐτὴν ὀπιστεύουσι τὴν ψυχὴν μέσῃν,  
 465 ὡς ἀγχόνῃ τὸ πρᾶγμα καὶ πέρας βίου  
 ἔρωτος εἰς τὸ τραῦμα δυσφοροῦμένοις.  
 Βαβαί, πόσος παρήλθε καιρὸς ἐν μέσῳ,  
 καὶ τὴν σιδηρᾶν οὐκ ἔπεισα καρδίαν  
 πῶς πολλαχοῦ προήλθον, ἀλλ' ἢ παρθένος  
 470 ἢ σκληροπετρόστερονος οὐκ ἔνευσέ μοι.  
 Ἄπόλλυμαι δεῖλαιος, οἷχομαι τάλας,  
 εἰ μὴδὲ ταῦτα σὴν μαλάξῃ καρδίαν.  
 Ἦροῦς ἐρῶν Λεάνδρος ὁ τλήμων πάλαι,  
 οἷμοι, θαλασσόπνικτος εὐρέθη νέκυς,  
 475 φεῦ, τοῦ λύχνου σβεσθέντος ἐκ τῶν ἀνέμων.  
 Ἄβυδος οἶδε ταῦτα καὶ Σηστός πόλις.  
 Πλὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ θάλασσαν εὐρηκῶς τάφον  
 σύντυμβον αὐτὴν ἔσχε τὴν ἐρωμένην  
 ἐκ τείχεος ῥίψασαν αὐτὴν εἰς ὕδωρ  
 480 οὗς γὰρ πόθος συνῆψεν εἰς συζυγίαν  
 τούτους ἐκεῖνος ἦξεν εἰς συντυμβίαν.  
 Δυστυχεῖς ἦν ἐκεῖνο τέρμα τοῦ βίου  
 ὡς ὄλβιον κατ' ἄλλον ὠράθη τρόπον  
 συντυμβίαν γὰρ ἔσχεν ἰσοψυχία,  
 485 ἐν φίλτρον, ἐν νόημα σωμάτων δύο.  
 Ὡ πνεύματος σβέσαντος ἀκτίνας δύο  
 ἔσβεστο λύχνος, καὶ συνεσβέσθη πόθος.  
 Ὡ πνεύματος ῥίψαντος ἀστέρας δύο,  
 Ἦρώ τε καὶ Λεάνδρον, ἐν βυθῷ μέσῳ.  
 490 Ἐπέρχεται μοι σπλάγχνα τῆς μνήμης πόνος  
 φλογίζεται μοι στέρνα πυρὶ τοῦ πάθους.  
 Οὔτω μὲν οὖν ἐκεῖνος ἄλλ' ἐγὼ τάλας  
 οὐ νυκτομαχῶν, οὐ θαλάσση προσπλέων,  
 ἀποπνιγῆναι κινδυνεύω, φιλτάτη,  
 495 ἐκ τῆς κατασχούσης με τοῦ πόθου ζάλης,

that we're tyrannized by the maidens who love us  
 when they're wounded in turn by heart-stinging love?  
 Or don't maidens return our love?  
 They love, but are full of affected indifference; 460  
 they love, but wear out those they love.  
 They keep the hearts of their lovers hanging,  
 cause their bodies to waste away, alas, prematurely,  
 and shoot their souls with arrows—  
 the situation is like a strangling and death 465  
 for those who suffer the wound of love.  
 Alas, how much time has passed  
 and I haven't persuaded her iron heart.  
 How often I have gone to her, but the maiden  
 with the rock-hard heart has not given me her assent. 470  
 I am lost, poor wretch, I am ruined  
 if not even these things soften your heart.  
 The unhappy Leander, who loved Hero long ago,\*  
 was found dead, alas, drowned by the sea  
 because the lamp had been extinguished, alas, by the winds. 475  
 Abydos knows this, and the city Sestos.  
 But although Leander had the sea as a tomb,  
 still he had his beloved as a tomb-companion  
 after she threw herself from the wall into the sea,  
 for whom Love joined into a union 480  
 he also led into the same tomb.  
 That death was unfortunate,  
 but how happy it appeared in another way,  
 for two like spirits shared the same tomb—  
 two bodies with one love and one mind. 485  
 Oh, wind that has blown out two rays of light!  
 The lamp has been extinguished and the love along with it.  
 Oh, wind that's caused two stars—  
 Hero and Leander—to fall into the abyss!  
 The pain of memory penetrates deep within my body; 490  
 my breast burns with the fire of passion.  
 This, then, was Leander's fate. But wretched me,  
 I am not fighting by night or sailing on the sea,  
 yet I am in danger of being drowned, dearest,  
 by the storm of desire that's taken hold of me, 495

εἰ μὴ φθάσης σὺ δοῦσα δεξιὰν φίλην.  
 Σκόπει τὸ ρεχθέν, ἐννόει μοι τὸν πόθον.  
 Εὖ οἶδας ὡς γέννημα τοῦ πόθου πόνος.  
 Ἐμοὶ πύλας ἀνοίγε τῆς σῆς καρδίας,  
 500 καταστοροῦσα τὸν κλύδωνα τοῦ πόθου,  
 καὶ τὸν θαλασσόπλαγκτον ἤδη προσδέχου  
 σαῖς ἀγκάλαις δήπουθεν, ὡς ἐν λιμένι.  
 Οὐκ ἀγνοεῖς γὰρ ὡς περίφημος πάλαι  
 505 ἐρῶν ἐκείνης τῆς Γαλατείας Κύκλωψ  
 προεῖλκεν ἀπειθοῦσαν αὐτὴν τὴν κόρην·  
 τὸ λάσιον γὰρ ἐβδελύττετο πλέον,  
 φυγοῦσα τὸν φιλοῦντα· πλὴν ἔστεργέ μοι,  
 μήλοισ μόνοις βάλλουσα μικροῖς τὸν μέγαν.  
 Ὅμως ἐκείνος ἀνθυπισχνεῖτο ξένα·  
 510 ποθῶν γὰρ αὐτὴν εἰς τὸ πῦρ βαλεῖν ἔφη  
 καὶ χεῖρας αὐτοῦ καὶ πόδας καὶ κοιλίαν,  
 ὡς ἐκτεφρῶσαι τὴν λασιώδη τρίχα,  
 εἰ δυνατὸν δὲ καὶ μέσην τὴν καρδίαν,  
 εἴ που δοκεῖ καὶ τοῦτο τῇ ποθουμένῃ,  
 515 κάκεινον ὄνπερ εἶχεν εἰς τὸ φῶς ἕνα  
 ὀφθαλμὸν εὐρύν, κυκλοσύνθετον, μέγαν.  
 Οὕτως ἐρῶν προεῖλκεν. Ἐξελιπάρει  
 εἰς ἄντρον ἐλθεῖν τὴν Γαλάτειαν Κύκλωψ,  
 520 ὅπου νέους ἔφασκε νεβροὺς ἐκτρέφειν  
 γαύρους τε μόσχους, ἄρνας, ἄλλας ἀγέλας  
 κύνας τε πολλὰς, ἀγρίας, λυκοκτόνους·  
 καὶ γλυκερὰς ἔφασκεν ἀμπέλους ἔχειν,  
 καὶ τυρὸν ἐν χειμῶνι καὶ καιρῷ θέρους  
 γαυλοῦς τε τοῦ γάλακτος ἐκκεχυμένους,  
 525 σμήνη μελιττῶν ὑπὲρ ἐξηκοντάδα  
 καὶ κισσύβια τεχνικῶς γεγλυμμένα  
 καὶ δορκάδων ἄμετρα δερμάτων σκύτη.  
 Τούτοις ἔθελγε τὴν Γαλατείαν Κύκλωψ  
 ἄδων μελιχρόν, τῇ θαλάσῃ προσβλέπων,  
 530 σύριγγα πρὸς τὸ χεῖλος εὐτεχνον φέρων·  
 τούτοις ἔθελγε καὶ προσεξελιπάρει  
 ὡς ἀνθέλοιτο τὴν ἐς ἄντρον ἐστίαν,  
 χαίρειν ἀφείσα τὸν θαλάττιον βίον.  
 Σὺ δ' οὔτε νεύεις οὔτε μηνύεις λόγον,

unless you first give me your beloved right hand.  
 Consider what's been done; reflect on my desire.  
 You know well that suffering is born from desire.  
 Open the doors of your heart to me  
 and smooth the wave of desire; 500  
 receive now in your arms, as in a harbor,  
 one who's wandered over the sea.  
 You know well how the famous Cyclops once,\*  
 being in love with Galatea,  
 tried to entice the girl, who refused him, 505  
 for she loathed his shagginess more  
 and fled her lover. But she loved him, I say,  
 for she was pelting the huge creature with little apples only.  
 Nevertheless he made extraordinary promises,  
 for he said that for love of her he'd throw into the fire 510  
 his hands, feet, and belly  
 so as to burn to ashes his shaggy hair,  
 also, if possible, his heart  
 (if his beloved wanted this too)  
 as well as that single, wide, round, large eye, 515  
 which he had for seeing the light.  
 Thus with his love he was trying to entice her.  
 He entreated Galatea to come into his cave,  
 where he said he was rearing new fawns,  
 skittish calves, lambs, other animals, 520  
 and many fierce, wolf-slaying dogs;  
 and he said that he had sweet vines,  
 cheese in winter and summer,  
 pails overflowing with milk,  
 more than sixty beehives, 525  
 drinking-cups carved with art,  
 and countless deer hides.  
 Thus the Cyclops was trying to charm Galatea,  
 as he sang a honey-sweet song and gazed toward the sea,  
 lifting a well-made pipe to his lips. 530  
 Thus he was charming her and entreating her  
 to choose his home in a cave  
 and say farewell to her life in the sea.  
 But as for you, you don't nod or say a word,

- 535 ἄλλ' οὐδὲ προσπαίζοντι συμπαίξειν θέλεις.  
 Οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν σοὶ μῆλον, οὐ γλυκὺς γέλως  
 ὁποῖος ἦν τὰ πρῶτα τῆς Νηρηίδος·  
 τὸ μειδίαμα προσδοκᾷς δέ μοι μέγα  
 χάρισμα πολλῶν ἀντιδιδόναι λόγων.
- 540 Ὡς εὐχαριστῶ τοῦ χαρίσματος, κόρη·  
 πένης κόραξ γάρ, ὡς ὁ δημῶδης λόγος,  
 οὔσης ἀνάγκης, συμποριζέτω τάλας  
 κἂν ἐκ δυσόδμων τὴν τροφὴν ἐντοσθίων.  
 Σύννευσον ἔνδον ἀμφὶ τὸν ζητοῦντά σε,  
 545 ὄψει δὲ πάντως καὶ περιφήμου πλέον  
 Κύκλωπος ἀδρὸν Καλλιδήμον ἐν βίῳ.  
 Ξενοκράτης πρῶτιστος ἐν τῷ χωρίῳ·  
 ὁ Καλλιδήμος οὐκ ἄχαρις τὴν θέαν,  
 τῶν εὐγενῶν εἷς ἔστι καὶ τῶν εὐπόρων,  
 550 ᾧ συζυγεῖσαν οὐ μετὰμελος λάβη  
 τὴν ἐν γυναιξί σε Δροσίλλαν κοσμίαν.  
 Βούλει καθιστῶ δῆλα τῷ Ξενοκράτει;  
 Καὶ Καλλιδήμου καὶ Δροσίλλας τοὺς γάμους  
 λαμπροῖς ἐορτάσειε παστοπηγίους.
- 555 Τί μειδιᾷς νεύουσα πρὸς γῆν ἡσύχως,  
 ᾧ γραῦς ἀγαθή, γραῦς σοφή, γραῦς κοσμία;  
 Μέτελθε καὶ σὺ τὴν ἀκαμπῆ παρθένον,  
 καὶ Καλλιδήμου μισθὸν ἐκλάβη μέγαν·  
 Τούτοις ἐνησμένιζεν ὁ Ξενοκράτους·  
 560 ἡ γραῦς δὲ μικρὰν ἐγκοπὴν ποιουμένη  
 τῆς Καλλιδήμου λαλιᾶς πρὸς καὶ τὴν κόρη  
 'εἰ καὶ Δροσίλλα μὴ πλανᾶται τῷ βλέπειν'  
 ἔφασκε, 'Καλλιδήμε, παῖ Ξενοκράτους,  
 οὐκ ἄλλον εἰς γῆν ὄψεται σου καλλίω.'  
 565 Ἄλλ' οὗτος ἀντέφασκε τῇ κόρῃ πάλιν·  
 'ὑπερβαλλόντως ἡδύνεις ὀρωμένη,  
 ἀνεκλαλήτως ἀλγύνεις κεκρυμμένη.  
 Λειμῶν χαριτόβρυτος ὠράθης μόνη·  
 δοκεῖς δὲ θριγκοὺς πολλαχοῦ συνεισφέρειν.  
 570 Καὶ νῦν ἱμερτὴ σὺ τρυγᾶσθαί μοι, κόρη,  
 ὡς ἀκροπρέμων ἀδροδενδροκαρπία·  
 ἀνοιξον οὖν μοι τὰς θύρας τοῦ κηπίου  
 καὶ δὸς φαγέσθαι καὶ κορεσθῆναι μόλις.

and you aren't even willing to play with one who's playing. 535  
 You don't have an apple, nor do you laugh sweetly  
 as the Nereid used to do;  
 you think that by smiling you are giving me  
 a great gift in return for my many words.  
 How thankful I am for your smile, girl, 540  
 for, as the popular proverb goes, let a poor raven  
 when it's necessary take his nourishment—  
 wretched bird!—even from stinking entrails.  
 Consent to go to the home of the one who desires you,  
 and you will certainly see that Kallidemos 545  
 is more wealthy in property than even the famous Cyclops.  
 Xenokrates is chief man in the town,  
 and Kallidemos is not without charm in his appearance:  
 he is one of the noble, rich people.  
 If you are united with him, you will not 550  
 regret it, Drosilla, honorable among women.  
 Do you wish me to inform Xenokrates?  
 May he celebrate the nuptials of Kallidemos and Drosilla  
 with splendid bridal chambers!  
 Why do you gently smile, with head down, 555  
 good, wise, honorable old woman?  
 Approach the unbending maiden, you too,  
 and you shall receive a great reward from Kallidemos!"  
 Xenokrates' son was pleased with his words,  
 but the old woman, interrupting briefly 560  
 Kallidemos's speech to the girl, said,  
 "If Drosilla's eyes don't deceive her,  
 she won't see another on earth, Kallidemos,  
 Xenokrates' son, more handsome than you."  
 But Kallidemos spoke again to the girl: 565  
 "You give great delight when you are seen,  
 unspeakable pain when you are hidden from sight.  
 You alone appeared to me like a meadow full of grace,  
 but you seem to bring walls with you everywhere.  
 And now I desire to gather you 570  
 like ripe fruit at the top of a tree;  
 open, then, the doors of your garden to me,  
 and allow me to eat and be sated at last.

Τίς ἦν ἐκεῖνος τῶν χαμαὶ κινουμένων  
 575 χαλκευτικῆς ἔμπειρος, ὃς λαβῶν φλόγα,  
 Ἑφαιστικὴν κάμινον ἐκκαύσας νέαν  
 καὶ τῇ πυράγρα καρδίαν σὴν ἀρπάσας,  
 ἔδειξε χαλκὴν θεῖς μέσον τῶν ἀνθρώκων;  
 Τίς ἦν ὁ βάψας, ὁ στομώσας εἰς φλόγα  
 580 τὴν καρδίαν σου τὴν ἀπεσκληρυμμένην;  
 Ὡ τῶν ἐκεῖνου δακτύλων δυστεκτόνων  
 φεῦ ἐργοχείρων ἀθλίων δυσδαιμόνων,  
 ὦ δεξιᾶς μοι τεκτονευσάσης βάρη,  
 χαλκευσάσης σὰ στέρνα καὶ τὴν καρδίαν.  
 585 Τολμηρὸς ἦν ἐκεῖνος, ὡς Κύκλωψ νέος,  
 βαρὺς, βριαρὸς, αἱματωπός, παμφάγος,  
 ὃς εἰς ἔμῃν δεῖλαιος ἀνθρώπων μόνος  
 πολλὴν ὀδύνην ἐξεχαλκούργησέ σε.  
 Τίς τὸν θανόντα ζῶντα δεικνύειν ἔχει;  
 590 Τίς τὸν πιόντα κόνδου δηλητηρίου  
 φῶδης μετασχεῖν φησι κηλητηρίου;  
 Ὅρα νεκρὸν τὸν ζῶντα. Καὶ τί τὸ πλέον;  
 Οὕτως ἀπηγήνω με τὸν φιλοῦντά σε.  
 Τῆς καρδίας σου τῆς λιθοστερεμίου  
 595 Ἔρωσ, Ἔρωσ δεῖλαιε, πῦρ πνέων Ἔρωσ,  
 ὡς ἄνθρακὲς με, φεῦ, τὰ πικρὰ σου βέλη  
 καίουσιν. Αἶ αἶ, μὴ τὸ τόξον πῦρ φέρει;  
 Φέρει μὲν ὄντως ἄλλα τί δράσειν ἔχεις;  
 Οὐδ' Ἑρακλῆς πρὸς δύο, δημώδης λόγος  
 600 πρὸς τρεῖς δὲ σὺ Χάριτας ἀδροδακτύλους  
 οἷα βραχὺς παῖς, ἀντιπράττειν οὐκ ἔχων,  
 ἐκεῖθεν ἔνθεν ἐκδραμῶν κατεσχέθης  
 καὶ δοῦλος οἷα τληπαθεῖς καὶ προσμένεις  
 605 κἂν καὶ πτερόσση πανταχοῦ γῆς ἐκτρέχων,  
 ὅπου τὸ κάλλος, ἐκτελῶν ὑπουργίαν,  
 αἶ Χάριτες τὸ τόξον ἐντείνουσί σοι  
 τὸν σφῶν ἐκείναι δοῦλον ὀπλίζουσί σε,  
 τὸν δραπέτην ἔχουσι πιστὸν οἰκέτην,  
 τὸν φυγάδα βλέπουσι προσμένοντά σε.  
 610 Ὡς ἠγγίωσαι, κἂν γλυκὴ γελᾶς, Ἔρωσ  
 ἄφυκτα δεσμὰ συγκροτοῦντά σε βλέπω.  
 Ὡς ἐξεμάνης, κἂν δοκῆς παίζειν, θέλων.

Who of those walking on earth  
 was that expert smith who took a flame, 575  
 kindled a new furnace of Hephaestus,  
 seized your heart with a pair of fire-tongs,  
 and revealed it as bronze by placing it amid the coals?  
 Who dipped in water and tempered for the flame  
 your hard heart? 580  
 Oh, what malicious fingers;  
 alas, what wretched, unlucky labors!  
 Oh, right hand that created miseries for me,  
 that forged your breast and heart.  
 That one was bold, like a young Cyclops,\* 585  
 fierce, strong, bloody, voracious,  
 who alone, wretched creature,  
 made you in bronze for my great grief.  
 Who can make the dead man live?  
 Who tells the man who's drunk a cup of poison 590  
 to take part in a charming song?  
 Behold the corpse that lives. And what is the use?  
 Thus you rejected me, the one who loves you.  
 What a stone-hard heart you have!  
 Wretched, fire-breathing Eros, 595  
 how your cruel arrows, like coals, alas,  
 burn me. Ah, surely your bow doesn't carry fire?  
 Yes, it does, but what can you do with it?  
 Not even Herakles can fight against two, as the popular proverb goes.  
 Against three Graces with strong fingers, 600  
 you, like a little child, can't fight;  
 running here and there, you were caught  
 and, like a slave, you endure misery and remain.  
 Even if you flap your wings and run everywhere on earth,  
 performing service where there is beauty, 605  
 the Graces aim their bow at you,  
 equip you as their slave,  
 use the fugitive as a trusty servant,  
 and see you, the runaway, staying.  
 How savage you are, even if you laugh sweetly, Eros; 610  
 I see you hammering together inescapable chains.  
 How furious you are, even if you seem to play gladly.



Ἐχων δὲ χεῖρας εἰς τὸ βάλλειν εὐτόνους  
 πλήττεις ἀφειδῶς· σὺ γὰρ ἢ τεκοῦσά σε  
 615 τῆς σῆς διέδρα τοξικῆς τὰ κεντρία.  
 Τὴν Νιόβην κλαίουσαν ἀγροῖκος βλέπων  
 “ὦ πῶς ῥέει δάκρυον” εἶπε “καὶ λίθος”·  
 ἡμᾶς δὲ σὸς νῦν ἔμπνοος λίθος, κόρη,  
 οὐδὲ βραχὺ στένοντας οἰκτεῖρειν θέλει.  
 620 Ὡς ἐν σκοπῷ μοι τόξον ὤφθης ἀθρόον,  
 ὑπερφερῆς σὺ παρθένων ἐγχωρίων.  
 Τοῦ σοῦ δὲ κάλλους ἄν συνέστηκε κρίσις,  
 ἢ Κύπρις σὺκ ἔτυχε πρωτείου πάλιν,  
 κὰν ὁ κριτῆς ἐκείνος ἦν ὧδε κρίνων  
 625 ἐρωτόληπτος ξανθοβόστρυχος Πάρις.  
 Σοὶ μαλθακὸν φίλημα, πλέγμα βοστρύχων,  
 ἢ τῶν μελῶν σου συμπλοκή, τὰ πάντ’ αὖ σοι·  
 ψυχὴ δ’ ἀπειθῆς καὶ νοητὸς ἀδάμας.  
 Μέσον κακοῦμαι Παφίης καὶ Παλλάδος·  
 630 τίς Ταντάλειον δίψος ἰσχύει φέρειν;  
 Καὶ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ νῦν κατήγορος μένω  
 ὡς ἀνεράστου, μὴ μεταβεβλημένου  
 πρὸς τὴν καθ’ ἡμᾶς εὐπρεπεστέραν κόρην  
 Λήδας, Δανάης, Γαννυμήδους, Εὐρώπης.  
 635 Σοῦ καὶ ῥυτίς μολοῦσα τῷ χρόνῳ μόλις  
 ἦβης ὅπου πρόκριτος, ὡς ἐγὼ κρίνω·  
 σὸν φθινόπωρον κρεῖττον - ἢ ποῖος λόγος; -  
 ἔαρος ἄλλης, σὸς δὲ χειμῶν καλλίων  
 ὀπωροφυοῦς ἐκκραοῦς ἄλλου θέρους.  
 640 Ἄλλ’ ἐκδυθείης μέχρ’ αὐτοῦ σαρκίου  
 καὶ γυμνὰ γυμνοῖς ἐμπελάσειας μέλη·  
 ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ γὰρ καὶ τὸ λεπτόν σου φάρος  
 τεῖχος Σεμιράμιδος. Ὡς γένοιτό μοι.  
 Τοσαῦτα λέξας εἰς τὸν οἶκον ἐστράφη,  
 645 τὴν γραῦν ὀπαδὸν λιπαρῶν ἐκ νευμάτων  
 ὡς τὴν κόρην πείσειεν ἐνδεδωκέναι·  
 ἢ καὶ λαβοῦσα τὴν κόρην ὠδοιπόρει·  
 ἢ νῦξ γὰρ ἠνάγκαζεν ἀνθυποστρέφειν.  
 Ὁ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς ἐς Ξενοκράτους μένων  
 650 πρὸς ὄρθρον ἀντέφασκε ταῖς χελιδόσι·  
 ‘πᾶσαν μὲν ἤδη νύκτα γρηγορῶν μένω·

With hands strong for hitting,  
 you strike without mercy: not even your own mother  
 escaped the stings of your arrows. 615  
 A peasant seeing Niobe weeping  
 said, 'Oh, how a stone too lets a tear flow!'  
 but you, now, girl, a living stone,  
 aren't willing to pity me even a little as I groan.  
 You appeared suddenly like a bow, with me as your mark, 620  
 you who surpass the maidens of the land!  
 If a contest were held regarding your beauty,  
 Cypris wouldn't win first prize again\*  
 even if the judge deciding the case were  
 the love-smitten, yellow-haired Paris. 625  
 Your kiss, the plaiting of your hair,  
 the clasp of your limbs, every part of you is soft,  
 but your heart is unyielding—spiritual steel.  
 I am trapped between Aphrodite and Pallas.  
 Who can bear the thirst of Tantalus?\* 630  
 And now I accuse Zeus too  
 of being unloving, since he's not transformed himself  
 for the girl among us who's more beautiful  
 than Leda, Danaë, Ganymede, and Europa.\*  
 Your wrinkles, when at last they appear, 635  
 are preferable, in my judgment, to youth's sap.  
 Your autumn is better—what should I say?—  
 than another's spring, and your winter is more beautiful  
 than another fruitful, gentle summer.  
 But may you be stripped to your very flesh, 640  
 and may you bring your naked limbs near mine,  
 for even your thin cloak seems to me  
 like the wall of Semiramis. May this happen to me!""\*  
 He said these things and returned to his house,  
 entreating with signs the old woman attending the girl 645  
 that she persuade her to yield;  
 and she took hold of the girl and started walking,  
 for the night was forcing them to turn round.  
 Meanwhile Charikles, staying at Xenokrates' house,  
 towards dawn was responding to the swallows: 650  
 "For the whole night now I have remained awake,

- εἰ δ' ὄρθρος ἤξει μικρὸν ὕπνον ἐγγέων,  
 χελιδόνες τρύζουσιν, οὐκ ἔωσί με.  
 Παύου, κακῶν κάκιστον ὄρνέων γένος.  
 655 Οὐκ αὐτὸς ἐξέκοψα μίξεως φόβῳ  
 τὴν Φιλομήλας γλώτταν, ὡς μὴ τι φράσαι.  
 Ἄλλ' εἰς τραχεῖαν καὶ στυγνὴν ἐρημίαν  
 τὴν Ἴτυος ναὶ συμφορὰν θρηνεῖτέ μοι,  
 ὡς μικρὸν ὕπνώττοιμι' καὶ κοιωμένῳ  
 660 ὄνειρος ἦκοι, χερσὶ τῆς ποθουμένης  
 ἴσως με τὸν ποθοῦντα συμπλέκειν θέλων.  
 Τιθωνέ, γηραῶς' τὴν σὴν Ἥῳ, τὴν φίλην  
 σὴν εὐνέτιν, ἤλασας ἐκ τοῦ σοῦ λέχους.'  
 ὦμι καὶ πρὸς ὕπνον αὔθις ἐκνευεγκότι  
 665 ὁ καλλίμορφος Διόνυσος ἐγγίσας  
 δηλοῖ μένειν Δροσίλλαν ἐν τῷ χωρίῳ  
 εἰς τὸ γραδὸς δόμημα τῆς Βαρυλλίδος,  
 καὶ τῆσδε συζήτησιν αὐτῷ προτρέπει.

#### BIBLION EBΔΟΜΟΝ

- Ἦδη μὲν ὄρθρος καὶ κροκόχρωος ἡμέρα,  
 καὶ φῶς ἐναργὲς πανταχοῦ κεχυμένον  
 ἐκ τοῦ μεγίστου καὶ διανοῦς ἀστέρος  
 ἐξ ὠκεανοῦ προσβαλόντος τῇ κτίσει,  
 5 ὡς ἡ σοφὴ ποιήσις εἰδυῖα γράφει,  
 σύμμετρα θερμαίνοντος ἐξ ὑψωμάτων  
 ὄρων κορυφᾶς καὶ δασυσκίους πόδας  
 εἰς εὐγονον βλάστημα καὶ τέρψιν βίου'  
 ἀνίσταται δὲ καὶ Χαρικλῆς ἐξ ὕπνου,  
 10 καὶ τοῦ δόμου πρόεισι τοῦ Ξενοκράτους,  
 λαβὼν μετ' αὐτοῦ καὶ Κλέανδρον τὸν φίλον.  
 Ἦ γραῦς δὲ λοιπὸν δακρύουσαν ὀρθρόθεν  
 παρηγορεῖσθαι τὴν κόρην πειρωμένη,  
 ἔφασκε' Ἐεῦρο, τέκνον, ἐξάγγελλέ μοι'  
 15 πόθεν τίνος σὺ καὶ πατήρ τις καὶ πόλις,  
 τίς ὄν Χαρικλῆν ἐκκαλουμένη στένεις;  
 Πενθεῖς δ' ἀγεννώς καὶ στενάξεις ἀφρόνως,  
 τὸν Καλλιδήμου γάμον οὐ δεδεγμένη,

and if dawn comes and pours a little sleep over me,  
 the swallows sing and do not let me sleep.  
 Cease, worst species of wicked birds.  
 I didn't cut out Philomela's tongue\* 655  
 for fear she'd say something about the intercourse.  
 Go off in a harsh and gloomy solitude  
 and lament, yes, the misfortune of Itys,  
 so that I may sleep a little. And may there come to me,  
 as I sleep, a dream, which will perhaps enfold me, 660  
 the lover, in the arms of my beloved!  
 Tithonos, you grow old: you have driven Dawn,\*  
 your beloved mistress, from your bed."

When Charikles had fallen again into sleep,  
 beautiful Dionysus drew near 665  
 and revealed that Drosilla was staying in the town  
 at the house of the old woman Maryllis,\*  
 and urged him to search for her.

## BOOK SEVEN

Now it was morning, a saffron-colored day,  
 and bright light poured forth everywhere  
 from the immense radiant star  
 that rose from the ocean and illumined creation  
 (as learned poetry skillfully describes), 5  
 and suitably warmed from on high  
 the tops and shaded feet of mountains  
 that crops might bear fruit and life be joyous.  
 Charikles rose from sleep  
 and went forth from Xenokrates' house, 10  
 taking with him also his friend Kleandros.

The old woman, then, trying to comfort  
 the girl, who had been weeping since dawn,  
 said, "Come here, child, and tell me  
 where you're from, who's your father, what's your city, 15  
 and who is this Charikles you invoke, moaning?  
 Your lament is unseemly and your moaning foolish  
 since you've not accepted marriage with Kallidemos,

- 20 ὃς ὑπὲρ ἄλλους τοὺς κατοίκους ἐνθάδε  
 ὠραῖός ἐστι καὶ τέθηλε χρυσίω.  
 Οὐκ εὖ γε ποιεῖς, ὦ πένησσα καὶ ξένη,  
 εἰ Καλλίδημον εὐγενῆ νεανίαν  
 οὐκ ἄξιόν σοι συμμιγῆναι νῦν κρίνεις.’
- 25 Τῆς δὲ Δροσίλλας τοῦ λαλεῖν ἀπηργμένης·  
 ‘ἐπεὶ μαθεῖν ζητεῖς με, μήτερο, τὴν ξένην  
 τὰ κατ’ ἐμαυτὴν καὶ τὰ τοῦ Χαρικλέος’,  
 ἤκουσεν ὁ Κλέανδρος, ἔστη τοῦ δρόμου·  
 ἢ γὰρ Χαρικλοῦς κλησὶς ἔσχε τὸν νέον  
 ἐμπροσθεν ἐκτρέχοντα τοῦ Χαρικλέος·
- 30 καὶ ‘δός, Χαρίκλεις, τῆς χαρᾶς τὰς ἐγγύας  
 ἐμοὶ Κλεάνδρω συνταλαιπωροῦντί σοι’  
 στραφεὶς πρὸς αὐτόν φησι τὸν Χαρικλέα,  
 ὃν καὶ κατεξέπληξεν αὐτῷ τῷ λόγῳ,  
 ὃν καὶ κατεθρόησε τῇ φωνῇ μόνη.
- 35 Ἐντεῦθεν ἀντιδόντες ἀλλήλοις χέρας  
 ἄφνω παρεμβάλλουσιν αὐτῇ τῇ στέγῃ,  
 ἥς ἔνδον ἢ γραῦς, ἢ φίλοικτος καρδία,  
 μετὰ Δροσίλλας ἐμπαθῶς προσωμίλει.  
 Φωνὴ μεταξὺ χαρμονῆς καὶ δακρῶν,  
 40 χειρῶν κρότος, θροῦς καὶ φιλημάτων κτύπος,  
 ἄμετρος ὄμβρος ἐκραγεῖς τῶν ὀμμάτων,  
 πρὸς τὸν Σεμέλης φθόγγος εὐχαριστίας,  
 καλοὶ μὲν εἰς γραῦν ἐκ Χαρικλέος λόγοι  
 ὑπὲρ Δροσίλλας τῶν φιλοξενημάτων,
- 45 πολλὴ δὲ πρὸς Κλεάνδρον εὐχαριστία  
 ἀπὸ Δροσίλλας τῆς ἀρίστης παρθένου  
 τῶν πρὸς Χαρικλῆν συγκακοπραγημάτων.  
 Τοιοῦτος ἦν θροῦς ἐν μέσῳ τῶν τεσσάρων  
 σύμμικτος ὄντως χαρμονῆς καὶ δακρῶν.
- 50 Οὐ μὴν ὁ Καλλίδημος ἠγνόησέ τι.  
 Ἄποσκοπῶν γοῦν καθ’ ἑαυτὸν ἀφρόνως  
 δράσειν φόνιον ἔργον εἰς Χαρικλέα  
 ἀτραυματίστως, οὐ καθηματωμένως,  
 ὡς εὐτυχῆσαι τῆς Δροσίλλας τὸν γάμον,  
 55 ἔλαθεν αὐτῷ τὸν βρόχον παραρτῶν.  
 Ὡς εἶδε δ’ αὐθις γνόντα τὸν Χαρικλέα  
 τὴν τῆς κόρης ἄφιξιν ἐν τῷ χωρίῳ

who's handsome beyond all others dwelling here  
 and exceedingly rich in gold. 20  
 You're not behaving well, poor stranger,  
 if you now judge that Kallidemos, a noble youth,  
 is not worthy of your bed."

Drosilla began her response,  
 "Since you seek to learn from me, the stranger, Mother, 25  
 about my situation and that of Charikles . . ."

At once Kleandros heard her and halted in his tracks,  
 for the mention of Charikles' name stopped him  
 as he ran ahead of Charikles;  
 and, turning back to Charikles, 30  
 he said, "Give pledges of joy, Charikles,  
 to me, Kleandros, your companion in misery."

His speech amazed Charikles—  
 just the sound of his voice disturbed him.  
 Then they joined hands with one another 35  
 and went at once to the house

in which the compassionate old woman  
 was fervently conversing with Drosilla.

There were cries full of joy and tears,  
 the clapping of hands, murmuring and the sound of kisses, 40  
 tears flowing from their eyes like torrential rain,  
 a speech of gratitude to the son of Semele,  
 fine words from Charikles to the old woman

for her hospitality to Drosilla,  
 and much gratitude from Drosilla, 45  
 exceptional maiden, to Kleandros  
 for being Charikles' companion in misfortunes.

Such was the noise that rose midst the four of them—  
 a true mixture of joy and tears.

But Kallidemos was not ignorant of the situation. 50  
 Contriving with himself, then, foolishly,  
 to do a bloody deed against Charikles  
 without getting wounded or bloody himself,  
 so that he might marry Drosilla,  
 he was preparing a noose for himself without knowing it. 55  
 But when he perceived, in turn, that Charikles knew  
 of the girl's arrival in the town,

πρὸ τοῦ προβῆναι τὸν σκοπούμενον δόλον,  
 ἀπαυθαδίσας ἔξ ἔρωτομανίας  
 60 πρὸς ἀρπαγὴν ὤρμησε ληστροικωτέραν  
 οὐκ αἰσχύνην γὰρ οἶδε πολλάκις ἔρωσ.  
 Σκοπῶν δὲ νυκτὸς ἀμφὶ τὴν ἐρημίαν  
 ἐπεισπεσεῖν ἄγνωστα τοῖς νεανίαις,  
 ἔχων σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ συνήλικας νέους,  
 65 ὡς δῆθεν αὐτὴν τὴν κόρην ἀφαρπάσων  
 – εἰς γὰρ ἀπόπλουν ἠϋτρεπίζεν ὀγκάδα –,  
 ἀντὶ φλογὸς μὲν ἦν ἀνήπτου οἱ πόθοι,  
 πρηστήριον πῦρ ἔσχε τριταίου τρομού,  
 ἀνθ' ὀγκάδος δὲ τῆς ἀποπλευσομένης  
 70 ἔσχηκεν αὐτὸν ἢ ταλαίπωρος κλίην,  
 ἀντὶ δρόμου δὲ τοῦ πρὸς ἄλλο χωρίον,  
 μακρὰν ποδῶν εὗρηκεν ἀκινήσιαν.  
 Ὁ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς εἶχεν οὐδένα κόρον  
 τῶν τῆς Δροσίλλας ἐνδρόσων φιλημάτων  
 75 εἰ γὰρ φιλεῖν τις τὴν ποθουμένην λάβοι,  
 ἀπληστός ἐστιν ἐν μέσῃ τῇ καρδίᾳ  
 τὴν ἡδονὴν ῥέουσαν εὐκόλως ἔχων  
 τὸ χεῖλος οὐκοῦν ἐστιν ἐξηραμμένον,  
 οὐ γλυκύτητα μετρίαν κεκτημένον,  
 80 τῆς ἡδονῆς ἐκεῖσε συγκενουμένης.  
 Ἀπαλλαγέντων τοίνυν ἐκ φιλημάτων,  
 ἡ γραῦς Βαρυλλὶς ἀντένηψε καὶ λέγει  
 ἄτεκνον Χαρίκλεις, εὖ μὲν ἦλθες ἐνθάδε  
 εὐρῶν Δροσίλλαν ἐκ θεῶν σεσωσμένην,  
 85 ἡ μέχρῃ καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἔληξε δακρύων  
 καὶ τῶν χάριν σοῦ πενθικῶν ὀδυρμάτων  
 ὡς εὖ μὲν ἦλθες – τοῖς θεοῖς πολλὴ χάρις  
 τοῖς μέχρῃς ἡμῶν ὑγιᾶ σεσωκόσι  
 καὶ τῇ ποθούσῃ δεῦρο συμμίξασί σε –  
 90 ὡς εὖ μὲν ἦλθες, τέκνον, εὖ δὲ καὶ λέγοις  
 ὅπως μὲν εἰς σύμπνοιαν ἦλθετον μίαν,  
 ποῖα δὲ πατρὶς καὶ τὰ τοῦ πόθου πόθεν,  
 τίς δ' οὗτος ὁ Κλέανδρος αὐτὸς ὁ ξένος,  
 ποῖω διεζεύχθητον ἀλλήλων λόγῳ  
 95 καὶ νῦν ἐπεγνώσθητον ἀλλήλοις πάλιν.  
 Ἐμελλε πάντως τοῦ λέγειν ἀπηργμένη

before his own stratagem had moved forward,  
 made reckless by his mad love,  
 he set out to seize her in the pirate manner, 60  
 for love often does not know shame.  
 While he was plotting to attack the young men  
 secretly in the solitude of night,  
 with the help of his own young comrades,  
 in order to steal away the girl 65  
 (for he was preparing a merchant ship for sailing away),  
 instead of a flame kindled by desire  
 the blazing fire of a tertian fever attacked him;  
 instead of a ship ready to sail  
 his miserable bed seized him; 70  
 instead of a course to another place  
 he found that he couldn't move.  
 Charikles, meanwhile, could not get enough  
 of Drosilla's dewy kisses—  
 for if a man should kiss his beloved, 75  
 his heart cannot be sated,  
 for his pleasure freely flows out of him;  
 thus his lip becomes dry  
 and loses its natural sweetness  
 since his pleasure empties out there. 80  
 When they had ceased, then, from kisses,  
 the old woman Maryllis recovered, in turn, and said,  
 "Charikles, my child, how fortunately you came here  
 and found Drosilla saved by the gods,  
 a girl who until now did not cease from tears 85  
 and mournful laments for your sake.  
 How fortunately you came—much thanks to the gods  
 who brought you safe and sound to us  
 and united you here with your beloved.  
 How fortunately you came, child, and may you also recount well 90  
 how you two came to be united together,  
 where your fatherland is, what the origin of your love is,  
 who this Kleandros is, the stranger,  
 and why you two were separated  
 and now discovered again by one another. 95  
 The maiden had begun to speak



- ἡ παρθένος μοι ταῦτα διεξιέναι,  
 ναὶ καὶ καθ' εἰρμὸν πάντα τετρανωκέναι  
 πρὸ τοῦ σὲ τὸ στέγασμα κατειληφέναι.'
- 100 "Ἐπωδύνως γοῦν καὶ μετὰ στεναγμάτων  
 – ἢ πῶς γάρ; – ὁ Κλέανδρος εἶπεν 'εὖ λέγοις.'  
 'Ἐπεὶ δὲ σύ μου τὴν στέγην, χρυσῆ τύχη,  
 ἔδυσ, θεῶν ἕκ τινος ὠδηγημένος,  
 ὡς ἂν μικρὸν λήξειε τῶν ὀδυρμάτων
- 105 ἢ νύκτα δακρῦουσα καὶ μεθ' ἡμέραν,  
 λέγοις ἂν ἡμῖν σὴν ἄφιξιν ἐνθάδε  
 καὶ τὴν Ἔρωτος μυστικὴν εὐτολίμῃαν  
 μεθ' ἡδονῆς πάντως τε καὶ προσχαρμάτων.  
 Τί γὰρ τὸ λυποῦν τὴν Δροσίλλαν εἰσέτι
- 110 ἢ τὸ θλίβον τί, σοῦ, Χαρίκλεις, ἰγμένου;  
 'Ὡς γὰρ ἀπόντος ἐστέναζεν, ἔθροβει,  
 ἔκλαιε πικρῶς, ὠλόλυξε βαρέως,  
 οὕτω παρόντος, ὡς χαρᾶς συνημμένης  
 πάντων κρατούσης, ὃ θεῶν σωτηρίων,
- 115 εὐχρηστον οἶμον ἢ διήγησις λάβοι.  
 Καθηδυνεῖς δὲ καὶ πλέον τὴν παρθένον,  
 σοῦ γλυκεροῦ στόματος ἠνεωγμένου,  
 τὸν ἐξ ἐκείνου φθόγγον ἠνωτισμένην'  
 θάλψεις δὲ κάμῃ συμπαθεῖν ἐγνωσμένα
- 120 οἷς μέχρι δεῦρο δυσχερῶς ἐπλημμέλει.'  
 'Ὡς ἤθελον μὲν πρῶτον αὐτὸς τὴν κόρην,  
 φίλον Βαρυλλίδιον, ἠρωτηκέναι'  
 ἔφη Χαρικλῆς 'πῶς σέσωσται καὶ μόνη,  
 πεσοῦσα πρὸς θάλασσαν ἐξ ὕψους ὄρους.
- 125 'Ὡς νῦν ἐγὼ καὶ θάμβος ἠλίκον φέρω,  
 εἰ μὴ Δροσίλλαν φασματούμενος βλέπω'  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ σὸν θέλημα, γραῦ μῆτερ, λέγειν  
 ἡμῶν τοσαύτας τληπαθεῖς περιόδους  
 εἰς ἀνταμοιβὴν τῶν φιλοφρονημάτων,
- 130 ἄκουε' πῶς γὰρ καὶ παραγκωνιστέον  
 τὴν τῆς τοσαύτης αἰτίαν θυμηδίας  
 ἐμοὶ Δροσίλλα καὶ Κλεάνδρω τοῖς ξένοις;  
 Εὖ δ' ἴσθι' πατρίς ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ἢ Φθία'  
 μήτηρ ἐμοὶ μὲν Κρυστάλη, πατὴρ Φράτωρ,
- 135 τῇ δὲ Δροσίλλα Μυρτίων, Ἴδρυπνὸν.

and was about to tell me these things,  
yes, to reveal everything in sequence,  
just before you arrived at my house."

"Painfully, then, and with groans  
(for how could you otherwise?)," Kleandros said, "may you speak well!" 100

"Since you entered my house (oh golden fortune!),"  
the old woman continued, "led here by one of the gods  
that the girl who was weeping night and day  
would cease a little from her laments, 105  
tell us of your arrival here  
and the mystical courage of Eros  
with its pleasure and delights.

Indeed, what still distresses Drosilla,  
what afflicts her, now that you've come, Charikles? 110  
Just as in your absence she groaned, cried out,  
wept bitterly, lamented grievously,

so now since you are present and a shared joy  
rules over all (oh savior gods!),  
let the narrative take a happy course. 115

You will delight the maiden even more  
when you open your sweet mouth  
and she hears your voice come out,  
and you will rouse me also to sympathize with the troubles  
(once known) that she has suffered up to now." 120

"I should like first to ask the girl  
myself, dear little Maryllis,"  
said Charikles, "how she, though alone, was saved  
when she fell to the sea from the top of a mountain.  
How greatly I wonder now, too, 125

whether I'm not seeing a vision when I see Drosilla!  
But since it's your wish, old mother, for me to tell  
of our many unhappy turns of fortune,  
in exchange for your acts of kindness,  
listen—for how could I refuse you, 130

the cause of such great rejoicing  
for me, Drosilla, and Kleandros, the strangers?  
Know this well: our fatherland is Phthia;  
my mother is Krystale, my father Phrator,  
and Drosilla's father is Myrtion, her mother Hedypnoe. 135

Ταύτην ἑορτῆς εὐαγοῦς τελουμένης  
 τοῦ τῆς Σεμέλης καὶ Διὸς Διονύσου  
 ἔξω παρ' αὐταῖς ταῖς πύλαις τῆς πατρίδος  
 συνεξιοῦσαν ἀπαλαῖς σὺν παρθένους  
 140 ἰδὼν ἑάλων' οὐδὲ γὰρ μέμψη, γύναι,  
 ὄρῶντα ταύτης τοῦ προσώπου τὴν θεάν'  
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον συρρέον πλήθος τότε  
 οὐκ ἦν ἰδέσθαι τῆς Δροσίλλας καλλίω.  
 Ἄλους προσεῖπον καὶ προσεῖπὼν ἤξιον  
 145 ἑμαυτὸν αὐτῇ τῇ φυγῇ συναρμόσαι.  
 Ἐνευσεν ἀντέρωτα πάσχουσα ξένον'  
 καὶ ναῦν ἀποπλέουσαν ἐξευρηκότες,  
 χαίρειν ἀφέντες συγγενεῖς καὶ πατρίδα  
 ὁμοῦ συνεισέδυσεν εἰς τὴν ὀλκάδα.  
 150 Πλὴν ἀλλὰ μικρὸν καὶ πλέοντες εὐδρόμῳ  
 ἤλωμεν οὕτως ἀπροόπτως ἀνδράσιν  
 τοῖς ναυτικῇ χαίρουσι τῇ ληστηρίῳ,  
 ὧν χεῖρας ἐκφυγόντες ὄψε καὶ μόλις,  
 σεσώσμεθα κρυβέντες ἐς μέσση ὕλην  
 155 καὶ Βάρζον εἰσέδυσεν ἄστῳ σὺν δρόμῳ.  
 Ὅ καὶ συνεξέδυσεν ἐκτελουμένης  
 κἀκεῖ μεγίστης τοῦ Διὸς πανδαισίας,  
 ἐμπύπτομεν δὲ Παρθικῇ στραταρχίᾳ  
 θήρῳμα καινόν' καὶ δεθέντες αὐχένας  
 160 εἰς τὴν ἐκείνων ἀντεπήχθημεν πόλιν.  
 Ἐκείσε πολλῶν ἡμερῶν περιδρόμους  
 μετὰ στεναγμῶν ἐκμετρήσαντες πόσων  
 καὶ τὸν καλὸν Κλέανδρον ὃν βλέπεις, γύναι,  
 προαιχμαλωτισθέντα χειρὶ βαρβάρων  
 165 συνοικέτην κάλλιστον ἐξευρηκότες  
 – καὶ γὰρ φυλακῆς εἶδομεν παρ' ἐλπίδα  
 δούλειον ἡμᾶρ, ἀλλοφύλους δεσπότης  
 καὶ δυστυχεῖς ἔρωτας ἀλλὰ καὶ πόσους –  
 συνηχμαλωτίσθημεν αὐθις ἐκ τρίτου  
 170 Ἄραφι, Πάρθων κατατετροπωμένων.  
 Τοῖνυν λαχόντες δέσμοιοι, παρηγμένοι  
 ὁδὸν διελθεῖν πανταχοῦ στενουμένην  
 ἐκ τῆς δασείας καὶ συνηρεφοῦς ὕλης  
 ἠγωνιῶμεν, ἄλλος ἄλλον ἐκράτει,

During a holy festival of Dionysus,  
 son of Semele and Zeus, I saw this girl  
 outside by the gates of the city,  
 as she was coming out, together with tender maidens,  
 I saw her and was conquered; you won't blame me, woman, 140  
 for looking at the vision of this girl's face,  
 since in the great crowd then flowing together  
 it was not possible to see a girl more beautiful than Drosilla.  
 Being conquered, I addressed her  
 and asked her to join me in flight. 145  
 She consented since she returned my love with great intensity,  
 and when we found a ship sailing away,  
 we said farewell to family and fatherland  
 and entered the merchant ship.  
 But after we'd sailed swiftly for a while, 150  
 we were unexpectedly captured by men  
 who delighted in piracy,  
 from whom we fled at last, with difficulty.  
 We escaped by hiding in the middle of a forest  
 and then entered the town of Barzon at a run. 155  
 But when we emerged from Barzon, since there too  
 a great banquet for Zeus was being held,  
 we encountered a Parthian army  
 and became their new booty; bound by our necks,  
 we were taken to their city. 160  
 There we filled the course  
 of many days with great groans,  
 and we found the noble Kleandros (whom you see here, woman),  
 who'd been captured earlier by the band of barbarians,  
 to be an excellent companion in servitude, 165  
 for we experienced against expectation  
 prison, slavery, foreign masters,  
 and unhappy loves (how many!).  
 Then we were captured again for a third time,  
 by Arabs, when the Parthians had been defeated. 170  
 We were led as captives  
 along a road that was narrowed everywhere  
 by a leafy and thickly shaded forest,  
 and we were distressed, holding onto one another,

- 175 ποιούμενοι δίκαιον εὐλογον φόβον  
 μή πως ὀλισθήσαντες ἐκ κρημισμάτων  
 σχοίημεν αὐτὴν τὴν θάλασσαν εἰς τάφον·  
 ὃ καὶ πέπονθεν ἡ παροῦσα παρθένος,  
 ἦν ζῶσαν, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοὶ πάντες, βλέπω.
- 180 Ὁ κύριος γοῦν Ἀράβων ἄναξ Χάγος  
 θρηνοῦντα νύκτωρ ἐκμαθῶν με τὴν κόρην  
 μετὰ Κλεάνδρου τοῦ παρόντος εὐθέως  
 ἐλευθεροῖ, σχῶν οἴκτον ἡμῶν τοῦ πάθους·  
 οὗ καὶ τὰ συμφέροντα πάντα τῷ βίῳ
- 185 τὴν τῶν θεῶν πρόνοιαν ἐξητηκότες  
 ἀπηλλάγημεν δουλικῆς ζεύγλης βάρους.  
 Ἐγγίζομεν δὲ δωδεκαταίῳ φάει  
 μόλις παρ' αὐτοῦ τῆ στέγῃ Ξενοκράτους·  
 ἐμέλλομεν δὲ σήμερον τὸ χωρίον
- 190 παρὰ βραχὺ λιπόντες ἀλλαχοῦ τρέχειν  
 – τρεῖς γὰρ διηνύκειμεν ἐν Ξενοκράτους  
 πρὸς παῦλαν ἄχθους ἡμερῶν περιδρόμους –,  
 εἰ μὴ θεῶν ὄνειρος ἐξαπεστάλη,  
 ἢ μάλλου οὐκ ὄνειρος, ἀλλὰ προφθάσας
- 195 ὁ καλλίμορφος παῖς Διδὸς καὶ Σεμέλης  
 ἐπέσχεν εἰπὼν· “μὴ πρόβαινε μηκέτι,  
 ἕως Δροσίλλαν, ἦν ἰδεῖν ζῶσαν θέλεις,  
 θρηνοῦσαν εὐρης οὔσαν ἐν τῷ χωρίῳ.”
- Τὰ γοῦν καθ' ἡμᾶς, ὥσπερ ἤτησας, γύναι,
- 200 ἔχεις μαθοῦσα· πλὴν τὰ λοιπὰ τοῦ λόγου  
 αὐτὴν ἐρωτᾶν ἀξιῶ τὴν παρθένον,  
 πῶς ἔσχεν εἰς θάλασσαν ἐξερριμμένη  
 ἐνταῦθα πάντως πρὸς σε κατειληφέναι  
 αὐτῇ φανεῖσαν δευτέραν Ἡδυπνόην·
- 205 ‘ Ἐμοί, Χαρίκλεις, κἂν ὁ βάσκανος μίτος’  
 ἔφη Δροσίλλα ἑτῆς ἀλάστορος τύχης  
 ἀεὶ τὰ λυπρὰ συμπερικλώθειν θέλει,  
 ἀλλ’ ἡ θεοῦ πρόνοια τοῦ σωτηρίου,  
 ἦν καὶ συνεργὸν τῆς καθ' ἡμᾶς ἀγάπης
- 210 ἐπετυχοῦμεν – ἀλλὰ μὴ λήγοις, ἄναξ,  
 τὴν λειπόπατριν συμφυλάπτων, ὡς θέλεις –,  
 ἀεὶ τὰ χρηστὰ βούλεται συνεισφέρειν,  
 ἥτις πεσοῦσαν – ὦ παλαμναίου κλάδου,

with the just and reasonable fear 175  
 that we might slip from a precipice  
 and be buried in the sea,  
 which happened to the maiden here with us—  
 whom I see alive, oh Zeus and all the gods!  
 The ruler of the Arabs, then, Lord Chagos, 180  
 noticed me wailing at night for the girl,  
 and quickly freed me, together with Kleandros (who's here with us),  
 out of compassion for our misfortune.  
 After asking divine providence  
 for all that would benefit his life, 185  
 we were released from the burden of slavery's yoke.  
 On the twelfth day, after a difficult journey,  
 we approached Xenokrates' house,  
 and today we had intended  
 to leave the village and run elsewhere— 190  
 for we had spent three days  
 in Xenokrates' house to rest from our troubles—  
 if a dream hadn't been sent by the gods,  
 or rather not a dream but the beautiful  
 son of Zeus and Semele, who stopped me first, 195  
 saying, 'Don't go any further  
 until you find Drosilla (whom you wish to see alive)  
 weeping in this village.'  
 "You have learned, then, what happened to us,  
 just as you asked, woman. But for the rest of the tale 200  
 I think you should ask the maiden herself,  
 how after being cast into the sea  
 she was able to come here to you,  
 who appeared to her as a second Hedyppnoe."  
 "Even if, Charikles," said Drosilla, 205  
 "the envious thread of avenging Fortune  
 always wishes to spin painful events,  
 still, the providence of the savior god,  
 which also fortunately  
 favored our love (but don't stop, Lord, 210  
 protecting, as you will, the one who left her fatherland!),  
 always wants to bring good things.  
 This providence, when I fell—oh, murderous branch,

- 215 τοῦ χεῖρα συλλαβόντος ἐκ τῆς ἀγκάλης  
 καὶ πρὸς βυθὸν ῥίψαντος ἐξ ἕδρας μέσης –  
 ἔσωσε πέτραις πολλὰ προσκεκρουμένην  
 τὰ στέρνα καὶ τὰ σπλάγχνα καὶ τὰς ὠλένας.’  
 – Καὶ συγκεκυφῶς προσλαλοῦση τῇ κόρη  
 λευκοὺς ἐρυθροὺς κρυσταλώδεις δακτύλους  
 220 ταύτης Χαρικλῆς κατεφίλει δακρῦων –  
 ‘Τίς χερσίν, ἄς σὺ νῦν φιλεῖς καὶ κατέχεις,  
 τὸν φλοιὸν ἐντέθεικε καὶ δέδωκέ μοι  
 τοιοῦτον εὐρὺν καὶ παρεκτεταμένον,  
 ὡς θᾶπτον εἰς γῆν ἐμβαλεῖν σεσωσμένην;  
 225 ὦ χαῖρε πολλά, Διόνυσε, γῆς ἄναξ,  
 ὅστις με πολλῶν ἐξέσωσας κινδύνων  
 καὶ μείζον ἄλλο δῶρον ἀντεχαρίσω.  
 ‘Ὅν ἐν νεκροῖς ἤλπιζον ἐν ζῶσι βλέπω.’  
 Καὶ συμπλακέντες τῷ μεταξὺ τῶν λόγων  
 230 ὡς κισσοῦς εἰς δρυὸν ἀντεφίλουσαν ἀσμένως.  
 Οὕτω δυσσαπόσπαστον εἶχον τὴν σχέσιν,  
 ὡς καὶ δόκησιν ἐμβαλεῖν Βαρυλλίδι  
 καὶ σῶμα πάντως ἐν γενέσθαι τοὺς δύο,  
 οἱ τῷ προσλαλεῖν ἦλθον εἰς ψυχὴν μίαν.  
 235 Τοιοῦτός ἐστι πᾶς ἐρῶν πόθου πνεῶν’  
 καὶ γὰρ κατιδὼν ἦν ποθεῖ μετὰ χρόνον  
 ἄπληστα φιλεῖ πρὸς τὸ λῆξαι τοῦ πόθου.  
 Μόλις Χαρικλῆς ἄρτι νήψας ἀντέφη’  
 ‘ἄλλ’ ὃ τοσοῦτον ὥστε μὴ σθένειν λέγειν,  
 240 ὃ φῶς ἡμερτόν, ὃ πνοὴ καὶ καρδιά,  
 πῶς τὴν τοσαύτην καὶ διήνυσας τριβὸν  
 καὶ πρὸς τὸ παρὸν ἔσχες ἐλθεῖν χωρίον;’  
 ‘ Ἐκεῖνος αὐτός’ εἶπεν αὐθις ἡ κόρη  
 ‘ἐλθεῖν καθωδήγησεν εἰς τὸ χωρίον  
 245 ὃ καὶ θαλάσσης πλημμυρούσης ἀρπάσας  
 καὶ τὸν Χαρικλῆν ζῶντα νῦν μοι δοὺς βλέπειν.’  
 Τούτοις Βαρυλλίς προσχαρῆς δεδειγμένη  
 ἔφησεν· ‘ὡς καινόν τι δέρομαι, ξένοι.  
 Καὶ γραῦς μὲν εἰμι καὶ προβᾶσα πρεσβύτις,  
 250 χρηστῶν δὲ πολλῶν καὶ κακῶν ἴδρις ἔφυν’  
 πλὴν ἀλλὰ γὰρ τοσοῦτον οὐκ ἔγνων πόθον  
 οὐδ’ εἶδον οὕτως εὐφυῆ συζυγίαν

which caught my arm by the elbow  
 and threw me from my seat into the abyss!— 215  
 saved me, when I'd struck my breast,  
 belly, and arms many times against the rocks."  
 (Having bent forward toward the girl as she was talking,  
 Charikles was kissing her white and rose  
 fingers like crystals and weeping.) 220  
 "Who put in my hands—which you now kiss  
 and hold—the gift of bark  
 so wide and long that  
 it could bring me quickly and safely to land?  
 Hail, Dionysus, lord of earth, 225  
 who preserved me from many dangers  
 and favored me with another, greater gift:  
 whom I expected among the dead, I see among the living."  
 Clinging to one another between speeches,  
 like ivy to oak, they kissed each other gladly. 230  
 They looked so hard to separate  
 that they gave Maryllis the impression  
 that the two of them had become one body,  
 who in conversation had become one soul.  
 Such is every lover who breathes desire, 235  
 for if after a time he sees the girl he loves,  
 he kisses her insatiably to appease his desire.  
 When Charikles at last composed himself, he said,  
 "You, great beyond words,  
 dear light, my breath and heart, 240  
 how did you complete so long a journey  
 and arrive at this place?"  
 "That one himself," replied the girl,  
 "guided me to this place,  
 the one who snatched me up from the sea at flood-tide 245  
 and allowed me now to see Charikles alive."  
 Maryllis, showing her pleasure in these things,  
 said, "What an extraordinary thing I see, strangers!  
 I am an old woman, advanced in years,  
 and I have experienced many things, good and bad, 250  
 but I certainly haven't witnessed so great a love,  
 nor have I seen such a graceful couple



- ἔλθοῦσαν εἰς μέθεξιν οἰκτρῶς ἐκ νέου  
 οὐ καρτερητῶν ἀλλεπαλλήλων πόνων.  
 255 Καὶ τὴν μὲν, ὦ Ζεῦ, παρθένον τηρουμένην,  
 καὶ ταῦτα δούλην πολλάκις δεδειγμένην,  
 τοὺς ἔμμανεῖς ἔρωτας ἐκπεφευγένας,  
 τὸν δὲ πρὸς αὐτὰ βαρβάρων γυμνὰ ξίφη  
 ὡς εἰς θέρους ἄγρωστιν ἐμπεπτωκότα  
 260 ἐν ζῶσιν εἶναι καὶ συνεῖναι τῇ κόρῃ  
 ταύτης λαχόντα τὴν διάζευξιν πάλαι,  
 θεοῦ λέγεις τὸ πρᾶγμα, καὶ καλῶς λέγεις,  
 σῶφρον Δροσίλλα. Καλλίδημος ἐρρέτω.  
 Οὐς γὰρ θεὸς συνῆψε τίς διασπάσοι;’  
 265 Ἔφησε ταῦτα καὶ τράπεζαν εἰς μέσον  
 τέθεικεν ‘ ὑμῖν συγχαρήσομαι, ξένοι,  
 τὴν σήμερον’ λέγουσα ‘ συμπάρεστέ μοι  
 καὶ συγχορεύσω τῷ θεῷ Διονύσῳ  
 παθόντας οἰκτρὰ προσφυῶς ἠνωκότι.’  
 270 Οὗτοι μὲν οὖν ἐντεῦθεν ἠσχολημένοι  
 τροφαῖς κρατῆρσιν ἀμφεγάννυντο πλέον’  
 ἢ γραῦς δέ – καὶ γὰρ εἶχε καλὴν καρδίαν –  
 ὅλη φανεῖσα τῆς χαρᾶς καὶ τοῦ πότου  
 ἤγερο λοιπὸν τῆς καθέδρας ὀρθία  
 275 καὶ πρὸς τὸ πρᾶγμα δῆθεν ἐσκευασμένη,  
 λαβοῦσα χειρόμακτρα χερσὶ ταῖς δύο  
 ὄρχησιν ὠρχήσατο βακχικωτέραν,  
 φθόγγον κορυζῆς οὐ μακρὰν ποιουμένη  
 χαρᾶς τελεστήν καὶ γέλωτος ἐργάτην.  
 280 Ἐσφαλλε μέντοι θαμὰ συγκινουμένην  
 τὸ συνεχὲς λύγισμα τὴν Βαρυλλίδα,  
 πίπτει δὲ πάντως ἢ ταλαίπωρος κάτω  
 τῷ συμποδισμῷ τῶν σκελῶν τετραμμένη’  
 ὑψοῖ δὲ θάπτον εἰς καφαλήν τοὺς πόδας,  
 285 καὶ τὴν καφαλήν ἀντερείδει τῇ κόνει’  
 τοῖς συμπόταις ἐπῆρτο μακρὸς τις γέλως.  
 Οὕτως ἐκείνη συμπεσοῦσα κειμένη  
 ἢ γραῦς Βαρυλλὶς ἐξεπόρθησε τρίτον  
 τῷ συμπιλησμὸν τῆς κεφαλῆς μὴ φέρειν.  
 290 Οὐκουν ἐπεξήγερο’ μὴ γὰρ ἰσχύειν  
 ἔφρασκεν ἢ δύστηνος, καὶ προκειμένη

come to share pitiably from a young age  
 such unbearable, unremitting sufferings.  
 That the girl, O Zeus, who kept herself a maiden, 255  
 and this when often made a slave,  
 has escaped mad loves,  
 and the boy, who fell among drawn swords  
 of barbarians as if into summer grass,  
 is among the living and united with the girl 260  
 after having been long separated from her,  
 you say this is a god's work and you are right,  
 wise Drosilla. Let Kallidemos be damned!  
 Who could separate those whom a god has joined?""\*  
 She said this and set a table 265  
 in the middle, saying, "Today I will celebrate with you,  
 strangers. Be my guests,  
 and I will dance with the god Dionysus,  
 who has inseparably united those who've suffered pitiably."  
 They were then occupied with their food 270  
 and rejoiced even more in their cups,  
 but the old woman (for she had a good heart),  
 when she was clearly full of joy and wine,  
 rose up from her seat,  
 and having prepared herself 275  
 by taking napkins in her hands,  
 engaged in a frenzied, Bacchic dance,  
 while making a wheezing sound from her nose  
 that produced joy and caused laughter.  
 But her continuous twistings and turnings tripped Maryllis up 280  
 as she moved ceaselessly along,  
 and the poor woman fell down,  
 overturned by an entanglement of her legs;  
 then she lifted her feet at once to her head  
 and pressed her head into the dust. 285  
 Her drinking companions were convulsed in laughter.  
 As that old woman, Maryllis, lay there after her fall,  
 she broke wind three times,  
 not able to bear the compression of her head.  
 She didn't rise up, then, for the wretched woman said 290  
 that she didn't have the strength, and so lying in front of them,

- τὰς χεῖρας αὐτῆς ἀντεφήπλου τοῖς νέοις.  
 Ἄλλ' ὁ Κλέανδρος συγκατασχεῖν οὐκ ἔχων,  
 ἐξυπτιάσας τῷ γέλωτι καὶ μόνος  
 295 ὡς ἡμιθνής ἔκειτο πυκνὸν ἐμπνέων.  
 Τί γοῦν Χαρικλῆς; Τῶν γελώτων ἐν μέσῳ  
 καλῆς ἀφορμῆς τῷ δοκεῖν δεδραγμένος,  
 ἐπεισκευφῶς τῷ Δροσίλλας αὐχέني  
 ἐπεγγελάσων τῇ καλῇ Βαρυλλίδι,  
 300 οὐκ εἶχε πάντως τῶν φιλημάτων κόρον,  
 τῶν χειλέων ἐκεῖσε προσκολλωμένων.  
 Πλὴν ἀλλ' ἀναστὰς ὁ Κλέανδρος καὶ μόλις  
 ἔδειξε τὴν γραῦν συμπεσοῦσαν ὀρθίαν,  
 οἶμαι, πτοηθεῖς ἐκ προσυμβεβηκότων  
 305 ὡς μή τι γ' αὔθις ἐκφορήσοι καὶ κόπρους  
 ἢ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀλοηθῆ κειμένη,  
 μισθὸν λαβοῦσα τῶν φιλοξενημάτων  
 τὴν θρύψιν αὐτὴν ἐν πόνοις τοῦ κρανίου.  
 Ἦ καὶ συνιζήσασα τοῖς νέοις ἔφη  
 310 ἴμα τοὺς θεοὺς, ὧ τέκνα, καὶ σκοπεῖτέ μοι  
 ἐξ οὔ καλὸς παῖς τῆς Βαρυλλίδος Χράμος  
 τέθαπτο – καὶ γὰρ ἔστιν ὄγδοος χρόνος –,  
 οὐκ ἦλθον εἰς γέλωτας, οὐκ ὠρχησάμην  
 ὑμῖν δὲ ταῦτα λοιπὸν ἐξ ἐμοῦ χάρις  
 315 παισὶ πλανηθεῖς φασὶ καὶ γέρον τρέχει.  
 Ἰμα τὸν σὸν υἱὸν ἀντέφησαν οἱ νέοι  
 ἴ ἡδυνας ἡμᾶς, ὧ Βαρυλλίς κοσμία,  
 ἄλλοις τε πολλοῖς καὶ τροφῇ σῆ καὶ πόσει  
 ὄρχημα δ' οὖν σὸν καὶ τέχνη λυγισμάτων  
 320 καὶ σὼν ποδῶν κίνησις ἀφθονωτέρα  
 καὶ πυκνὸν ἀντίλοξον εὔστροφον τάχος  
 ὑπὲρ τροφὴν ἡδυνεν, ὑπὲρ τὴν πόσιν,  
 ὑπὲρ τράπεζαν τὴν πολυτελεστάτην,  
 ὑπὲρ φιάλην τὴν ὑπερχειλεστάτην.  
 325 Καὶ καινὸν οὐδέν, μήτερον, ὧν κατειργάσω  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ κἂν γέροντες ἡμεν τρισσάκις,  
 συμμετριάξειν οὐκ ἂν εἶχομεν φόβον,  
 πάντως τὰ λῶστα τῶν θεῶν δωρουμένων.  
 Τοιαῦτα πρὸς γραῦν εἶπον οἱ νεανῖαι,  
 330 καὶ τῆς τραπέζης ἐκ ποδῶν τεθειμένης

she stretched out her hands to the young men.  
 Kleandros couldn't control himself,  
 fell back with laughter, and lay by himself  
 as if half-dead, gasping for breath. 295  
 What about Charikles, then? In the midst of all the laughter  
 he seized what seemed to him a good opportunity,  
 and, bending forward toward Drosilla's neck  
 to laugh at the good Maryllis,  
 he was kissing Drosilla insatiably, 300  
 with their lips stuck fast together.  
 But Kleandros stood up and with effort  
 raised to her feet the old woman who'd fallen,  
 since he feared from what had just happened, I think,  
 that she'd also soil herself 305  
 or have her head smashed as she lay there,  
 taking as reward for her hospitality  
 the painful crushing of her skull.  
 She sat together with the young men and said,  
 "By the gods, children, hear my words: 310  
 ever since Maryllis's beautiful child Chramos  
 was buried—it has been eight years—  
 I have not laughed or danced.  
 I thank you, then, for these things;  
 they say that even an old man runs when playing with children." 315  
 "By your son," answered the young men,  
 "you have given us pleasure, honest Maryllis,  
 with many things, and especially your food and drink,  
 but then your dancing—the skill of your twisting movements,  
 the continuous action of your feet, 320  
 and your constant, slantwise, nimble quickness—  
 has given us pleasure beyond food, beyond drink,  
 beyond the extravagant table,  
 beyond the overflowing wine bowl.  
 And there is nothing strange, mother, in those things you've done. 325  
 Even if we were three times as old,  
 we would not be afraid to jest together  
 when the gods give wonderful gifts."  
 The young men said these things to the old woman,  
 and when the table was removed, 330

ὁ μὲν Κλέανδρος εἰς τὸν ὕπνον ἐκλίθη,  
ἡ γραῦς δὲ λοιπὸν ἔνθεν ἀντανεκλίθη.

#### BIBAIION OΓΔOON

Ὁ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς χεῖρα δοὺς τῇ παρθένῳ  
 εὐθύς μετ' αὐτῆς ἦλθεν εἰς τὸ κηπίον  
 ἐγγύθεν ὄν' προβάς δὲ μικρὸν ἱστόρει  
 τὰ δένδρα, τὴν ὀπώραν, ἄνθη ποικίλα,  
 5 καλὸν τι χρῆμα τοὺς ὀρώντας ἠδύνον.  
 Καὶ δὴ συνιζήσαντες ὑπὸ μυρρίνην  
 συνῆλθον ἄμφω πρὸς λόγου κοινωνίαν.  
 Καὶ 'τίς, φίλον μέλημα' Χαρικλῆς ἔφη,  
 'ὄν εἶπε Καλλίδημον ἡ γραῦς ἐν πτόψ;  
 10 Μὴ σου κατηξίωτο βασκάνῳ τύχη  
 κατατρυφῆσαι καλλονῆς καὶ τοῦ γάμου  
 δεινὸς βιαστῆς καὶ τύραννος ὠμόνους;  
 Μὴ τις τὸ πῦρ ἔφθασεν ἐγκατασβέσαι,  
 ὃ πρὸς Χαρικλῆν ἔσχες ἐν ψυχῆς βάθει;  
 15 ὦ ποθεινὸν ὄμμα, μὴ σύγκρουπέ τι  
 πρὸς γὰρ Χαρικλῆν ἐξερεῖς, οὐ πρὸς ξένον.'  
 'Πῶς εἶπας; Εὐφήμησον' ἀνταπεκρίθη  
 πρὸς τὸν Χαρικλῆν ἡ Δροσίλλα παρθένος,  
 'ἄνερ Χαρίκλεις' ναὶ γὰρ εἶ σὺ καὶ μόνος  
 20 ἀνὴρ ἐμοί' καὶ τοῦτο μὴ ψευδῆς λόγος.  
 Παρεσφάλη σοι τὸ φρονοῦν καὶ τὸ κρῖνον  
 ἐκ τῆς περισχούσης σε μακρᾶς ἀνίας'  
 καὶ γὰρ παρακόπτουσι λῦπαι καὶ φρένας.  
 Ἦ γὰρ, πάτερ Ζεῦ καὶ θεῶν γερούσια,  
 25 εἰ μὴ Δροσίλλα μέχρι καὶ νῦν παρθένος  
 τὸ πρᾶγμα πάντως ἐξελέγξει καὶ μόνον.  
 Οἷος λόγος, κάλλιστε Χαρίκλεις ἄνερ,  
 τὸ τῶν ὀδόντων ἔρκος ἐξέφυγέ σου.  
 Ἐρῶ δέ σοι' καὶ μάρτυς ἔστω τοῦ λόγου  
 30 ὁ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς, ὃς πρὸ τῆς χθὲς καθ' ὕπνον  
 δηλοῖ παραστάς κειμένη κοιμωμένη  
 τὴν σὴν κατασκήνωσιν εἰς Ξενοκράτους,  
 οὐ προσταγῆ πεισθεῖσα - πῶς γὰρ οὐκ ἔδει; -

Kleandros lay down to sleep,  
and the old woman, then, reclined in turn.

## BOOK EIGHT

Charikles, then, gave his hand to the maiden  
and at once went with her into the garden  
nearby, and stepping forward a little, he gazed  
at the trees, the fruit, and the varied flowers,  
a beautiful spectacle that delighted those who saw it. 5  
And so, sitting down together beneath a myrtle,  
they joined in conversation.  
Charikles said, "Who, dearest darling,  
is that Kallidemos the old woman mentioned while we were drinking?  
Can it be that envious Fortune deemed 10  
a terrible, violent man, a cruel-minded tyrant,  
worthy to revel in your beauty and marriage?  
Surely someone didn't manage to quench the fire  
that you had for Charikles in the depth of your soul?  
Oh beloved eye, don't conceal anything, 15  
for you will be speaking to Charikles, not a stranger."  
"What did you say? Be still, Charikles, my spouse,"  
replied the maiden Drosilla to Charikles,  
"for you alone are my husband, 20  
and I am not speaking falsely.  
Your thinking and judgment are in error  
from the long grief that has enveloped you,  
for sorrows unsettle the mind also.  
Truly, Father Zeus and council of the gods, 25  
if Drosilla has not remained a virgin up to now,  
the deed itself will certainly prove it.  
What a word, beautiful Charikles, my spouse,  
has escaped the barrier of your teeth!  
But I will tell you, and let Zeus's child 30  
be a witness of my word, who day before yesterday  
stood by me as I lay in bed sleeping  
and revealed that you were staying in Xenokrates' house.  
Obeying his command—for how could I not?—

πολλῆς χαρᾶς πλησθεῖσα τὴν γραῦν ἠρόμην,  
 35 εἴ τις παροικεῖ πανδοχεὺς τῷ χωρίῳ.  
 Δηλωσάση πάντως δὲ τὸν Ξενοκράτην  
 ταύτη πρὸς αὐτοῦ τοὺς δόμους συνειπτόμην.  
 Εἰδυῖα δ' αὕτη καὶ πρὸ τῆς σῆς παρθένου  
 40 τὸν Καλλίδημον παῖδα τοῦ Ξενοκράτους,  
 ἔλθειν πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἰκέτευε τὸν νέον,  
 ὡς ἐκλυθέσθαι σὴν ἔλευσιν ἐνθάδε·  
 οὐ γὰρ συνεισέδμεν ἄμφω τὴν στέγην·  
 καὶ τοῦτο δεῖγμα τῆς ἐμῆς εὐκοσμίας.  
 Ὡς εἶθε πάντως εἰσέδυν τὴν οἰκίαν.  
 45 Καὶ χαρμονὴν εὗρηκα συντομωτέραν,  
 καὶ τηλικαύτην ἔσχον εὐετηρίαν,  
 θησαυρὸν ἄβρὸν γνοῦσα τὸν Χαρικλέα.  
 Ὁ γὰρ προλεχθεὶς Καλλίδημος εὐθέως  
 ἡμᾶς ἰδὼν ἔξεισι τοῦ δωματίου  
 50 καὶ μοι φθονήσας ἔξ ἀποφράδος τύχης  
 τῆς δευρὸ μοι σῆς εὐτυχοῦς παρουσίας  
 καὶ τὴν, Χαρίκλεις, κλήσιν ἐξηρνεῖτό μοι·  
 ἐγγὺς γὰρ ἐστὼς, ἐκ κεφαλῆς εἰς πόδας  
 γεωμετρῶν με καὶ πυκνὸν μεταβλέπων  
 55 καὶ τὴν πνοὴν ἔοικεν ἐκλελοιπέναί.  
 Εἰ γὰρ τὸ κάλλος δεινὸν ἐστὶν ἐλκύσαι  
 καὶ τοὺς παρακμάσαντας ἄνδρας πολλάκις,  
 πόσῳ τὸν ἀκμάζοντα καὶ νεανίαν;  
 Οἷους μὲν οὖν προεῖπεν εἰς μάτην λόγους,  
 60 ὅσας δὲ κατέλεξε τὰς ὑποσχέσεις,  
 οὐκ ἐστὶν εἰπεῖν, ὦ Χαρίκλεις, κἂν θέλω·  
 καὶ πῶς γάρ, οἷς προσέσχον οὐδὲ μετρίως;  
 Ἐν οἷδα τοῦτο – μάρτυς ἢ γραῦς τοῦ πάθους –  
 ὡς σῆς ἐνωτισθεῖσα δακνοκαρδίου  
 65 ἐλεύσεως ἄρνησιν – αἰ αἰ σοι φθόνε –  
 αὐτὴν ἐψκνείν ἐκκοπήναι καρδίαν,  
 ψυχὴν ἐρυγεῖν θάπτον ἠναγκαζόμεν,  
 ἄψυχος ἦν, ἀναυδος, ἀνδριάς ὄλη,  
 καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς, φεῦ, παγγενῶς ἐμεμφόμεν,  
 70 ῥαίνουσα θεομὰ ῥεῖθρα πολλῶν δακρῶν,  
 θρηνοῦσα πικρῶς ὑπὲρ ἀνδρὸς γνησίου.  
 Τοῦ τίνοσ; Αἰ αἰ, τοῦ καλοῦ Χαρικλέος.

and filled with much joy, I asked the old woman  
 whether an innkeeper lived in the village, 35  
 and when she named Xenokrates,  
 I followed along with her to his house.  
 And this woman, knowing Kallidemos,  
 Xenokrates' son, even before she knew your maiden,  
 asked the young man to come to us 40  
 that we might inquire about your arrival here,  
 for neither of us entered the house,  
 and this is proof of my modesty.  
 If only I had entered the house anyway!  
 I should have found joy more quickly, 45  
 and what great happiness I should have had  
 when I recognized Charikles, my splendid treasure.  
 Kallidemos (whom I mentioned earlier), on seeing us,  
 exited at once from the house  
 and, refusing to admit to me (by an unlucky fate) 50  
 your fortunate presence here with me,  
 denied that he knew even your name, Charikles.  
 As he stood near, measuring me  
 from head to foot and examining me closely,  
 he seemed to have even lost his breath, 55  
 for if beauty often can attract  
 even men past their peak,  
 how much more the young man in his prime?  
 What words, then, he spoke in vain,  
 and how many promises he made, 60  
 I couldn't say, Charikles, even if I wanted to,  
 for how could I when I gave them not the slightest attention?  
 I know this one thing—and the old woman is witness to my suffering—  
 that having heard his denial  
 of your arrival (ah, cruel envy!), 65  
 I thought I'd had my very heart cut out,  
 I was being forced at once to disgorge my soul,  
 I was lifeless, voiceless, altogether a statue,  
 and I blamed all the gods, alas,  
 as I wept warm streams of many tears, 70  
 lamenting bitterly for my rightful spouse.  
 For whom? Ah, for the beautiful Charikles."



- Τούτοις Χαρικλῆς ἀντεπεῖπε· ‘σοὶ χάρις,  
 ὃ τοῦ μεγίστου τῶν θεῶν Διὸς γόνε,  
 75 τῷ Καλλιδήμου τὴν ἐπίφθονον σχέσιν  
 ἦν πρὸς Δροσίλλαν ἔσχεν ἠφανικότι  
 καὶ καθοδηγήσαντι τὸν Χαρικλέα  
 πρὸς τὸ γραδὸς δόμημα τῆς Βαρυλλίδος.  
 Εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐφθόνησεν ἡμῖν τοῦ πόθου,  
 80 οὐκ ἐκ θεῶν ἂν ἀντεπέσχε τὴν νόσον.’
- Καὶ συγκεκυφῶς εἰς τὸν αὐτῆς αὐχένα  
 καὶ τρεῖς φιλήσας, θεὸς ὑπ’ αὐτὴν ἀγκάλην  
 τὰ τῶν γυναικῶν ἀντιπάσχειν ἤξιου  
 ‘ὄρας’ λέγων ‘τὰ δένδρα’ – δειξας δακτύλω –  
 85 ‘ὕσας νεοττῶν καλιᾶς ὑπερφέρει’  
 ἐκεῖ τελεῖται στρουθίων πάντως γάμος·  
 παστὰς τὸ δένδρον ἐστί, νυμφῶν ὁ κλάδος,  
 κλίνην ἔχει δὲ τὰς ἑαυτοῦ φυλλάδας·  
 ναὶ καὶ τὸν ὑμέναιον ἐξᾶδει μέγα  
 90 τὰ πτηνὰ συρρέοντα τοῦ κήπου πέριξ.  
 Δὸς μοι, Δροσίλλα, καὶ σὺ τὸν σαυτῆς γάμον,  
 δι’ ὃν διυπήνεγκα μυρίους πόνους,  
 δι’ ὃν φυγὴν, δούλωσιν, αἰχμαλωσίαν,  
 δι’ ὃν στεναγμοὺς καὶ θαλάσσας δακρῶν.  
 95 ὦ φίλα δεσμὰ καὶ πλοκαὶ τῆς ἀγκάλης  
 καὶ δακτύλων ἔλιγμα καὶ ποδῶν στρέβλα.  
 Ἐγνων, ἐπέγνων, Ἄρες, ἐκ τῶν πραγμάτων,  
 ὡς οὐδ’ ἂν αὐτὸς ἀπρεπῶς ἐδυσφόρεις,  
 ἄλοὺς σιδηρώμασιν, Ἡφαίστου πόνους,  
 100 τῆ ποντογενεῖ συγκαθεύδων ἀσμένως.  
 Ἄλλ’, ὦ φίλον πρόσφθεγμα, μὴ κώλύε με.  
 Ἐρως, συνέργει συμπνέων τῆ παρθένῳ·  
 τὸν πτηνὸν οὐδεὶς φεύξεται πεζὸς τρέχων.  
 ὦ φῶς ἐμὸν σύνθαλπε καὶ τὴν καρδίαν·  
 105 ἄχαρι τέρπει κάλλος, ἀλλ’ οὐ κατέχει,  
 δελήτιον καθώσπερ ἀγκίστρον δίχα.  
 Ἦρα δέ σε βλέπουσα καὶ Παλλὰς κόρη  
 “γυμνούμεθα” προσεῖπον “ὡς πρὶν οὐκέτι  
 ἀρκεῖ γὰρ ἡμῖν ποιμένος κρῖσις μία.”  
 110 Εἶθε ζέφυρος νῦν γενοίμην, παρθένε,  
 σὺ δ’ εὐκροαὲς βλέπουσα προσπνέοντά με,

Charikles replied to these things, "I give thanks to you,  
 son of Zeus, the greatest of the gods,  
 for destroying Kallidemos's 75  
 jealous attachment to Drosilla  
 and guiding Charikles  
 to the house of the old woman Maryllis,  
 for if Kallidemos had not grudged us our love,  
 the gods would not have made him sick in return." 80

He bent forward toward her neck,  
 kissed her three times, and placing his arm beneath her,  
 asked to receive in turn the favors wives give.  
 "You see the trees," he said and pointed with his finger,  
 "how many nests of young birds they bear. 85  
 There the marriage of sparrows is consummated:  
 the tree is the wedding hall; the branch, the bridal chamber;  
 and the leaves, the marriage bed—  
 yes, and the birds flying around the garden  
 loudly sing out the wedding song. 90  
 You too, Drosilla, grant me your nuptials,  
 for which I endured countless sufferings,  
 flight, slavery, imprisonment,  
 groans, and seas of tears.  
 Oh beloved bonds, intertwined arms, 95  
 interlaced fingers, and interlocked feet!  
 I know, Ares, from your deeds,\*  
 that not even you would be very distressed  
 if caught by iron chains, the works of Hephaestus,  
 when sleeping gladly with the seaborn goddess. 100  
 But, name that I love, don't thwart me!  
 Eros, assist me by breathing love into the maiden;  
 no one running on foot will escape the winged god.  
 Oh my light, warm also my heart;  
 ungracious beauty gives delight but doesn't hold, 105  
 like bait without a hook.  
 Hera and the maiden Pallas, on seeing you,\*  
 said, 'We do not disrobe ourselves any more, as before,  
 for one judgment of a shepherd is enough for us.'  
 If only I were now the west wind, maiden, 110  
 and you, seeing me blowing gently upon you,

- τὰ στέρνα γυμνώσασα προσλάβοις ἔσω.  
 Σὺ γοῦν, Σελήνη γλαυκοφειγῆς ὀλβία,  
 ἄθρει ποδήγει φωταγῶγει τὸν ξένον'  
 115 Ἐνδυμίων ἔφλεξε καὶ σὴν καρδίαν.  
 Ἐρροίεν ἄργυρός τε καὶ λαμπρός λίθος,  
 καὶ χρυσὸς αὐτὸς κατασκώπτων καρδίας'  
 φθείροιντο ταῦτα, πλοῦτος, ὀλβος μυρίας,  
 ὁ πρὸς Χρυσίλλας ἐγγυώμενος πάλαι'  
 120 σύ μοι τὰ πάντα ταῦτα, σῶφρον παρθένε.  
 Τὸ ξανθὸν ἀρχεῖς' ἔρρε, χρυσοῦ βάρους'  
 ἔχεις τὸ λευκόν' χαῖρε, μαργάρων χάρις'  
 περιπλοκῇ σὴ κόσμος ἐστὶν ἀχένος,  
 ἐπὶ πτυχι σῶν χειλέων ἄνθραξ λίθος.  
 125 Ὅ σὸς δὲ πάντως οὐκ ἀκόσμητος γάμος'  
 ἀηδόνες γὰρ ἐγχορεύουσαι κύκλω  
 ἄδουσιν, ἀντάδουσιν αἱ χελιδόνες.  
 Σὸς Ὑμέναιος ταῦτα' δὸς μοι τὸν γάμον.  
 Ὅ στρουθὸς οἶδε μῖξιν, οἶδε τὸν γάμον'  
 130 ἡμεῖς δὲ καὶ ποθοῦντες οὐ μιγνύμεθα;'  
 Τοιαῦτα πολλὰ τῇ κόρη προσωμίλει'  
 ὁ γὰρ φιλῶν πᾶς τὴν ποθουμένην βλέπων  
 καὶ νοῦν πρὸς αὐτὴν ἐξανατείνων ὄλον  
 οὐδὲν τὰ λοιπὰ πάντα τοῦ βίου κρίνει.  
 135 Ἄλλ' ἢ Δροσίλλα τὸν καλὸν Χαρικλέα  
 καίτοι κρατοῦσα καὶ φιλοῦσα τὸν νέον  
 ἐδεξιούτο τῇ περιπλοκῇ μόνη  
 καὶ τῇ μελιχρότητι τῶν φιλημάτων.  
 Ἐφασκε καὶ γάρ' ὦ Χαρίκλεις, καρδία,  
 140 τοῦ συνδυασμοῦ τῆς Δροσίλλας οὐ τύχεις.  
 Μὴ κάμνε, μὴ βίαζε, μὴ μάτην πόνει'  
 ἀσημονεῖν γὰρ σωφρονοῦσαν οὐ θέμις.  
 Φιλῶ μὲν οὖν σε' πῶς γὰρ οὐ; Ποῖος λόγος;  
 Φιλῶ Χαρικλῆν καὶ ποθῶ πάντων πλέον'  
 145 πλὴν ὡς ἑταιρὶς οὐ προδῶ τὸ παρθένον  
 γνώμης τε χωρὶς μητροπατρῶου γένους.  
 Τῇ δὲ προνοίᾳ τῶν θεῶν θαρρῶν ἔσο'  
 μαρτύρομαι γὰρ οὐρανόν, γῆν, ἀστέρας,  
 ὡς οὐκ ἂν ἄλλοις ἐκδοθείην εἰς γάμον,  
 150 εἰ μὴ Χαρικλεῖ' πῶς γὰρ εἰκὸς ἐννόει.

would strip your breast naked and receive me within.  
 You, then, blessed Moon with your gleaming light,  
 look at the stranger, lead him, guide him with your light;  
 Endymion inflamed your heart too with passion.\* 115  
 Away with silver and brilliant stones,  
 and gold itself, which mocks hearts;  
 let these things perish—the riches, the infinite wealth  
 that Chrysilla promised me long ago;  
 you are all these things to me, chaste maiden. 120  
 You boast of yellow hair—away, weight of gold.  
 You have white skin—farewell, grace of pearls.  
 The twining of your arms is an ornament for my neck,  
 and in the fold of your lips is a red ruby stone.  
 Your wedding is certainly not unadorned: 125  
 a choir of nightingales in a circle are singing,  
 and the swallows sing in response.  
 These things are your wedding song; grant me your nuptials!  
 The sparrow knows love-making and marriage;  
 but we, who love one another, do not make love?" 130  
 He said many such things to the girl,  
 for every lover when he sees his beloved  
 and directs his whole mind toward her  
 judges that all the rest of his life is nothing.  
 But Drosilla, although holding the beautiful Charikles 135  
 and kissing the young man,  
 welcomed him with her embrace alone  
 and the sweetness of her kisses.  
 "Charikles, my heart," she said,  
 "you shall not obtain coition from Drosilla. 140  
 Don't complain, use force, or labor in vain,  
 for it's not right for a chaste woman to behave shamefully.  
 I love you! How could I not? For what reason?  
 I love and desire Charikles more than anything,  
 but I will not give up my virginity, as a prostitute does, 145  
 without thought for my family, my parents.  
 Have confidence in the foresight of the gods,  
 for I call the sky, earth, and stars to witness  
 that I should not be given in marriage to any others  
 except Charikles. How could I be? Think about it. 150

- Πλὴν ἴσθι λοιπὸν ὡς ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἐσπέρας,  
 καθ' ἣν μένειν ἐνταῦθα μηνύων, ἄνερ,  
 ὄνειρος ἦλθέ σε, τριφύλητον κέαρ,  
 εὐέλπιδς εἰμι τῆ θεοῦ ξυνεργία,  
 155 ὡς πάτρην αὐτὴν ὄψομαι μετὰ χρόνον  
 καὶ Μυρτίωνα καὶ φίλην Ἑδυπνόην  
 καὶ συγχορεύσω ταῖς φίλαις συμπαρθένους  
 εἰς βωμὸν αὐτὸν τοῦ θεοῦ Διονύσου,  
 πῖω δὲ νᾶμα τοῦ καλοῦ Μελιρρόου  
 160 καὶ σοι, Χαρίκλεις, συμμετάσχω τοῦ γάμου.  
 Ἀμήχανον γάρ, οὐκ ἀνάσχωμαι κλύειν  
 μὴ σωφρονεῖν με μᾶλλον ἐν ξένους τόποις.  
 ‘ Ὡ σόφρονος νοῦ καὶ καλῶν βουλευμάτων  
 τῶν σῶν Ἐρωτοῦ πρός Δροσίλλαν ἀντέφη·  
 165 ‘ὡς εὔ τὸ χρυσοῦν νῦν ἀπαγγέλλει στόμα·  
 ὡς εὔ κελαδεῖ γλῶσσά σοι τρισολβία.  
 Πλὴν ταῦτα χρηστά, ταῦτα σεμνά, παρθένε,  
 εἰ μὴ πρός αὐτὴν συγκινούμενοι Φθίαν  
 παρεμποδισθήμεν αὐθις ἐκ Τύχης.  
 170 Καταδρομάς δὲ ληστρικός τὰς ἐν μέσῳ  
 καὶ βαρβάρων μάχαιραν ὠμοκαρδίων  
 καὶ τῆς θαλάσσης ἀγριώτατον στόμα  
 οὐκ ἀγνοεῖν ἔοικας· οὐ γὰρ λανθάνει  
 ἡμῖν τὰ συμπίπτοντα δεινὰ τῆς Τύχης·  
 175 τί γοῦν, ἄν – ἀλλ' ἴλαθι, δυσμενῆς Τύχη,  
 καὶ στήσον ὄψὲ τὴν καθ' ἡμῶν μανίαν –  
 παρεμπεσεῖν μέλλωμεν αὐθις εἰς νέαν  
 πολύτροπον κάκωσιν αἰχμαλωσίας  
 ἢ καὶ διαζευχθῶμεν ἀλλήλων; Λέγε.’  
 180 ‘ Ἀλλ', ὦ Χαρίκλεις· ἀντέλεξεν ἡ κόρη,  
 ‘οὐ τὴν Δροσίλλαν, ἀλλ' Ἐρωτος ἀγρίου  
 ἔοικας ἔργον τερπνὸν ἐνστερνικέαι.’  
 Οὕτως ἐκεῖνων συλλαλούντων τῶν δύο  
 Κλέανδρος ἦλθε τρίτος ἡρέμα στένων  
 185 ‘ὡμοι' λέγων, ‘τέθνηκεν ἡ Καλλιγόνη.’  
 Καὶ ‘τίς, φίλε Κλέανδρε, τοῦτο μηνύει  
 ἄγγελμα πικρόν;’ ἀντέφησαν οἱ νέοι.  
 ‘Γνάθων τις ἐλθὼν ἐμπορικὸς Βαρζόθεν·  
 ἀντεῖπεν ὁ Κλέανδρος· ἀλλ' ὦ τοῦ πάθους’

Know, then, that since that very evening  
 when a dream came revealing that you,  
 my husband, my thrice-loved heart, were staying here,  
 I have trusted in god's help  
 that I shall see my fatherland and Myrtion 155  
 and dear Hedypnoe after a time,  
 join in the dance with my dear fellow-maidens  
 at the altar of the god Dionysus,  
 drink the stream of the beautiful Melirroas,  
 and with you, Charikles, be united in marriage. 160  
 It is impossible—I will not endure it to be said that  
 I wasn't chaste, especially in foreign lands!"

"Oh, what a prudent mind and what noble counsels,"  
 Charikles replied to Drosilla.

"How well your golden mouth now speaks; 165  
 how well your thrice-blessed tongue resounds.  
 But these resolutions would be good, would be fine, maiden,  
 unless, while we are moving together toward Phthia,  
 Fortune should impede us again.  
 You're not ignorant, I think, of pirate raids 170  
 that intervene, the sword  
 of cruel barbarians, the savage  
 mouth of the sea, for the terrible accidents  
 of fortune are not unknown to us.  
 What, then, if—but be gracious, cruel Fortune, 175  
 and stop at last your fury against us!—  
 we fall again into a new,  
 diverse misfortune of captivity  
 or even become separated from one another? Tell me."

"But, Charikles," replied the girl, 180  
 "you seem to cherish in your heart  
 not Drosilla, but the delightful work of wild Eros."

While the two of them were thus conversing,  
 Kleandros came, making a third, and groaning softly  
 said, "Alas, Kalligone is dead." 185

And the young persons replied, "Who,  
 dear Kleandros, told you this bitter news?"

"Gnathon, a merchant here from Barzon,"  
 answered Kleandros. "Oh, what a calamity!"

- 190 ἔφησαν αὐθις, δάκρυον πεπομφότες.  
Καὶ γοῦν μονωδεῖν ὁ Κλέανδρος ἠργμένος  
συνδακρύνοντας αὐθις εἶχε τοὺς δύο.  
Ἔφασκε τοίνυν ἐν στεναγμῷ μυρῖω  
τοιαῦτα καὶ πάνοικτρα καὶ τυχὸν τόσα,
- 195 ὡς οὐκ ἐώσης τῆς βαθείας ἐσπέρας  
μακρὰν πρὸς αὐτὴν ἐξερεῖν τραγωδίαν·  
‘ ἰαταταιᾶξ τῆς παρούσης ἡμέρας,  
καθ’ ἣν ἐγώ, δειλαιοσ ἀνθρώπων μόνος,  
τὴν σὴν τελευτὴν μανθάνω, Καλλιγόνῃ.
- 200 Νοσφίζομαί σου τῆς συνοικίας πάλαι,  
Πάρθων φανείς, φεῦ, δοῦλος ἀγκυλοφρόνων·  
εἶχον δὲ μικρὰν ἐλπίδα ζωοτρόφον,  
ὡς χεῖρας ἀνδρῶν ἐκφυγοῦσαν βαρβάρων  
σχοίην ποτ’ αὐθις κατιδεῖν σε, παρθένε.
- 205 Καὶ νῦν δὲ μᾶλλον σωφρόνως ἠγαλλόμην,  
ἐλεύθερον φῶς, ᾧ θεοί, λαχὼν βλέπειν·  
εὐρεῖν γὰρ εἰς νοῦν εἶχον ἀνθυποστρέφων.  
Καὶ νῦν ἐμὸν φῶς ἐσκοτίσθης ἀθρόον.  
Καὶ πῶς ὀδεύσω; Ποῦ καταστήσω μόνος;
- 210 Οὐκ ὄφελον, γῆ, πῦρ, ὕδωρ, ἀήρ, νέφος  
καὶ πανδεχὲς σφαίρωμα καὶ φῶς ἡλίου,  
ἐκ γαστροῦ ἐλθεῖν καὶ προελθεῖν εἰς βίον.  
Εἰ δ’ ἦν ἀνάγκη πᾶσα φῦναι μητρόθεν,  
ἐχρῆν δι’ αὐτὰς τὰς ἀποφράδας τύχας
- 215 διαφθαρεῖναι καὶ λυθῆναι πρὸς τέφραν,  
πρὶν ἂν λαβεῖν αἴσθησιν ἐντελεστέραν  
καὶ πρὶν ἰδεῖν με τὴν παροῦσαν ἡμέραν.  
Αἰ αἰ, στένω θνήσκουσαν ὡς τρυγουμένην,  
ὄμφακα βότρυν ἢ παρήμερον στάχυν
- 220 ἐν ἀγρῷ τοῦ Χάρωνος ἐχθρῷ δακτύλῳ.  
Πῶς ὑπενέγκω τὴν ἀπενκαταίαν τύχην,  
ἄλλης ἐπ’ ἄλλης συμφορᾶς νεωτέρας  
καταστρεφούσης τὴν κεφαλὴν μου κύκλω;  
Χεῖρας μὲν ἐξέφυγες ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων,
- 225 οὐ μὴν δὲ καὶ Χάρωνος ἀνθρωποκτόνου.  
Ὅλωλεν ἐλπίς μέχρι νῦν τρέφουσα με,  
ὄλωλε καὶ Κλέανδρος ὡς Καλλιγόνῃ.  
Ὡ δυστυχὲς σὺ Βάρζον, ἀθλία πόλις,

they replied with tears. 190  
 Then Kleandros started to raise a lament  
 and had the two of them weeping with him in turn.  
 He spoke, with much groaning,  
 such pitiable words as follows (and perhaps only these,  
 since the late evening did not permit 195  
 him to give a long tragic speech):  
 "Alas for this day  
 on which I, most wretched of men, alone,  
 have learned of your death, Kalligone.  
 I have long been separated from your company, 200  
 having become a slave, alas, of the treacherous Parthians,  
 but I had a great hope sustaining my life,  
 that I should escape the hands of the barbarians  
 and be able to see you again one day, maiden.  
 And just now I was rejoicing with more reason, 205  
 having obtained freedom's light (oh gods!) to look upon,  
 for I had in mind to find you when I returned.  
 Now, my light, you have become darkened all at once.  
 How shall I travel? Where shall I go, alone?  
 Oh earth, fire, water, air, cloud, 210  
 all-receiving sphere, and light of the sun,  
 if only I'd not left the womb and come to life!  
 But if it was necessary that I be born from a mother,  
 I should have been destroyed through unspeakable misfortunes  
 and dissolved to ashes 215  
 before I gained full perception  
 and before I saw this day.  
 Ah, I bewail the maiden dying like an unripe  
 bunch of grapes or an immature ear of corn,  
 gathered in a field by Charon's hateful hand. 220  
 How shall I endure this terrible fate,  
 when one new misfortune after another  
 encircles my head?\*"

You escaped the hands of barbarians  
 but not those of Charon, killer of men. 225  
 The hope that sustained me until now has perished;  
 Kleandros too has perished, like Kalligone.  
 Oh, unlucky Barzon, wretched city



- καθ' ἦν διεξεύχθημεν ἀλλήλων βία.  
 230 ὦς κρείττον ἦν μοι συνθανεῖν τῇ παρθένῳ,  
 ἢ ζῆν ἀμυδρῶς καὶ στενάζειν ἐκ βάθους,  
 οἰκεῖν δὲ τὴν γῆν ὡς σκιά κινουμένη.  
 Τὰ πάντα φροῦδα τῶν παλαιῶν ἐλπίδων.  
 Οὐδὲ προσεῖπον ἐν πνοαῖς ταῖς ἐσχάταις,  
 235 Καλλιγόνῃ, θάμβημα, σεμνῇ παρθένος.  
 Ὡς θαῦμα μακρὸν τὰς ἐμὰς ἔχει φρένας,  
 πῶς αἱ τοσαῦται συμφορῶν καταγίδες  
 εἰς οἶκτον οὐκ ἔκαμψαν οὐδ' εὐσπλαγχνίαν  
 τήν, φεῦ, καθ' ἡμῶν δυσμεναίνουσαν Τύχην.'
- 240 Οὕτως ἐποιμῶζοντα τὸν νεανίαν  
 συνδακρῦοντες οἱ νέοι παρηγόρουν  
 ἐξ ἰλαρῶν ἴνυγος ἡδέων λόγων.  
 ὦς δ' ἦλθεν ἡ νύξ συγκρουβείσης ἡμέρας,  
 ὁμοῦ συνῆλθον εἰς τὸ τῆς Βαρυλλίδος  
 245 οἶκημα καὶ τράπεζαν ἡτοιμασμένην  
 εὐρόντες ἐκλίθησαν ἢ δὲ γραῦς πάλιν  
 τροφὰς ἐτίθει καὶ τὸν οἶνον εἰς μέσον.  
 Ἦν οὖν παρ' αὐτοῖς ὁ ξένος συνιζάνων  
 διπλῶν γὰρ ἦλθεν ἄγγελος μηνυμάτων,  
 250 πικροῦ Κλεάνδρῳ καὶ Χαρικλεῖ γλυκέος.  
 Καὶ χεῖρας εἰς τὸ δεῖπνον ἐμβεβληκότες  
 τὴν γραῦν κατηνάγκαζον ἐγκλίνας γόνυ  
 αὐτὴ δὲ πρὸς τὸν λύχνον ἀσχολουμένη,  
 μέριμναν εἰς ὕφασιν εὖ ποιουμένη  
 255 ἔφησε ἑτέκνα, σὺ Κλεάνδρε καὶ Γνάθων  
 καὶ σὺ Χαρίκλεις καὶ Δροσίλλα παρθένε,  
 οἱ τέσσαρες χαίροντες ἐστιᾶσθέ μοι -  
 φιλῶ γὰρ ὑμᾶς, ὡς ἐκείνον τὸν Χράμον,  
 ὃν οὐκ εἶχον, ὃς προσήχθη μοι μόνος,  
 260 οὗ μικρὸν ἀπήλαυσα τῶν χαρισμάτων,  
 καὶ μακρὸν εἰμι δυσφορουμένη χρόνον -  
 οἱ τέσσαρες χαίροντες ἐστιᾶσθέ μοι,  
 οἱ τέσσαρες τὸν οἶνον ἐκροφεῖτέ μοι  
 τροφήν ἐγὼ γὰρ τὴν ὑμῶν ἔχω θέαν.'
- 265 ὦς δὲ Δροσίλλαν καὶ Χαρικλεῖν ὁ Γνάθων  
 τεραστικῶς ἤκουσεν ἐκ Βαρυλλίδος,  
 ὤρμησεν εἰπεῖν καὶ συνεστάλη πάλιν

in which we were forcibly separated from one another.  
 How much better it would have been for me  
 to have died with the maiden 230  
 than to live in darkness, groaning from deep within,  
 and inhabit the earth like a moving shadow.  
 All of my old hopes are gone.  
 I didn't even salute you at the time of your last breath,  
 Kalligone, wonder of my life, noble maiden. 235  
 Oh, a great astonishment grips my mind  
 that so many storms of adversities  
 did not move Fortune to pity or even compassion,  
 Fortune, who, alas, was hostile against us!"  
 The young people wept with Kleandros 240  
 as he lamented thus, and consoled him  
 with the charm of kind, sweet words.  
 When night came and day had set,  
 they went together to Maryllis's house  
 and, finding a table prepared, 245  
 they reclined, and the old woman again  
 placed food and wine out for them.  
 There was, then, a stranger sitting beside them,  
 for a messenger had come with two pieces of news,  
 bitter for Kleandros, sweet for Charikles. 250  
 They reached out their hands to dinner  
 and tried to coerce the old woman to recline with them,  
 but she, occupied with the lamp  
 and thinking about lighting it,  
 said, "Children—you, Kleandros and Gnathon, 255  
 and you, Charikles and the maiden Drosilla—  
 you four rejoice and feast for me,  
 for I love you as I loved that Chramos,  
 who was my only son and was taken from me,  
 whose gifts I enjoyed but a brief moment, 260  
 while for a long time I've been miserable.  
 You four rejoice and feast for me;  
 you four drink down wine for me;  
 the sight of you is food enough for me."  
 When Gnathon heard the names 265  
 Drosilla and Charikles from Maryllis, he marveled,  
 started to speak, and broke off again.

ἀλλὰ πρὸς αὐτοὺς ἐντρανεότερον βλέπων  
 καὶ γνοὺς ἐναργῶς ἐν φιλαλλήλῳ σχέσει  
 270 αὐτοὺς ἐκείνους τυγχάνειν τοὺς φυγάδας  
 ἐνθουσιωδῶς εἶπεν ἐν θυμηδίᾳ·  
 ‘ὡς ἀγαθὴ, Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί, νῦν ἡμέρα.  
 Εἰληφέναι γοῦν ἐκ δυοῖν ἀνδρῶν ἔχω  
 πάντως μεγίστας τῆς χαρᾶς τὰς ἐγγύας.  
 275 ὦ χαῖρε, Φρότωρ, ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺ Μυρτίων·  
 τοὺς παῖδας ὑμῶν ζῶντας ἀντιμηνύσω.’  
 ‘Μεμιγμένον μέλιτι σόν, Γνάθων, στόμα,’  
 εἰπόντες ἠρώτησαν οὗτοι τὸν ξένον  
 ‘ποῦ δὲ Φρότωρ πάρεστι καὶ ποῦ Μυρτίων  
 280 καὶ πῶς ἐκείνων παῖδας ἡμᾶς τοὺς δύο  
 εἶναι διέγνωσ ἀντιφάσκους ἠδέως.’  
 ‘ Ἐγὼ διδάξω τοὺς διηπορηκότας’  
 ἔφησεν αὐτοῖς ὁ Γνάθων συνεσθίων·  
 ‘αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἄνδρες, οὓς δεδήλωκα, ξένοι,  
 285 οὓς εἶδον, οἷς συνῆλθον εἰς ὀμιλίαν,  
 πάλαι μετηνέχθησαν εἰς Βάρζον πόλιν,  
 πεμφθέντες, ὡς ἔφασκον, ἐξ ὄνειράτων,  
 βαρὺν μὲν ὄγκον εἰσφέροντες χρυσίου  
 ποιούμενοι δὲ τῆς πολίχνης ἐν μέσῳ  
 290 πολὺν Δροσίλλας καὶ Χαρικλέος λόγον·  
 σφοδρῶς δ’ ἐδυσχέραινον οἱ γηραλέοι,  
 λέγοντες αὐτοὺς τὸν Διὸς θεοῦ γόνον  
 ἀπὸ Φθίας εἰς Βάρζον ἀπεσταλκέναι,  
 καὶ τοὺς ἑαυτῶν παῖδας ἐξευρημέναι.  
 295 Ὡς γοῦν ἐφευρεῖν εἶχον ὑμᾶς οὐδέπω,  
 “ἡμεῖς μὲν” εἶπον “– ποῦ γὰρ ἂν τις ἐκδράμοι;  
 Καὶ ποῦ πλανηθῆ; Ποῦ δ’ ἐκείνους συλλάβῃ; –  
 μενοῦμεν ὧδε τῷ θεῷ πεπεισμένοι·  
 ἴσως καταλάβοιεν ὄψῃ τὴν πόλιν.  
 300 Ὁ καθοδηγήσας γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἐνθάδε,  
 ἐκείνος αὐτοὺς ἐκδραμεῖν ἀναγκάσει,  
 καὶ λήξιν ὄψῃ τῆς πλάνης εὐρηγένοι.  
 Σὺ δ’, ὦ φίλων ἄριστε, Βαρζίτα Γνάθων”  
 – εἶδον γὰρ ὡς ἕσαπτον αὐτὰς τὰς ὄνους,  
 305 τὸ χωρίον φθάσαι δὲ κατηπειγόμεν –  
 “ἔννοιαν αὐτῶν τῶν πλανωμένων ἔχε,

But looking at them more keenly  
 and recognizing clearly by their display of mutual love  
 that they were themselves those fugitives, 270  
 he spoke with happy excitement:  
 "What a good day this is, Zeus and the gods!  
 I am able to obtain, then, from two men  
 the richest rewards for their joy.  
 Rejoice, Phrator, and you too, Myrtion; 275  
 I shall announce to you that your children are alive."  
 "Your mouth, Gnathon, is coated with honey,"  
 they said, and then questioned the stranger,  
 "Where is Phrator? Where is Myrtion?  
 And how did you know that we are 280  
 their children? Please answer!"  
 "I will teach you what you don't know,"  
 Gnathon said to them as he ate,  
 "for those men whom I indicated,  
 strangers whom I saw, with whom I conversed, 285  
 had been transported long ago to the city of Barzon,  
 sent, they said, by dreams.  
 They carried with them a heavy weight of gold  
 and spoke much, in the midst of town,  
 about Drosilla and Charikles. 290  
 The old men were very upset,  
 saying that the son of the god Zeus  
 had sent them from Phthia to Barzon  
 to seek their children there.  
 When they could find you nowhere, 295  
 they said, 'We shall remain here,  
 in obedience to the god—for where should we run from here?  
 Where should we roam? Where should we overtake them?  
 Perhaps at length they will arrive at this city,  
 for the one who guided us here 300  
 will compel them to come quickly  
 and make an end at last of their wandering.  
 But you, best of friends, Gnathon of Barzon'—  
 for they saw that I was loading my asses  
 and hastening to reach the village— 305  
 'take thought for our wandering children,

εἶ πως ἐφευρεῖν σὺν θεοῖς κατισχύσης  
 καὶ μὴνύσας μνάς χρυσοῦ λαβῆς δέκα”.  
 Καὶ νῦν ὁμαρτήσασα χρηστή τις τύχη  
 310 ὑμῖν ἐπεγνώρισεν, ὡς ὁράτέ, μοι.  
 ‘Καλλιγόνῃ δὲ καλλιμόρφος παρθένος  
 τέθνηκεν’ αἶ αἶ τῆς ἀπανθρώπου Τύχης’  
 Κλέανδρος εἰπὼν τὸν πανύστατον λόγον  
 καὶ τὴν πνοὴν ἀφήκεν ἅμα τῷ λόγῳ.  
 315 Σφάττειν γὰρ οἶδεν ὑπὲρ εὐθηκτον ξίφος  
 ὄξεϊα συμπεσοῦσα λύπη πολλάκις.  
 Οὕτω, Δροσίλλας καὶ Χαρικλέος μέσον  
 οὐκ ἠμέλησε δυσμένεια τῆς Τύχης  
 πολὺν φορυτὸν συμφορῶν συνεισφέρειν  
 320 καὶ λυπρὰ χρηστοῖς ἐμπαθῶς συμμινύειν.

#### BIBLION ENATON

Ἦδη μὲν ὄρθρος καὶ τὸ φῶς τῆς ἡμέρας  
 ἠὔγαζε λαμπρῶς πανταχοῦ γῆς ἐξ ἔω  
 σφοδρῶς δὲ δακρῦσαντες, ὡς φίλοις ἔθος,  
 τὸ σῶμα συγκαίουσιν Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ,  
 5 χοῶς ἐπισπείσαντες ἐξ ὀπτημένων  
 κρεῶν συνάμφω καὶ ῥοδὸς μελικράτου.  
 Ἐκεῖ συνῆλθε πᾶς νομεύς, πᾶς ἀγρότης,  
 πᾶς συμπαθῆς ἄνθρωπος εἰς ξένου τάφον,  
 καὶ τῶν γυναικῶν πᾶσα τληπαθεστέρα,  
 10 μεθ’ ὧν Βαρυλλίς καὶ προῆρχε τοῦ γόου.  
 Ἐκεῖνον ἐθρήνησε καὶ δρυῖς καὶ πέτρα  
 καὶ κοιλάδων ῥοῦς καὶ βαθύσκιοι νάπαι  
 καὶ γὰρ ἰκανὸς ἦν Κλέανδρος τῷ τότε  
 κάμψαι πρὸς οἶκτον καὶ πετρῶν σκληρὸν γένος.  
 15 Ἦ δὲ Δροσίλλα, καίπερ οὕσα παρθένος,  
 πασῶν γυναικῶν μεῖζον ἐθρήνει τότε.  
 Ὡς γὰρ θαλάσσης κυματωθείσης νότω  
 ἢ κυμάτων σύρροια κυλινδουμένη  
 ναῦν συσχεθεῖσαν τῇ φορᾷ περιτρέπει,  
 20 κἄν εὐτροπὶς τίς ἐστὶν εὐ’ δ’ ἔχει τέχνης,  
 ἄλλου μετ’ ἄλλο συμφυῶς γεννωμένου,

if somehow, with the gods' help, you may find them,  
 and when you inform us, you shall receive ten minas of gold.'  
 And now a good fortune has accompanied you  
 and made you known to me, as you see." 310  
 "But Kalligone, the beautiful maiden,  
 is dead. Ah, what a savage Fortune!"  
 These were Kleandros's last words,  
 and with these words he emitted his last breath,  
 for a sharp grief that has fallen upon one  
 often has a power to kill beyond that of a sharpened sword. 315  
 Thus, in the midst of Drosilla and Charikles' reunion  
 hostile Fortune did not neglect  
 to bring a great heap of misfortunes  
 and avidly mix painful things with the good. 320

## BOOK NINE

It was now dawn and the light of day  
 was illuminating brightly from the east all parts of the earth.  
 Weeping copiously, as friends are inclined to do,  
 they burnt up the body in the Greek manner,  
 both of them pouring libations 5  
 from roasted meat and honey drink.  
 There for the stranger's funeral, came every herdsman,\*  
 every peasant, every man of compassion,  
 and every woman prone to commiserate,  
 among whom Maryllis began the lamentation first. 10  
 For Kleandros the oak lamented, and the rock,  
 and streams in deep valleys, and shady glens,  
 for truly Kleandros could make  
 even the hard race of rocks feel pity.  
 Drosilla, although she was a maiden, 15  
 was lamenting then more loudly than all the women,  
 for just as, when the south wind disturbs the sea,  
 the rolling confluence of waves  
 capsizes a ship overcome by the motion,  
 even if the ship has a good keel and skilled sailors, 20  
 for waves come up one after another,

οἷς οὐδαμῶς ἔλλειμμα καὶ πλήθους μέτρον,  
 εἰ μὴ τίς ἐστιν ἐκ Κοροΐβου μαινόλου  
 ὁμοιος υἱὸς καὶ πατρῶζει τὰς φρένας,  
 25 πειρῶμενος μάταιος εἰς οὐδὲν δέον  
 φορὰς ἀμέτρους ἐκμετρηῆσαι κυμάτων  
 ὅτε πρὸς ὥραν τῆς ὀπωροφθισίας  
 ὁ μὲν Ποσειδῶν ἐξεγείρει τὸν νότον,  
 νότος δὲ τὴν θάλασσαν ἀντικορθύει,  
 30 θάλασσα δ' αὐτὴ συνταράσσει τὰ σκάφη,  
 σκάφη δὲ πάντως τὰς πλεόντων καρδίας,  
 οὕτως ἀμέτρως ἐκχυθεῖσαι μυρίαί  
 ζάλαι ζεουσῶν συμφορῶν ἀνευδότων  
 τὰς τῆς Δροσίλλας ἀντεπέκλυζον φρένας,  
 35 ὡς ναῦν ἀνερωμάτιστον ἰσχυρὸς κλύδων.  
 Ἐφασκεν οὖν κλαίουσα τὸν νεανίαν·  
 ὦμοι, Κλέανδρε, τίς βριαρόχειρ δαίμων,  
 δαίμων ἀλάστωρ εἰς λυπρὰς ὥρας φέρων,  
 βαρὺς καθ' ἡμῶν ἐμπεσὼν καὶ μηνίσας;  
 40 Ἐκ συμφορῶν γὰρ συμφορὰς ἄλλας ἄγει,  
 ἀεὶ δὲ τὴν γραῦν ἢ νέα νικᾶν θέλει.  
 Τί ταῦτα, Τύχη; Ποῖ ποτε σταίεν τάδε;  
 Τίς τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς λῆξις ἐστι δακρύων;  
 ὦ γλυκίων Κλέανδρε συμφυλακίτα,  
 45 σύνδουλε, συνέριθε, συννεανία,  
 συναιχμάλωτε, συνελεύθερε, ξένε,  
 οἷχῃ πρὸ ὥρας χλωρὸς ὠραῖος στάχυς,  
 οὐδὲ προσειπῶν τὸν σεαυτοῦ πατέρα  
 ἐν τῷ παραπνεῖν τὰς πνοὰς τὰς ἐσχάτας.  
 50 ὦ κλῶν φανεῖς ὄρηκος ἀδροῦ Λεοβίου,  
 ἔφυς μὲν ἄδρὸς καὶ καλὸς καὶ γλυκίων,  
 μικρὸν δὲ μικρὸν ὡς ἀπὸ φλογὸς ξένης  
 ἐπὶ φθορὰν νένευκας ἐξηραμμένος.  
 Χθὲς ἦς παρ' ἡμῖν, ἀλλὰ νῦν ἐν νερτέροις·  
 55 χθὲς ἦς λαλῶν μοι, σήμερον δὲ μὴ κλύων·  
 συνωμίλεις χθὲς εἰς ἐμὴν εὐθυμίαν,  
 ἄφωνος εἶ νῦν εἰς ἐμὴν ἀθυμίαν·  
 οὐκ ἐστι δεινῶν τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς τις κόρος.  
 Καὶ ποῦ προβῶμεν τῶν κακῶν περαιτέρω;  
 60 ὦ δυστυχεὲς σύ, δυστυχεὲς Καλλιστία.

with no intermission or limit to their number—  
 unless there is some raving fool's son,  
 similar to his father in wits,  
 who tries in vain, for no needful purpose, 25  
 to measure the countless onslaughts of waves  
 when towards the end of the autumn season  
 Poseidon brings on the south wind,\*  
 and the south wind lifts up the sea,  
 and the sea troubles the boats, 30  
 and the boats the hearts of those sailing—  
 thus without measure, countless storms  
 of seething, relentless misfortunes poured forth  
 and deluged Drosilla's heart,  
 just as a strong wave swamps a ship without ballast. 35

Then, weeping for the young man, she said,  
 "Oh, Kleandros, who is that strong-handed demon,  
 that spiteful spirit bringing painful times,  
 attacking us with violence and anger?  
 He brings misfortune after misfortune, 40  
 and the new always exceeds the old.  
 Why are these things happening, Fortune? Where will they stop?  
 What end is there for our tears?  
 O sweet Kleandros, comrade in captivity  
 and in slavery, fellow-worker, agemate, 45  
 companion in prison and in freedom, stranger,  
 you are gone before your time, a beautiful unripe ear of corn,  
 without even having saluted your own father  
 as you yielded your last breath.  
 O branch of a sturdy sapling of Lesbos, 50  
 you are strong, beautiful, and sweet,  
 but too soon, as if scorched by a strange flame,  
 you've succumbed to death.  
 Yesterday you were with us; now you are among the dead.  
 Yesterday you were talking with me; today you do not hear. 55  
 Yesterday your conversation cheered me;  
 now your silence makes me lose heart.  
 There's no end of terrible things for us—  
 where are we to escape from evils?  
 O unlucky Kallistias, 60



Καὶ γὰρ τὸ τέκνον, ὁ Κλέανδρος, ὁ ξένος,  
 ὡς πτηνὸν ἐκπτὰς πατρικῆς ἐξ ἀγκάλης  
 κεῖται πεσὼν οἴκτιστος ἐν ξένοις τόποις.  
 Ὡ ποῦ τρέφεις, δαίλαιε, χρηστὰς ἐλπίδας  
 65 εὐρεῖν τὸν υἱὸν καὶ λαβεῖν ἀπὸ πλάνης  
 καὶ πῦρ ἀνάψαι καὶ δᾶδας γαμηλίους  
 στήσαι τε λαμπρὰ καὶ χοροὺς καὶ παστάδα  
 καὶ συγχαρῆναι τῇ Κυδίππῃ τὰς φίλας  
 τῷ τὸν καλὸν Κλέανδρον ἀπειληφέναι;  
 70 Πλὴν ὄψε μαθὼν τὴν κατὰ φρένας πλάνην  
 καὶ τοῦ λογισμοῦ τὴν ἀσύστατον ῥύμην  
 καὶ γνοὺς τὸν υἱὸν συμπεσεῖν ἐπὶ ξένης  
 – διδάσκαλος γὰρ ὁ χρόνος τῶν πραγμάτων –  
 καὶ πολλὰ κλαύσεις καὶ στενάξεις ἐκ βάθους,  
 75 ῥαίνειν πολύρρουν ὄμβρον ἐκ τῶν ὀμμάτων  
 ὑπὲρ τὸ πρὶν δάκρυον ἠναγκασμένος·  
 πρῶν γὰρ ἴσως ἐλπίς εἶρε μετρία  
 τὴν τῶν θεόντων δακρῶν ἀμετρίαν·  
 μικρὸν δὲ μικρὸν καὶ τακῆσθαι τῷ χρόνῳ  
 80 ἀνθραξι λύπης, ὡς χιῶν δι' ἡλίου.  
 Αἰ αἰ, συναιχμάλωτε, συνοδοιπόρε,  
 εἰ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς ἐξ ἀποφράδος τύχης  
 ἐμὲ Δροσίλλαν τληπαθῆ τρισαθλίαν  
 ἀφαρπαγῆναι κινδυνεύσοι καὶ πάλιν,  
 85 τίς, τίς νεμεῖ κούφισμα τῆς λύπης βάρους;  
 Ποῖος κατασταίῃ τις εἰς παῦλαν πόνων  
 λόγῳ μελιχρῷ καὶ τρόπῳ σωτηρίῳ;  
 Ἡ ψυχαγωγία γάρ, ἡ σωτηρία,  
 ἢ πᾶσα παράκλησις ἐξόλωλέ μοι.  
 90 Τίς αὔρα λεπτὴ καὶ δρόσος φλογοφθόρος  
 ἀκάματον πῦρ καὶ διηρμένην φλόγα  
 ἐμῶν παθῶν σβέσαιεν οὐ κοιμωμένων;  
 Στάσις δὲ τίς γένοιτο καὶ λήξις πόνων·  
 καὶ νήνεμος νοῦς ἐκ παθῶν τρικυμίας;  
 95 Ὡ τίς, Χαρίκλεις, παραμυθήσαιτό σε,  
 εἴ τι Δροσίλλα τῶν ἀπευκταίων πάθοι;  
 Βαθεῖα γὰρ νῦξ καὶ βαθέσπερος γνόφος  
 καὶ χοῦς ἀμυδρός – ὃ κακῶν συγκυρμάτων –  
 ἔχουσι, φεῦ φεῦ, τὴν Κλεάνδρου καρδίαν.

your son Kleandros, the wanderer,  
 having flown, like a bird, from his father's arms,  
 lies dead, most pitifully, in a foreign land.  
 How do you maintain happy hopes, wretched man,  
 that you may find your son, welcome him from his wandering, 65  
 light the fire and the wedding torches,  
 and organize a splendid ceremony, with choruses and bridal chamber;  
 and that Kydippe's friends may rejoice with her  
 for having recovered the beautiful Kleandros?  
 But in the end, you'll learn of the wandering of his mind 70  
 and the chaotic impulse of his thought,  
 you'll learn that your son has died in a foreign land,  
 for time is a teacher of all things,  
 and you'll lament greatly and groan from deep within,  
 compelled to shed streams of tears 75  
 from your eyes (far beyond what flowed before)—  
 for earlier, perhaps, a modest hope blocked  
 the infinite streams of tears,  
 but soon you'll be dissolved  
 by coals of grief, like snow by the sun. 80  
 Ah, companion in prison, fellow traveler,  
 if Charikles, then, by unlucky fortune,  
 may possibly be snatched away yet again  
 from me, miserable Drosilla, thrice-wretched,  
 who will relieve the weight of my pain? 85  
 Who will come to end my sufferings  
 with honey-sweet word and healing manner?  
 Comfort, salvation,  
 all consolation has perished for me.  
 What light breeze and flame-destroying dew 90  
 could quench the tireless fire and blazing flame  
 of my sufferings, which don't sleep?  
 What rest, what end of sufferings, what calm mind  
 could there be after this third wave of troubles?  
 Oh, Charikles, who would console you 95  
 if Drosilla should suffer some terrible misfortune?  
 Profound night, deep evening's gloom,  
 and dark earth—oh, evil fortune!—  
 hold fast Kleandros's heart, alas.

- 100 ὦ πῶς κλείσεις τὴν Κυδίππην μητέρα  
 ἐν ἀλλοδαπῇ δυστυχῶς τεθαμμένος  
 καὶ τοῖς στεφάνοις εὐφρανεῖς καὶ δοξάσεις  
 τὴν ὄσφυν ἐξ ἧς εἰς τὸ φῶς ἦλθες τότε,  
 σχοίη δέ σε σκίπωνα καὶ βακτηρίαν
- 105 εἰς γῆρας ἐλθὼν ὁ σπορευς ἀπὸ χρόνων;  
 ὦ φῶς θρουαλλῆς χαρμονῆς, σέλας γένους,  
 ἔσβης, ἔθραύσθης, ἐφθάρης, ἀπεκρύβης.’  
 Οὕτω Δροσίλλας κωκυούσης τὸν ξένον  
 ‘τῆς μὲν περιπτῆς τῷ νεκρῷ τύρβης ἄλις
- 110 καὶ τῶν ἀμέτρων δακρῶν καὶ τοῦ γόου’  
 ἔφη μέσον στάς ἔμπορος Γνάθων ξένος’  
 ‘εἰ γὰρ μεταξὺ χαρμονῆς παρεμπέσοι  
 λυπρὸν τυχηρὸν δάκνον ἀλγύνον φρένας,  
 τὸν εὖ φρονούντα τῇ χαρᾷ χρῆ διδόναι’
- 115 ὅταν μὲν οὖν ἄκρατόν ἐστι τὸ θλίβον,  
 οὐ μεμπτόν εἴ τις καὶ κατ’ ἄκρας δακρῦει’  
 εἰ συμμιγῆ δὲ χρηστὰ ταῖς ἀλγηδόσι,  
 τὸ κρεῖττον, οἶμαι, τῆς τύχης εἰσελκτέον’  
 ὑπερφερῆ γὰρ δυστυχῆ τῶν κρειπτόνων,
- 120 πλείω τὰ λυπρὰ τῶν καλῶν τῶν ἐν βίῳ.  
 Τῶν θλίψεων γοῦν εὖ καταφρονητέον,  
 εἴ πού τι χρηστὸν ἐν μέσῳ παρεμπέσοι  
 ἀπροσοδοκῆτως ἐκ τύχης παρηγμένον’  
 οὐ γὰρ τοσοῦτον αἰ κατ’ ἐλπίδας τύχαι
- 125 τοῖς εὖ παθεῖν μέλλουσιν ἀνθρώποις ἄρα  
 τὸ τερπνὸν εἰσφέρουσιν ἄν, ὡς εἰδόσιν,  
 αὐτοῖς ἐκεῖνοις προσδοκῶνται πρὸ χρόνων,  
 ὅσον τὸ συμβᾶν ἀγαθὸν παρ’ ἐλπίδα  
 ψυχῆν διογκοῖ καὶ πλατύνει καρδίαν,
- 130 καὶ πάντα λυπρὰ τὰ προσυμβεβηκότα  
 ἐκ τῶν νοητῶν ἐξελαύνει πυθμένων  
 καὶ τῶν ἀδήλων τοῦ λογισμοῦ χωρίων  
 καὶ τοὺς παθόντας εἰς ἀνάπλασιν φέρει,  
 τῶν ἀλγυνόντων ἐξαλείφον τοὺς τύπους
- 135 εἰς εἶδος ἄλλο καὶ κατάστασιν νέαν,  
 καὶ χρωματουργεῖ τοῦ προσώπου τὴν θέαν  
 εἰς ἐντελῆ μόρφωσιν ὠραῖσμένην.  
 Πλὴν λῆξον ὁψὲ τῶν μακρῶν ὀδυρμάτων

How will you glorify your mother, Kydippe, 100  
 now that you've been buried, unfortunately, in a foreign land,  
 how will you cheer her with wreaths and extol  
 the loins from which you came into this light,  
 and how will your father have you as a staff and cane  
 when he's come to old age years from now? 105  
 O torch, candle of joy, bright light of the family,  
 you've been quenched, broken, destroyed, and hidden away."

While Drosilla thus wailed over the stranger,  
 the merchant Gnathon stood in the middle and said,  
 "Enough of excessive lamentation for the dead 110  
 and endless tears and groaning!  
 If in the midst of joy something painful happens  
 that stings and grieves the mind,  
 still the wise man should give himself to joy.  
 But when distress is unmixed, 115  
 a man cannot be faulted if he weeps without restraint.  
 Yet if good things are mixed with sufferings,  
 one must seize the better part of fortune, I believe,  
 for misfortunes surpass happier moments,  
 and adversities outnumber good things in life. 120  
 One must think lightly of afflictions, then,  
 if something good should slip in the midst—  
 an unexpected gift of fortune.  
 Desired fortunes do not bring  
 so great a joy to men 125  
 destined to prosper, if they know  
 and expect them beforehand,  
 as the good that happens unexpectedly,  
 for it swells the spirit, expands the heart,  
 drives out from the depths of thought 130  
 and the dark recesses of the mind  
 all the painful things that happened before,  
 restores those who have suffered  
 by wiping out the traces of afflictions  
 to give another appearance and a new condition, 135  
 and colors the complexion of the face  
 to a perfect semblance of beauty.  
 But cease at last from your great wailings

- ἄγουσα σαυτὴν εἰς ἀνάκτησιν, κόρη.  
 140 Ἔφες, Χαρίκλεις, καὶ σὺ τὴν θρηνηφιδίαν  
 γενοῦ σεαυτοῦ, μὴ τι φαῦλον ἐμπέσοι  
 χρῆ γὰρ τὰ συμπύπτοντα γενναίως φέρειν.  
 Οὕτως ἐκεῖνοι τοῖς πόνοις ἐκαρτέρουν.  
 Οὕτω δὲ διτταὶ συμπαρηλθόν ἡμέραι,  
 145 καὶ πάντας οὓς ἤνεγκε φόρτους ὁ Γνάθων  
 ἀπεμπολήσας τοῖς ἐποίκοις ἀγρόταις,  
 λαβὼν μετ' αὐτοῦ τὴν φίλην συζυγίαν  
 ὠδευε πρὸς τὸ Βάρζον ἀπτέρω τάχει  
 οὗ καὶ φθάσαντες τὴν πύλην τῆς εἰσόδου  
 150 ὄρωσι τοὺς σφῶν ἀθλίους φυτοσπόρους  
 αὐτὸς Χαρικλῆς καὶ Δροσίλλα παρθένος  
 εἰς πέτραν, ἔδραν εὖξοον, καθημένους,  
 καὶ θάμβος ἔσχον καὶ καλῆς αἰδοῦς τύπον.  
 Ἄλλὰ προλαβὼν ὁ Γνάθων καὶ προφθάσας  
 155 ἄμφω κατησπάσατο τοὺς γηραλέους  
 καὶ τὴν τέκνων ἄφιξιν αὐτοῖς μηνύσας  
 χρυσοῦ δέκα μνᾶς δῶρον ἀντιλαμβάνει.  
 Οἱ δ' ἄλλ' ἐπεὶ προσέσχον αὐτοῖς τοῖς τέκνοις,  
 ὁποῖον ἔσχον γῆθος οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν,  
 160 ὡς εἶδον αὐτὴν τὴν καλὴν ξυνωρίδα  
 τὴν Βαρζικὴν γῆν συμπατοῦσαν ἀθρόον  
 οἱ πρῶτα δακρύσαντες, ὡς γῆρα νόμος,  
 τὰς σφῶν κεφαλὰς κατεφίλουν ἀσμένως,  
 ἔχαιρον, ἤλγουν, εὐθύμουν, ἐδυσφόρουν,  
 165 ἠγαλλίων, ἔκλαιον, ἐκρότουν μέγα  
 τὸ τῆς χαρᾶς δάκρυον ἔρρει πλησμίως,  
 τῆς χαρμονῆς ὁ θρήνος ὑψοῦτο πλέον.  
 Πληθὺς δὲ πᾶσα Βαρζιτῶν κοινῶ δρόμῳ,  
 ἐπεὶ τὸ συμβᾶν ἐκ βοηδρόμων μάθοι,  
 170 ἐξήλθοσαν χαίροντες οἰκείους δόμους,  
 οἱ παῖδες, ἡ γραῦς, ὁ σφριγῶν, ἡ παρθένος,  
 μεῖραξ, γυνή, παῖς ἀπαλὴ καὶ πρεσβύτις,  
 πάντες προσεπτύσσοντο πυκνὰ τοῖς νέοις.  
 Ὁ θρήνος ἠκόντιζε τὸν πολὺν κρότον,  
 175 ἡ χαρμονὴ δ' ἔκλινε τὴν θρηνηφιδίαν  
 οὕτω συνήλγουν καὶ συνεσκίοντων πάλιν  
 τοῖς πατράσι σφῶν πᾶσα κοινῶς ἡ πόλις.

and compose yourself, girl.  
 You too, Charikles, cease your lamentation. 140  
 Control yourself, that something bad not happen,  
 for one should bear nobly the accidents of fate."

Thus they tried to hold up against their troubles.  
 And two days had not yet passed  
 when Gnathon sold to the peasants of the region 145  
 all the cargo that he'd brought  
 and, taking the dear couple with him,  
 traveled to Barzon with winged speed.  
 Charikles and the maiden Drosilla  
 arrived at the entrance gate 150  
 and saw their wretched fathers  
 sitting on a rock, a well-polished seat;  
 and they were amazed, their faces tinged with noble shame.  
 But Gnathon, having gone ahead,  
 embraced the two old men first, 155  
 and, informing them of the arrival of their children,  
 received a gift of ten minas of gold in return.  
 But what joy the old men felt when they turned  
 to the children themselves, when they saw  
 the lovely pair suddenly treading 160  
 the earth of Barzon, I cannot say!  
 First they wept, as old people do;  
 then they kissed their children's heads gladly,  
 rejoiced, grieved, were cheerful, distressed,  
 exulted, lamented, and loudly clapped their hands. 165  
 Tears of joy flowed in abundance,  
 and lament seemed to surpass the joy.  
 All the people of Barzon, when they learned from messengers  
 what had happened, came running out  
 together, rejoicing, from their homes: 170  
 children, old women, fresh lads, maidens,  
 youths, wives, tender girls, elderly ladies,  
 all were embracing the young persons continuously.  
 Their laments released a great sound,  
 and their joy replaced their lamentation; 175  
 thus the whole community was grieving  
 and leaping for joy together with the fathers.

Αὐτὸς δὲ Φράτωρ τῇ Δροσίλλᾳ παρθένῳ  
 ἀντεμπλακείς ὡς <τῷ> τέκνῳ προσωμίλει·  
 180 ἄγαννουσθε, παῖδες, πρὸς γονεῖς σεωσασμένοι·  
 διπλοῦς γὰρ ὑμεῖς εὐτυχεῖτε πατέρας,  
 οὓς αὐθις ἡμεῖς εὐτυχοῦμεν τεκνία.  
 Ὡς δεξιὸν τὸ τέμα τῆς ὑμῶν πλάνης,  
 ὡς εὐτυχῆς ἢ λήξις ἢ τῶν δακρῶν.  
 185 Σώζεσθε καὶ τηρεῖσθε πρὸς συζυγίαν,  
 οὓς οἱ θεοὶ συνῆψαν ὡς νυμφοστόλοι·  
 Ἐπεὶ δὲ μακροῖς τοῖς μετ' ἀλλήλων λόγοις  
 καὶ μέχρι νυκτὸς ἦσαν ἠσχολημένοι,  
 μνήσαντο δόρπου· καὶ καθίσας ὁ Γνάθων  
 190 αἰτεῖ παρ' αὐτὸν ὡς καθίσοι καὶ Φράτωρ.  
 Φράτωρ δὲ τοῖς Γνάθωνος ὑπείξας λόγοις  
 καὶ Μυρτίωνα συνθακεύειν ἠξίου·  
 ὁ Μυρτίων δὲ νυμφίον Χαρικλέα  
 καὶ γοῦν Χαρικλῆς τὴν Δροσίλλαν παρθένον.  
 195 Οἱ τρεῖς μὲν ἐκλίθησαν ἐξ εὐωνύμων,  
 ἐν δεξιοῖς δὲ προσφιλῆς συζυγία,  
 αὐτὸς Χαρικλῆς δηλαδὴ καὶ παρθένος·  
 ὃς οὐ μετριάς μέμψως κατηξίου,  
 ἀλλ' ὕβρεων μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ τωθασμάτων,  
 200 τὸν αἴτιον Γνάθωνα τῶν ξενισμάτων,  
 ὡς μὴ Δροσίλλαν ἀπέναντι καθίσοι  
 τῶν ἐκτακέντων ἐξ ἔρωτος ὀμμάτων  
 καὶ Μυρτίωνα τὸν φύσαντα τὴν κόρην  
 ἐγγὺς παρ' αὐτοῦ τῆς καθέδρας τῷ τόπῳ,  
 205 ὅπως τοσαύτης χαρμονῆς τελουμένης  
 ἀντιπροσωπῶν ἐμβλέποι τῇ παρθένῳ.  
 Οὐ μὴν ἐπεφθόνει δέ – πῶς τις ἐκφράσοι; –  
 καὶ τῷ κυπέλλῳ τηλικούτων χειλέων  
 ἄριστα θιγγάνοντι τῶν τῆς παρθένου·  
 210 ἐξηλοτύπει καὶ πρὸς οἴνου τὴν πόσιν,  
 ὡς εἰς Δροσίλλας πλησιάζοντος στόμα.  
 Οὕτω μὲν εἶχε καὶ τὰ τῆς πανδαισίας·  
 καὶ νῦξ μελάμπους ἐγχυθεῖσα τοῖς ξένοις,  
 κατεσπακυῖα τὴν τάσιν τῶν ὄφρῶν  
 215 τὸν νήδυμον σφῶν ἤγεν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὕπνον.  
 Ἄλλὰ πρὸς ὄρθρον ἢ καλῆ καὶ παγκάλῃ,

Phrator embraced the maiden Drosilla  
 and spoke with her as if she were his own child,  
 "Be happy, children, having returned safe to your fathers: 180  
 you are fortunate in having two fathers,  
 and we are fortunate in having you as children.  
 How happy is the end of your wandering;  
 how fortunate the cessation of our tears!  
 You've been preserved and protected for your nuptials, 185  
 you whom the gods have united, acting as your bridal escorts."  
 After they had conversed with one another  
 at length, until nightfall,  
 they thought of dinner. Gnathon sat down  
 and asked that Phrator sit down beside him; 190  
 Phrator complied with Gnathon's request  
 and asked Myrtion to sit with him;  
 Myrtion asked the bridegroom Charikles,  
 and then Charikles asked the maiden Drosilla.  
 The three men reclined on the left, 195  
 and on the right the beloved couple,  
 that is, Charikles and the maiden.  
 Charikles felt that Gnathon, the evening's host,  
 deserved no small blame  
 but rather insults and jeers 200  
 since he did not seat Drosilla opposite  
 Charikles' eyes, which were melted with love,  
 but instead placed Myrtion, the girl's father,  
 near his seat  
 so that, during the celebration of such great joy, 205  
 Myrtion might gaze at the maiden's face.  
 Moreover, Charikles envied—how should one describe it?—  
 even the cup that touched (most excellently)  
 the lovely lips of the maiden;  
 he felt jealousy even toward the wine being drunk, 210  
 since it was entering Drosilla's mouth.  
 Thus the lavish banquet progressed,  
 and black-footed night flowed over the guests,  
 releasing the tension of their brows  
 and bringing sweet sleep to their eyes. 215  
 But towards dawn the very beautiful



ἡ τοῦ γέροντος Μυρτίωνος θυγάτηρ,  
 καταλαβοῦσα τὴν σορὸν Καλλιγόνης  
 ἔλουεν αὐτὴν ἄλλο λουτρὸν δακρῶν.  
 220 Τὸ γὰρ γυναικῶν συμπαθέστατον φύλον  
 ἐτοιμοπενθές ἐστι καὶ ξένοις πόνους  
 καὶ φιλόδακρυ γίνεται παραυτίκα·  
 οὐκ ἐν μόνῃ γὰρ συμφορῶν περιστάσει  
 φιλεῖ τὸ πενθεῖν καὶ τὸ μακρὸν δακρῦειν,  
 225 καὶ μᾶλλον εἴ τις ἐκπεράσῃ τὸν βίον·  
 διηνεκῶς δὲ καὶ χρόνων περιδρομοῖς  
 σῶζον κακῶν ἔννοιαν ἀμφιδακρῦει.  
 Οὕτως ἐκεῖνη συμπαθῶς ἢ παρθένος  
 λαθοῦσα τοὺς τέσσαρας, ὡς κοιμωμένους,  
 230 Γνάθωνα, Μυρτίωνα τὸν φυτοσπόρον,  
 ναὶ μὴν Χαριλῆν καὶ τὸν αὐτοῦ πατέρα,  
 ἔκραζε κυπτάζουσα πρὸς Καλλιγόνην,  
 ἔτυπεν εἰς τὸ στέρνον, ἀνεκεκράγει  
 μετὰ στεναγμῶν καὶ μετ' ὄμβρου δακρῶν·  
 235 ὧ πολλὰ βασκαίνουσα, δυσμενῆς Τύχη,  
 οὐκ ἤρκεσάν σοι τὰ προσυμβεβηκότα  
 ἀλγεινὰ πικρὰ τῇ Δροσίλλας καρδίᾳ·  
 ἀλλὰ πρὸς αὐτοῖς καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν εἰσφέρεις.  
 Σὺ μὲν θανατοῖς παρθένον Καλλιγόνην,  
 240 Καλλιγόνη δὲ τὸν Κλέανδρον κτινύει·  
 ὁ δὲ Κλέανδρος τοὺς ἐκείνου γησιόους  
 οὐ συνθανατοῖ, τῇ δὲ τούτων καρδίᾳ  
 λύπης τοσαύτης ἀντιπέμπει πικρίας.  
 Θρηνώ σε λοιπόν, ὦ κόρη Καλλιγόνη,  
 245 συμπαρθένε, κλαίω σε γῆ κεχωσμένην  
 ἀντὶ Κλεάνδρου τοῦ προεξωχηκότος,  
 τοῦ συγξενιτεύσαντος ἡμῖν ἐν ξένοις·  
 θρηνώ σε μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς στερουμένην,  
 καὶ φεῦ θανοῦσαν ἀλλὰ μακρὰν πατρίδος,  
 250 ἦν οὐ κατείδον, οὐ συνῆλθον εἰς λόγους,  
 οὐκ εἰς χαρὰν ἔστερξα καὶ προσεπλάκην,  
 ἐν συμφοραῖς οὐκ ἔσχον εἰς λύπης ἄκος.  
 Ὡς εἶθε καὶ Κλεάνδρον οὐκ εἶδον πάλαι  
 καὶ συμμετέσχον καὶ τροφῶν καὶ δακρῶν.  
 255 Σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ δέξαι τὴν ἐμὴν θρηνηφδίαν,

daughter of old Myrtion  
 arrived at Kalligone's tomb  
 and gave it another bath of tears.  
 The race of women, full of compassion, 220  
 is ready to mourn for even the sufferings of strangers  
 and prone to sudden tears—  
 for not only in circumstances of misfortunes  
 are women inclined to lament and weep at length  
 (particularly if someone should die), 225  
 but continuously in the course of time,  
 preserving the memory of evils, they weep profusely.  
 Thus that maiden, in sympathy,  
 unseen by the four of them as they slept  
 (Gnathon, her father Myrtion, 230  
 and also Charikles and his father),  
 moaned loudly as she bowed in sorrow toward Kalligone's tomb,  
 beat on her breast, and cried out  
 with groans and a shower of tears:  
 "Oh, envious, cruel Fortune, 235  
 the painful, bitter things that fell upon  
 Drosilla's heart before weren't enough for you,  
 but to them you add the rest:  
 you murder the maiden Kalligone,  
 and Kalligone's death kills Kleandros, 240  
 but Kleandros's death does not kill his friends in turn—  
 instead he sends to their hearts  
 the bitterness of great grief.  
 I lament for you, then, maiden Kalligone,  
 fellow-virgin. I weep for you covered with earth, 245  
 since Kleandros cannot, who left home  
 and lived in foreign lands with us, among strangers.  
 I wail for you deprived of mother and father,  
 and, alas, dead far from your fatherland—  
 whom I didn't see, with whom I didn't speak, 250  
 whom I didn't joyously kiss and embrace,  
 whom I didn't have in misfortunes as grief's remedy.  
 Oh, if only I hadn't ever seen Kleandros  
 and shared with him food and tears!  
 But you, receive my lamentation, 255

ἦν ὡς χοῶς νῦν πενθικᾶς ἔσπεισά σοι.'

Εἶρηκε ταῦτα, καὶ μετ' αἰδοῦς κοσμίας  
 Γνάθωνος αὐθις ἀντεισηλθε τὴν στέγην,  
 ὅθεν ξενίσας τοὺς γέροντας ὁ Γνάθων  
 260 σὺν τοῖς τέκνοις σφῶν ἀμφὶ πρώτην ἡμέραν,  
 ἐκεῖ θέλοντας καρτερῆσαι μὴ πλέον  
 τέλος προσελθῶν καὶ προσειπῶν ἀσμένως  
 καὶ γνήσιον φῖλημα δοὺς τοῖς ἀνδράσιν  
 εἰς δευτέραν ἔπεμψε πρὸς τὴν πατρίδα.  
 265 Τῆς οὖν θαλάσσης εὖ κατεστορεσμένης,  
 οὐ πνεύματος πνέοντος ὄλεσισκάφου,  
 οὐ τῶν κυμάτων ἀμφικυλινδουμένων,  
 οὗτοι προσηνοῦς ἡμερωτάτου πλόου  
 τυχόντες ἐστέλλοντο πρὸς γῆν φιλάτην.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ προσπλεύσαντες ἡμέρας δέκα  
 φθάσαιεν ὄψε καὶ πρὸς αὐτὴν πατρίδα  
 καὶ τοῖς ἐπευκτοῖς ἐμπατήσαιεν τόποις,  
 ὁ μὲν Χαρικλῆν ἀπογεννήσας Φρότωρ  
 μεθεἶλκε Μυρτίωνα πρὸς τὴν οἰκίαν,  
 275 ὁ δὲ Δροσίλλαν ἐκτοκεύσας Μυρτίων  
 ἀντιμεθεἶλκε τοῦτον ἀμφὶ τὸν δόμον,  
 αἱ μητέρες δὲ τοῦ νέου καὶ τῆς κόρης,  
 Ἴδυπνὴ τε καὶ σὺν αὐτῇ Κρυστάλη,  
 ἐπεὶ τὸ συμβᾶν ἐκμάθοιεν, εὐθέως  
 280 ἐκεῖ δραμοῦσαι, προσπλακεῖσαι τοῖς νέοις  
 τοῖς τῆς χαρᾶς ἔλουον αὐτοὺς δακρυοῖς.  
 Τὸ προσφιλὲς δὲ μητροπάτρων γένος,  
 ὁ πατριώτης ὄχλος, ὁ ξυμφυλῆτης,  
 συνεκρότουν, ἔχαιρον, ἐσκίρτων μέγα,  
 285 ἠγαλλίων ὅποιον ἀλλὰ καὶ πόσον.

Οὗτοι μὲν οὕτως εἶχον' εἷς δὲ τις φθάσας  
 ὁ πρῶτος αὐτῶν, ἱερὺς Διονύσου,  
 ἐπιτρέπει τάχιστα κατειληφέναι  
 εἰς τὸν νεῶν ἅπαντας αὐτοὺς τοὺς ὄχλους,  
 290 ὡς μὲν ἂν συναρμόσαιτο τῷ Χαρικλεί  
 νύμφην Δροσίλλαν εἰς ὀμιλίαν γάμου.

Εἶρηκε ταῦτα καὶ διπλοῦς παρατίκα  
 κλάδους παρασχὼν ἀμπέλου τοῖς νυμφίοις  
 εἰς τὸν νεῶν εἰσηξεν ἅμα τοῖς ὄχλοις.

which I've poured forth for you now like mourning libations."

She said these things, and with proper modesty  
entered Gnathon's house again.

There Gnathon had entertained the old men  
with their children the first day, 260

and when they were willing to stay no longer,  
he approached at last, addressed them warmly,  
gave the men a friendly kiss,

and sent them the next day to their fatherland.  
The sea, then, was calm — 265

winds that destroy ships were not blowing,  
and menacing waves were not rolling around;  
these travelers met with gentle, quiet sailing  
when they set forth toward their beloved land.

After sailing for ten days, 270  
they arrived at last in their fatherland  
and walked in the places they'd missed;

Charikles' father, Phrator,  
took Myrtion to his home;

and Drosilla's father, Myrtion, 275  
took Phrator in turn to his house.

The mothers of the young couple —  
Hedypnoe and Krystale —

when they learned what had happened,  
quickly ran up, embraced the young persons 280

and bathed them with tears of joy.

And the dear families of the fathers and mothers,  
and the citizens and fellow-clansmen

applauded, exulted, and leaped for joy —  
with such great enthusiasm they rejoiced! 285

While all this was happening,  
the chief man among them, Dionysus's priest, arrived,

bid all the people  
go to the temple as quickly as possible

so that he might join Drosilla 290  
with Charikles, to be his wife in the union of marriage.

He said these things and at once  
gave the bridal couple two vine-branches

and led them into the temple together with the people.

295 Τί γοῦν τὸ λοιπόν; Συζυγεῖσα πρὸς γάμον  
νύμφη Δροσίλλα τῷ Χαρικλεῖ νυμφίῳ  
καὶ πρὸς δόμους ἀχθεῖσα τῶν γεννητόρων,  
μετὰ στεφάνων καὶ κρότων καὶ κυμβάλων,  
ἐν ἑσπέρῳ μένουσα παρθένος κόρη  
300 γυνὴ πρὸς ὄρθρον ἐξανέστη τῆς κλίνης.

What then is left? Drosilla was joined 295  
to Charikles in marriage, a bride to a groom,  
and led to the family house,  
with wreaths, applause, and cymbal crashes.

And the girl who was still a virgin in the evening  
was a woman when she rose at dawn from her bed. 300



## EXPLANATORY NOTES

- 1.22. “Mysian plunder” was a proverbial expression meaning “easy prey” due to cowardice or weakness. Cf. Aristotle *Rhetoric* 1372b20. Mysia, a region in northwest Asia Minor, had Telephus as one of its legendary kings (see note 3.251). On “proverbial contempt for the Mysian character,” see Edward M. Cope, *The Rhetoric of Aristotle with a Commentary*, rev. John E. Sandys (1877; reprint, 3 vols. in 1, New York: Arno Press, 1973), 235–36 (quotation from p. 236). For Eugenianos’s model here, cf. Prodromos *Rhodanthe and Dosikles* 1.26 (for discussion see Panagiotis A. Agapitos, “Narrative, Rhetoric, and ‘Drama’ Rediscovered: Scholars and Poets in Byzantium Interpret Heliodorus,” in *Studies in Heliodorus*, ed. Richard Hunter [Cambridge: The Cambridge Philological Society, 1998], 151).
- 1.102–3. Pheidias and Praxiteles were famous Athenian sculptors who worked in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. respectively. Zeuxis of Herakleia, a famous Greek painter of the late fifth and early fourth centuries B.C., is also said to have made statues in clay (Pliny *Natural History* 35.66). Zeuxis is often included in trios representing great artists of the past, e.g., Michael Psellus *Chronographia* 3.14: “the workers on these stones were reckoned with the like of Pheidias and Polygnotus and Zeuxis” (E. R. A. Sewter, trans., *Fourteen Byzantine Rulers: The Chronographia of Michael Psellus*, rev. ed. [London: Penguin Books, 1966], 72).
- 2.203. The Sirens were mythological females whose song lured sailors to their death.
- 2.308. Pandora, the original human female, was created and given gifts by the gods that she might be a punishment for mankind. For the story of her making, see Hesiod *Works and Days* 57–105, esp. 60–82: Zeus had Hephaestus make her with a goddess’s face and maidenly form; Aphrodite was to shed grace and cruel desire upon her; the Graces and Persuasion put gold necklaces on her; the Hours crowned her with spring flowers; and so forth.
- 2.327–28. For Niobe, see “List of Gods and Legendary Figures” (gods and figures that appear more than once in the novel are identified there).



- 2.329. For Pandion's daughter, see "List of Gods and Legendary Figures," under Pandion.
- 3.86. While crossing Lydia on his way to attack Greece (480 B.C.), Xerxes, the king of Persia, came across a beautiful plane tree, which he decorated with gold and furnished with a guardian (thus Herodotus 7.31). This story becomes proverbial. On Asian and Mediterranean reverence for big, shady trees, see Frank H. Stubbings, "Xerxes and the Plane-Tree," *Greece and Rome* 15 (1946), 63–67. (Like Xerxes' plane tree, Eugenianos's too has a guardian assigned.) Plato's *Phaedrus* features another famous plane tree: after leaving the city, Socrates and Phaedrus come across a tall, shady plane tree by the banks of a river, sit beneath it, and talk of love. Similarly in Eugenianos's novel, after leaving the city, the hero and his friends sit beneath a large plane tree by the banks of a river and talk of love. The setting of Plato's *Phaedrus* was famous and much-evoked. On its use during the Second Sophistic, see M. B. Trapp, "Plato's *Phaedrus* in Second-Century Greek Literature," in *Antonine Literature*, ed. D. A. Russell (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1990), 141–73; for its use later, e.g., in the tenth century A.D., John Geometres *Progymnasmata*, "A letter describing Geometres' garden" (text and discussion: A. R. Littlewood, *The Progymnasmata of Ioannes Geometres* [Amsterdam: Adolf M. Hakkert, 1972], 8.23–29, with pp. 48–49 n. 8.23–29).
- 3.115. Kronos was chief among the "old gods," the Titans, who were overthrown by Zeus's generation of Olympian gods. At 2.365, the adjective "Kronikos" is translated as "old-fashioned." For Eros as a primordial being, see also Hesiod *Theogony* 116–22, Longus 2.5.
- 3.155. Lais, the Corinthian, was one of (at least) two celebrated courtesans named Lais linked with prominent men of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. (see, e.g., Athenaeus 13, 570b–e, 588c–589b; Pausanias 2.2.4). On the theme of an aging Lais, cf. *Anthologia Palatina* 6.1 (Plato), 6.18 and 20 (Julianus, prefect of Egypt).
- 3.212. Priapos was a minor, phallic god associated with sexuality and lewd behavior. For Herakles (3.211), see "List of Gods and Legendary Figures."
- 3.251. According to legend, Telephus, king of Mysia, was wounded by the Greek hero Achilles when the Greeks mistook Mysia for Troy. Having learned that his wound could be cured only by the wounder, Telephus went to Achilles, who cured him with rust from the spear that wounded him (Apollodorus *Epitome* 3.17–20). For the analogy with love, cf. *Anthologia Palatina* 5.225.5–6 (Macedonius the Consul), 291.5–6 (Paulus Silentarius).
- 3.264–85. The story of Rhodope is also told at Achilles Tatius 8.12. Barbition sings two mythological songs (3.263–88, 297–322), both in hexameter

- verse with Theocritean refrains. These are remarkable, both in the context of the novel (the rest of which is in twelve-syllable verse) and also in the context of the history of the pastoral in Byzantium. On these songs, see Antonino M. Milazzo, "Motivi bucolici e tecnica alessandrina in due 'idilli' di Niceta Eugenio," *Studi di filologia bizantina* 3 (1985), 97–114; see also my article in *A Companion to Greek and Latin Pastoral*, ed. Marco Fantuzzi and Theodoros Papangelis (Leiden: Brill, forthcoming).
- 3.298. For the story of Syrinx and Pan, see also Achilles Tatius 8.6.7–10, Longus 2.34. Pan, with his goat legs and horns, was a Greek god of shepherds.
- 3.316. Phoebus, "radiant one," is a synonym of the Olympian god Apollo. Apollo's amorous pursuit of Daphne, daughter of a river god, ended with her transformation into a laurel tree to escape him (Parthenius 15, Ovid *Metamorphoses* 1.452–567).
- 3.367–86. The hero's initial impulse here to abduct the maiden even without her prior consent is unprecedented in the ancient Greek novel (in which only villains or rogue suitors are involved in such activities). Eugenio is following Theodore Prodromos, his Byzantine mentor, who has his hero actually carry out a violent, non-consensual abduction of the heroine. On the significance of this striking innovation in relation both to the ancient novel and also to Byzantine custom and laws, see Joan B. Burton, "Abduction and Elopement in the Byzantine Novel," *Greek, Roman, and Byzantine Studies* 41 (2000): 377–409; cf. Corinne Jouanno, "Les jeunes filles dans le roman byzantin du XII<sup>e</sup> siècle," in *Les personnages du roman grec*, Actes du colloque de Tours, 18–20 novembre 1999, ed. Bernard Pouderon, with Christine Hunzinger and Dimitri Kasprzyk (Lyon: Maison de l'Orient Méditerranéen, 2001), esp. 336–37.
- 4.62. In book one, the festival that the Barzians are celebrating when the Parthians attack is explicitly identified (by the narrator) as the festival of Dionysus (1.113; see also 107, 151). But in telling his story later Charikles calls it a festival of Zeus (4.62 and 7.157). On the conflation of Zeus and Dionysus, father and son, and Christian resonances in Eugenio's novel, see Joan B. Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel in a Christian World," *Greek, Roman, and Byzantine Studies* 39 (1998): 205–8 (with attention to linkages between Dionysus and Jesus).
- 4.145–8. The Peloponnesian river-god Alpheios fell in love with the nymph Arethusa; she fled to Ortygia, an island near Syracuse, and was transformed into a spring, but the river Alpheios pursued her across the sea and mingled his waters with hers. For this story, see Achilles Tatius 1.18.1–2, Pausanias 5.7.1–3. (Kleinias's description

here of Eros's power [Eugenianos 4.135–48] is modeled on Achilles Tatius 1.17.1–18.2.)

- 4.248–49. The youth Narcissus, a scorner of love, fell in love with his own reflection in the water and died as a result; his body disappears and a flower is found in its place. Another version of the story has Narcissus wasting away beside the water rather than throwing himself within (see Ovid *Metamorphoses* 3.339–510, Pausanias 9.31.6, Nonnus *Dionysiaca* 48.581–86).
- 4.250–53. This is a reference to the story of Apollo's tragic slaying of his beloved youth Hyacinth. In this version, the West wind Zephyros, Hyacinth's unrequited lover, in jealousy blows Apollo's javelin into Hyacinth while Apollo and Hyacinth are exercising together (see Lucian *Dialogues of the Gods* 14: "Hermes and Apollo"). From Hyacinth's blood arose the flower named for him. (In other, earlier versions, Apollo's javelin kills Hyacinth by accident.)
- 4.258. This is a reference to the story of Aphrodite's love for Adonis, who dies young. This version of Adonis's death, with the god Ares killing him from jealousy and Aphrodite's blood turning the rose red, is also given in Aphthonius *Progymnasmata* 2, late-fourth / early-fifth century A.D. (Hugo Rabe, ed., *Aphthonii Progymnasmata* [Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1926], p. 3.5–19). For this aetiology of the red rose cf. Philostratus *Letters* 1 and 4; John Geometres *Progymnasmata*, "A Second Encomium of the Apple" (Littlewood, *Progymnasmata of Ioannes Geometres*, 21.9–13, with p. 81 n. 21.9–13); *Kallimachos and Chryssorrhoe* 834–35 (Michel Pichard, ed., *Le roman de Callimaque et de Chryssorrhoe* [Paris: Société d'édition "Les Belles-Lettres," 1956], with French trans.). A common earlier version of Adonis's story had him die in a hunting accident (Bion *Lament for Adonis* 7–66; Apollodorus *Bibliotheca* 3.14.4; Ovid *Metamorphoses* 10.709–39). The flower transformations also differed: Ovid has an anemone arising from Adonis's blood; Bion, an anemone from Aphrodite's tears and a rose from Adonis's blood (for the suggestion that Bion "perhaps invented the story of the rose," see J. D. Reed, ed., *Bion of Smyrna: The Fragments and the Adonis* [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997], 233 n. 66).
- 4.277–88. On parallels with erotic imagery of the Song of Songs, see Burton, "Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel," 201–3 (with notice also of Eugenianos 6.570–73).
- 4.381–86. Polyphemos is the same monstrous Cyclops (one-eyed giant) who encounters Odysseus in Homer's *Odyssey*, book 9. The reference here, however, is to the adolescent Polyphemos in love with the Nereid Galateia (a sea-nymph). Charikles is recalling Theocritus's Eleventh Idyll (early third century B.C.). On how Charikles' retelling

of Polyphemos's story reveals Charikles as a sophisticated reader of past texts, see Joan B. Burton, "A Reemergence of Theocritean Poetry in the Byzantine Novel," *Classical Philology* 98 (2003): 253–56. Cf. the later, more extensive reworking of Theocritus's poem at Eugenianos 6.503–46.

- 5.355. Epaminondas was a famous Theban general of the fourth century B.C.
- 5.386. (5.387 in Greek text). The Greek text is uncertain. Conca prints the reading of MUL, κεδρίνους, "cedar-wood," but as a *locus corruptus*. P has κωδώνους, "trumpets" (but, Boissonade notes, with the scholium κωδώνιον, δέσμα, "hide"; for discussion, see Boissonade<sup>1</sup> 2:276–77); thus too Boissonade<sup>1</sup>, with κώδωνας in Boissonade<sup>2</sup> and Hercher. Dawe suggests κνώδοντας for "the ancient equivalent of barbed wire" (R. D. Dawe, "Notes on Theodorus Prodrum Rhodanthe and Dosicles and Nicetas Eugenianus *Drosilla and Charicles*," *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* 94 [2001]: 17–18). I have translated somewhat ambiguously as "protective coverings" since in any case the next line describes their purpose as "defenses against blows." For descriptions of manuscripts MPUL, see Fabrizio Conca, ed., *Nicetas Eugenianus, De Drosillae et Chariclis amoribus* (Amsterdam: J. C. Gieben, 1990), 7–11.
- 6.109. Caria was a mountainous region located in the southwest corner of Asia Minor.
- 6.136. (Greek text). For σαφῶν read σφῶν here (as in Conca, *Nicetas Eugenianus*, 149).
- 6.345. Kalliope was the muse of epic poetry; Homer the epic poet credited with the two great ancient Greek epics the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Eugenianos is echoing Heliodorus 4.4.3 here; the Homeric reference is *Iliad* 13.636–39.
- 6.389–90. This is the first of Kallidemos's awkward series of amatory examples. The figures named here are all characters in Heliodorus's earlier Greek novel, *The Ethiopian Story* (third or fourth century A.D.). In the tradition of the Greek novel (ancient and Byzantine), this is the first direct reference to an earlier novel. The examples given are of unrequited not requited love, however: Arsake is a satrap's wife, in love with the hero, Theagenes; Achaimenes is Arsake's maid's son, in love with the heroine, Charikleia. On the stunning inappropriateness of Kallidemos's examples here and his obsession with fictive love narratives, see Burton, "Theocritean Poetry in the Byzantine Novel"; cf. Corinne Jouanno, "Nicéas Eugénianos: Un héritier du roman grec," *Revue des études grecques* 102 (1989): 350–51.

- 6.397. The Greek verb μεθύω means “I am drunken with wine”; hence the adjective ἀμέθυστος means “not drunken.” On the power of the stone amethyst against drunkenness, see Heliodorus 5.13.4; *Anthologia Palatina* 9.748 (Plato the Younger); cf. Plutarch *Table-Talk* 647b–c.
- 6.399. On the power of the precious stone *pantarbe* against fire, see Heliodorus 8.11–12.
- 6.419 (Greek text). I read ἐλκτηρίοις with Hercher, rather than Conca’s ἐλκτηρίος (M has ἐκτηρίοις; P omits this section).
- 6.440–51. Kallidemos’s second amatory example is from Longus’s pastoral novel, *Daphnis and Chloe* (usually dated to the late second or early third century A.D.); this is also the second direct reference in Eugenianos’s novel to an earlier novel. Daphnis and Chloe’s example of requited love suits Kallidemos’s rhetorical aim more closely, and it is expanded further than the examples cited from Heliodorus’s novel.
- 6.473–92 Kallidemos’s third amatory example is from Musaeus’s short hexameter poem *Hero and Leander* (late fifth or early sixth century A.D.). The mythological lovers Hero and Leander lived across the Hellespont from one another, Hero in Sestos and Leander in Abydos (on the Asian side of the Hellespont). Leander swam across the Hellespont at night to visit Hero, and when he drowned during a storm and his body swept ashore to her tower, Hero fell from her tower to her death. For earlier versions of their story, see Ovid *Heroides* 18–19, Virgil *Georgics* 3.258–63; cf. Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander*.
- 6.503–46. The primary model for Kallidemos’s fourth and final amatory example, the adolescent Cyclops’s courtship of the beautiful nymph Galateia, is Theocritus’s *Idyll* 11. On the identity of this Cyclops, see the note at 4.381–86. On how Kallidemos’s lengthy reworking of the Cyclops’s courtship reveals his own lack of literary and social sophistication (with attention to issues of intertextuality), see Burton, “Theocritean Poetry in the Byzantine Novel.”
- 6.585–86. Kallidemos introduces a new, monstrous mode of Cyclops here; he does not look to Theocritus again. For discussion of how “Kallidemos can be seen as a fictive character trying out roles,” see Burton, “Theocritean Poetry in the Byzantine Novel.”
- 6.623–25. This is a reference to the famous beauty contest between the three goddesses Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite. The judge, the Trojan king Priam’s son Paris, awarded the prize to Aphrodite because she offered him as bribe the beautiful Helen (which led to the Trojan War). See 8.107–9 for another reference to the judgment of Paris.

- 6.630. For a crime against the gods, Tantalus is punished in Hades with eternal thirst and hunger: he stands in a pool of water that drains whenever he tries to drink; fruit hangs before him but moves away whenever he tries to seize it (see, e.g., Homer *Odyssey* 11.582–92; hence the word “tantalize”). For a similar comparison of love to Tantalus’s thirst, see *Anthologia Palatina* 5.246.5–6 (Paulus Silentarius).
- 6.634. The god Zeus, a notorious philanderer, transformed himself into a swan to seduce Leda, a shower of gold to seduce Danae, and a bull to seduce Europa. In one version of Ganymede’s abduction, Zeus in the form of an eagle carries him off. For a similar comparison, see *Anthologia Palatina* 5.257 (Palladas).
- 6.643. On the magnitude of the walls around Babylon, see Herodotus 1.178–81, Diodorus Siculus esp. 2.7.2–5 (whose account reflects the tradition that Queen Semiramis built these walls). For a similar comparison, see *Anthologia Palatina* 5.252.1–4 (Paulus Silentarius).
- 6.655. For the story of Philomela, Itys, and the swallow, see “List of Gods and Legendary Figures,” under Pandion (Philomela’s father).
- 6.662–63. Dawn, having fallen in love with Tithonos, a mortal youth, asked Zeus to make him immortal but forgot to ask that he not age. For their story, see *Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite* 218–38.
- 6.667. (Greek text). Conca has Baryllis as the old woman’s name; I use the name Maryllis instead (as in manuscripts PUL and editions prior to Conca). Conca, with hesitation, follows manuscript M in using the name Baryllis; he suggests the name may underscore the old woman’s crude character (Conca, *Nicetas Eugenianus*, 26; see also Andrea Giusti, “Nota a Niceta Eugenio [Dros. et Char. VII 247–332],” *Studi italiani di filologia classica* 3 [1993]: 220 n.16). The name Maryllis, however, has its own resonance, as Beaton notes: “a comical transformation of Theokritos’ Amaryllis” (Roderick Beaton, *The Medieval Greek Romance*<sup>2</sup> [London: Routledge, 1996], 77). For the name Amaryllis used of lovely young girls in a bucolic context, see Theocritus *Idylls* 3, 4.36–40; Longus 2.7.4–7 (with 2.7.7 echoed at Eugenianos 6.377–78); cf. Virgil *Eclogues* 1.5. In light of Eugenianos’s repeated echoes of Theocritus’s poetry and Longus’s pastoral novel, an ironic evocation of the memorable bucolic name Amaryllis, featured in both their works, does not seem out of place (Maryllis, an Amaryllis grown old).
- 7.264. On how “Eugenianos is having Maryllis respond to the lovers’ embrace and reunion in Christian terms, with Christian imagery,” see Burton, “Reviving the Pagan Greek Novel,” 203–4 (quotation from p. 204); on the old woman’s echo at 7.264 of the famous biblical line “Therefore what God has joined, let no one separate”

(Matthew 19.6, Mark 10.9), see also Alexander P. Kazhdan, "Bemerkungen zu Niketas Eugenianos," *Jahrbuch der österreichischen byzantinischen Gesellschaft* 16 (1967): 116.

- 8.97–100. For the story of how the god Hephaestus trapped with bonds his wife, Aphrodite, and her lover Ares as they slept together in Hephaestus's bed, see Homer *Odyssey* 8.267–366.
- 8.107–9. A second reference to the famous beauty contest between the three goddesses Hera (Zeus's wife), Pallas Athena, and Aphrodite (cf. 6.622–25). While shepherding flocks on Mount Ida, Paris was chosen to be judge.
- 8.115. The reference is to the moon-goddess's love for the handsome mortal Endymion.
- 8.223. (Greek text). The Greek should read καταστεφούσης here (as in Conca, *Nicetas Eugenianus*).
- 9.7–14. On the significance of Kleandros's pastoral funeral and Drosilla's excessive lamentations (9.15–107, 216–56) for the ending of the novel, see Burton, "Theocritean Poetry in the Byzantine Novel."
- 9.28. Poseidon, Zeus's brother, god of the sea, both stirs up storms at sea and also stills waters.

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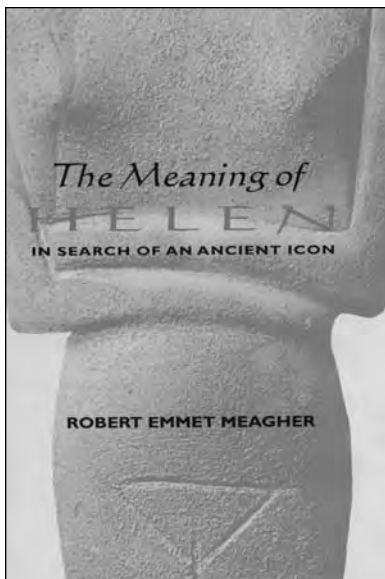
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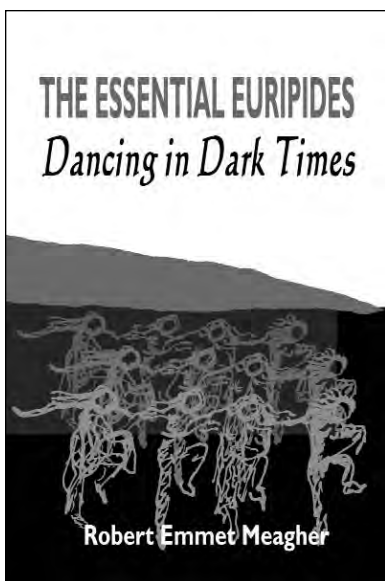
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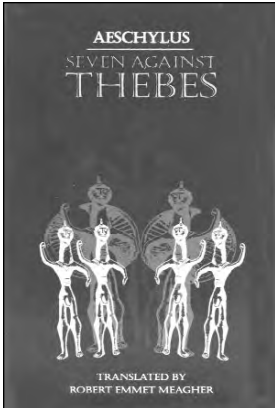
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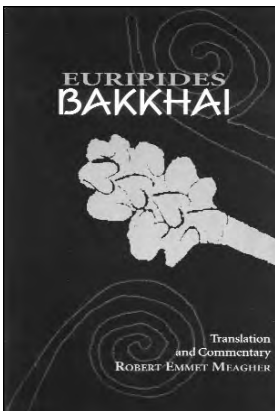


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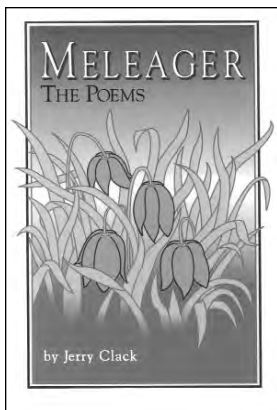


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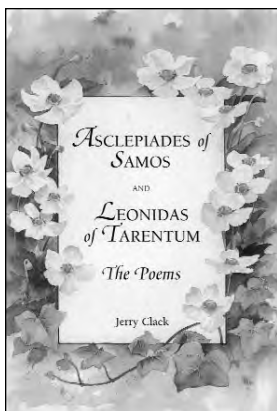


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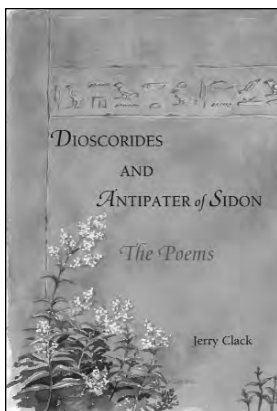


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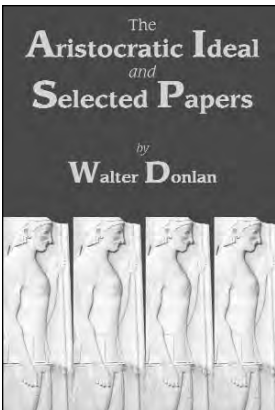
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